WIT and MIRTH:
OR
PILLS
TO PURGE
Melancholy;

BEING
A Collection of the beſt Merry BALLADS and SONGS, Old and New.

Fitted to all Humours, having each their proper TUNE for either Voice, or Inſtrument: Moſt of the SONGS being new Set.

VOL. III.



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A°



AN
Alphabetical TABLE
OF THE
SONGS and POEMS
Contain'd in this
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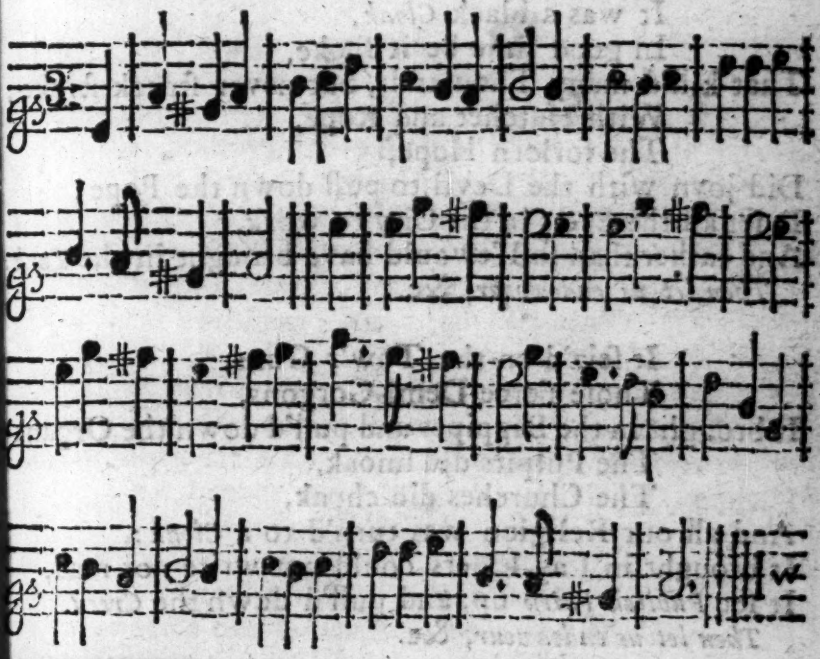
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SONGS

Pills to Purge Melancholy.

VOL. III.

The CLOAK's KNAVERY.



COME buy my new Ballad,
I have't in my Wallet,
But 'twill not I fear pleaſe every Pallat;
Then mark what enſu'th,
I ſwear by my Youth,
That every Line in my Ballad is truth:
A Ballad of Wit, a brave Ballad of worth,
'Tis newly printed, and newly come forth.
'Twas made of a Cloak *that fell out with a* Gown,
That crampt all the Kingdom and crippl'd the Crown.

I'll tell you in brief,
A ſtory of Grief,
Which happen'd when *Cloak* was Commander in Chief;
It tore Common Prayers,
Impriſon'd Lord Mayors,
In one day it Voted down Prelates and Players:
It made People perjur'd in point of Obedience,
And the *Covenant* did cut off the Oath of Allegiance.
Then let us endeavour to pull the Cloak *down,*
That cramp'd all the Kingdom and crippl'd the Crown.

It was a black *Cloak*,
In good time be it ſpoke,
That kill'd many Thouſands, but never ſtruck ſtroke;
With Hatchet and Rope,
The forlorn Hope,
Did joyn with the Devil to pull down the Pope:
It ſet all the Sects in the City to work,
And rather than fail 'twould have brought in the *Turk*.
Then let us endeavour, &c.

It ſeiz'd on the Tow'r Guns,
Thoſe fierce Demi-Gorgons,
It brought in the Bagpipes and pull'd down the Organs;
The Pulpits did ſmoak,
The Churches did choak,
And all our Religion was turn'd to a *Cloak*:
It brought in Lay-Elders could not write nor read,
It ſet *Publick Faith* up, and pull'd down the *Creed*.
Then let us endeavour, &c.

This pious Impoſtor,
Such Fury did foſter,
It left us no Penny, nor no *Pater Noſter*;
It threw to the Ground
Ten Commandments down,
And ſet up twice Twenty times Ten of its own:
It routed the King, and Villains elected,
To plunder all thoſe whom they thought Diſaffected.
Then let us endeavour, &c.

To blind Peoples Eyes,
This *Cloak* was so Wise,
It took off Ship-money, but set up Excise;
Men brought in their Plate,
For Reasons of State,
And gave it to *Tom Trumpeter* and his Mate:
In Pamphlets it writ many specious Epistles,
To cozen poor Wenches of Bodkins and Whistles.
Then let us endeavour to pull the Cloak *down,*
That cramp'd all the Kingdom and crippl'd the Crown.

In Pulpits it moved,
And was much approved,
For crying out —— *Fight the Lord's Battles beloved*;
It bobtayl'd the Gown,
Put Prelacy down,
It trod on the Mitre to reach at the Crown:
And into the Field it an Army did bring,
To aim at the Council, but shot at the King.
Then let us endeavour, &c.

It raised up States,
Whose politick Pates,
Do now keep their Quarters on the City Gates;
To Father and Mother,
To Sister and Brother,
It gave a Commission to kill one another:
It took up Mens Horses at very low rates,
And plunder'd our Goods to secure our Estates.
Then let us endeavour, &c.

This *Cloak* did proceed,
To a damnable Deed,
It made the best mirror of Majesty bleed;
Tho' *Cloak* did not do't,
He set it on Foot,
By rallying and calling his Journey-men to't:
For never had come such a bloody disaster,
If *Cloak* had not first drawn a Sword at his Master.
Then let us endeavour, &c.

Though ſome of them went hence,
By ſorrowful Sentence,
This lofty long *Cloak* is not mov'd to Repentance,
But he and his Men,
Twenty Thouſand times ten,
Are plotting to do their Tricks over again:
But let this proud *Cloak* to Authority ſtoop,
Or *DUN* will provide him a Button and Loop.
Then let us endeavour to pull the Cloak *down,*
That baſely did Sever the Head from the Crown,

Let's pray that the King,
And his Parliament,
In Sacred and ſecular Things may conſent;
So Righteouſly firm,
And Religiouſly free,
That Papiſts and Atheiſts ſuppreſſed may be:
And as there's one Deity doth over-reign us,
One Faith, and one Form, and one Church may contain us:
Then Peace, Truth and Plenty, our Kingdom will crown,
And all Popiſh Plots, and their Plotters ſhall down.

Blanket-Fair, *or the Hiſtory of* Temple-ſtreet.

Being a Relation of the merry pranks play'd on the River of Thames *during the great Froſt:*
Tune Packington's Pound.

COME liſten a while (tho' the Weather be cold,)
In your Pockets and Plackets your hands you ma
I'll tell you a Story as true as 'tis rare, (hold
Of a *River* turn'd into a *Bartholomew* Fair:
Since old *Chriſtmaſs* laſt,
There has been ſuch a *Froſt*,
That the *Thames* has by half the whole Nation been croſ
Oh *Scullers* I pity your fate of extreams,
Each *Land-man* is now become free of the *Thames*.

'Tis ſome *Lapland* Acquaintance of Conjurer *Oats*,
That has ty'd up your hands and Impriſoned your Boats;
You know he was ever a Friend to the Crew,
Of all thoſe that to Admiral *James* have been true:
Where Sculls did once Row,
Men walk to and fro,
But e're four Months are ended, 'twill hardly be ſo;
Should your hopes of a Thaw by this weather be croſt,
Your Fortune will ſoon be as hard as the Froſt.

In Roaſt-Beef and Brandy, much Money is ſpent,
And Booths made of Blankets that pay no ground-rent;
With old faſhion'd Chimneys the Rooms are ſecur'd,
And the Houſes from danger of Fire are inſured:
The chief place you meet,
Is call'd *Temple-ſtreet*,
If you do not believe me, then you may go and ſee't;
From the Temple the Students do thither reſort,
Who were always great Patrons, of Revels and ſport.

The Citizen comes with his Daughter and Wife,
And ſwears he ne're ſaw ſuch a ſight in his Life;
The Prentices ſtarv'd at home for want of Bread,
To catch them a heat, do flock thither in ſhoals:
While the Country Squire
Does ſtand and admire,
At the wondrous Conjunction of Water and Fire;
Straight comes an arch Wag, a young Son of a Whore,
And lays the Squire's head where his heels were before.

The *Rotterdam Dutchman* with fleet cutting Scates,
To pleaſure the Crowd, ſhews his Tricks and his Feats;
Who like a Rope-dancer (for his ſharp Steels)
His Brains and Activity lie in his Heels,
Here all things like Fate,
Are in ſlippery ſtate,
From the ſoal of the Foot to the crown of the Pate;
While the Rabble in Sledges run giddily round,
And nought but a Circle of Folly is found.

Here Damſels are handled like Nymphs in the Bath,
By Gentlemen-Uſhers, with Legs like a Lath;
They ſlide to a Tune, and cry give me your Hand,
When the tottering Fops are ſcarce able to ſtand:
Then with fear and with care,
They arrive at the Fair,
Where Wenches ſell Glaſſes and crackt Earthen-ware;
To ſhew that the World and the Pleaſures it brings,
Are made up of Brittle and Slippery things.

A Spark of the Bar with his Cane and his Muff,
One day went to treat his new rigg'd Kitchin-ſtuff;
Let ſlip from her Gallant, the gay Damſel try'd,
(As oft ſhe had done in the Country) to ſlide:
In the way lay a ſtump,
That with a damn'd thump,
She broke both her Shoe-ſtrings and crippl'd her Rump;
The heat of her Buttocks made ſuch a great Thaw,
She had like to have drowned the Man of the Law.

All you that are warm both in Body and Purſe,
I give you this warning for better for worſe;
Be not there in Moonſhine, pray take my advice,
For ſlippery things have been done on the Ice:
Maids there have been ſaid,
To loſe Maiden-head,
And Sparks from full Pockets gone empty to Bed;
If their Brains and their Bodies had not been too warm,
It is forty to one they had come to leſs harm.

The praiſe of the DAIRY-MAID, *with a lick at the* Cream Pot, *or a Fading* Roſe. *To the foregoing Tune.*

LET Wine turn a Spark, and Ale huff like a *Hector*,
Let *Pluto* drink *Coffee*, and *Jove* his rich *Nectar*;
Neither Syder nor Sherry,
Metheglin nor Perry, Shall

Shall more make me Drunk, which the vulgar call merry:
These Drinks o'er my fancy no more ſhall prevail,
But I'll take a full ſoop at the merry Milk-pail.

In praiſe of a Dairy I purpoſe to ſing,
But all things in order firſt, *God ſave the King*;
And the Queen I may ſay,
That ev'ry *May-day*,
Has many fair Dairy-Maids, all fine and gay:
Aſſiſt me fair Damſels, to finiſh this Theam,
And inſpire my fancy with Strawberries and Cream.

The firſt of fair Dairy-Maids if you'll believe,
Was *Adam*'s own Wife, your Great-Grandmother *Eve*;
She milk'd many a Cow,
As well ſhe knew how,
Tho' Butter was then not ſo cheap as 'tis now:
She hoarded no Butter nor Cheeſe on a Shelf,
For the Butter and Cheeſe in thoſe days made it ſelf.

In that Age or time there was no damn'd Money,
Yet the Children of *Iſrael* fed upon Milk and Honey;
No Queen you could ſee
Of the higheſt Degree,
But would milk the Brown Cow with the meaneſt ſhe:
Their Lambs gave them Cloathing, their Cows gave (them Meat,
In a plentiful Peace all their Joys were compleat.

But now of the making of Cheeſe we ſhall treat,
That Nurſer of Subjects, bold *Britain*'s chief Meat;
When they firſt begin it,
To ſee how the Rennet
Begets the firſt Curd, you wou'd wonder what's in it:
Then from the blue Whey, when they put the Curd by,
They look juſt like Amber, or Clouds in the Sky.

Your *Turkey* Sherbet and *Arabian* Tea,
Is Diſh-water ſtuff to a diſh of new Whey;
For it cools Head and Brains,
Ill Vapours it drains,

And tho' your Guts rumble 'twill ne'er hurt your Brains,
Court Ladies i'th' Morning will drink a whole Pottle:
And ſend out their Pages with Tankard and Bottle.

Thou Daughter of Milk, and Mother of Butter,
Sweet Cream thy due praiſes how ſhall I now utter?
For when at the beſt,
A thing's well expreſs'd,
We are apt to reply, *that's the Cream of the Jeſt*:
Had I been a Mouſe, I believe in my Soul,
I had long ſince been Drowned in a Cream bowl.

The Elixir of Milk, the *Dutchmen*'s delight,
By motion and tumbling thou bringeſt to light;
But oh, the ſoft ſtream,
That remains of the Cream,
Old *Morpheus* ne'er taſted ſo ſweet in a Dream:
It removes all Obſtructions, depreſſes the Spleen,
And makes an old Bawd like a Wench of fifteen.

Amongſt the rare Virtues that Milk does produce,
A thouſand more Dainties are daily in uſe;
For a Pudding I'll tell ye,
E'er it goes in the Belly,
Muſt have both good Milk, and the Cream and the Jelly:
For dainty fine Pudding without Cream, or Milk,
Is like a Citizen's Wife without Sattin or Silk.

In the Virtue of Milk there's more to be muſter'd,
The charming delights of Cheeſe-Cakes and Cuſtard;
For at *Tottenham Court*,
You can have no ſport,
Unleſs you give Cuſtards and good Cheeſe Cakes for't:
And what's *Jack Pudding* that makes us to Laugh,
Unleſs he hath got a great Cuſtard to quaff.

Both Pancakes and Fritters of Milk have good ſtore,
But a *Devonſhire* Wite-pot requires much more;
No ſtate you can think,
Tho' you ſtudy and wink,
From the luſty Sack-poſſet to poor Poſſet-drink;

But

But Milk's the Ingredient, tho' Sack's ne'er the worſe,
For 'tis Sack makes the Man, tho' Milk makes the Nurſe.
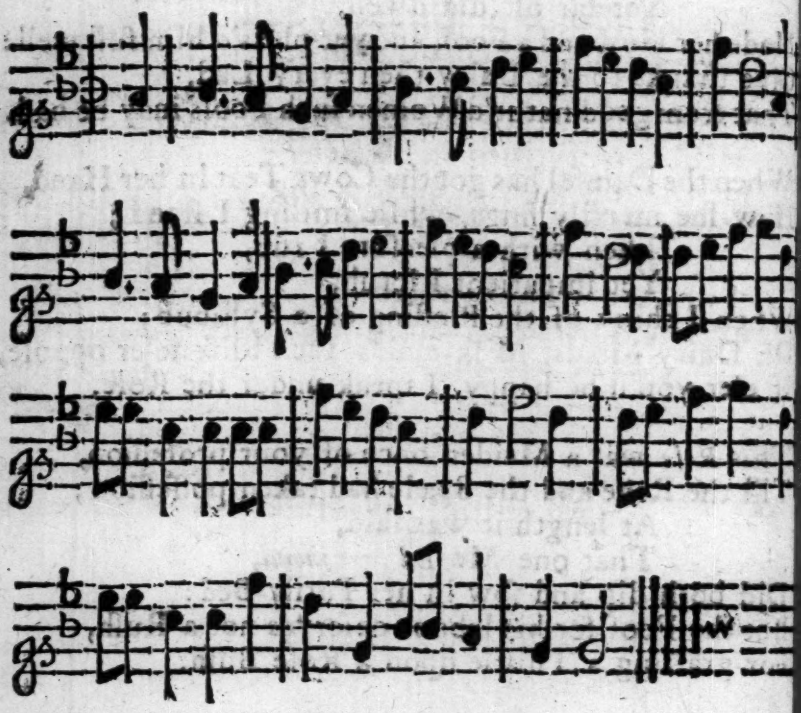
But now I ſhall treat of a Diſh that is cool,
A rich clouted Cream, or a Gooſeberry-Fool;
A Lady I heard tell,
Not far off did dwell,
Made her Husband a Fool, and yet pleas'd him full well:
Give thanks to the Dairy then every Lad,
That from good natur'd Women ſuch Fools may be had.

When the Damſel has got the Cows Teat in her Hand,
How ſhe merrily ſings, while ſmiling I ſtand;
Then with a pleaſure I rub,
Yet impatient I ſcrub,
When I think of the Bleſſing of a Syllibub;
Oh Dairy-Maids, Milk-maids, ſuch bliſs ne'er oppoſe,
If e'er you'll be happy, I ſpeak under the Roſe.

This *Roſe* was a Maiden once of your profeſſion,
Till the Rake and the Spade had taken poſſeſſion;
At length it was ſaid,
That one Mr. *Ed —mond*,
Did both dig and ſow in her Parſly-Bed:
But the Fool for his labour deſerves not a Ruſh,
For grafting a Thiſtle upon a Roſe Buſh.

Now Milk-maids take warning by this Maidens fall,
Keep what is your own, and then you keep all:
Mind well your Milk-pan,
And ne'er touch a Man,
And you'll ſtill be a Maid, let him do what he can:
I am your well-wiſher, then liſten to my Word,
And give no more Milk than the Cow can afford.

A true Relation of the dreadful Combate betwee
More *of* More-Hall, *and the* Dragon *o*
Wantley.



OLD Stories tell how *Hercules*
A Dragon ſlew at *Lern*;
With ſeven Heads and fourteen Eyes,
To ſee and well diſcern:
But he had a Club,
This Dragon to drub,
Or he had ne'er don't, I warrant ye:
But *More* of *More-Hall*,
With nothing at all,
He ſlew the Dragon of *Wantley*.

This Dragon had two furious Wings,
Each one upon each Shoulder;

With a Sting in his Tayl,
As long as a Flayl,
Which made him bolder and bolder:
He had long Claws,
And in his Jaws
Four and forty Teeth of Iron;
With a Hide as tough, as any Buff,
Which did him round Inviron.

Have you not heard that the *Trojan* Horſe,
Held Seventy Men in his Belly?
This Dragon was not quite ſo big,
But very near, I'll tell ye:
Devour did he,
Poor Children three,
That could not with him grapple;
And at one Sup,
He eat them up,
As one ſhould eat an Apple.

All ſorts of Cattle this Dragon did eat;
Some ſay he'd eat up Trees;
And that the Forreſt ſure he would
Devour up by Degrees:
For Houſes and Churches,
Were to him Gorſe and Burches,
He eat all, and left none behind;
But ſome Stones, dear *Jack*,
Which he could not crack,
Which on the Hills you will find.

In *Yorkſhire*, near fair *Rotherham*,
The Place I know it well;
Some two or three Miles, or there-abouts,
I vow I cannot tell;
But there is a Hedge,
Juſt on the Hill Edge,
And *Matthew*'s Houſe hard by it;
Oh there and then,
Was this Dragon's Den,
You could not chuſe but ſpy it.

Some

Some ſay this Dragon was a Witch,
Some ſay he was the Devil;
For from his Noſe a Smoak aroſe,
And with it burning Snivel:
Which he caſt off,
When he did Cough,
In a Well that he did ſtand by;
Which made it look,
Juſt like a Brook,
Running with burning Brandy.

Hard by a furious Knight there dwelt,
Of whom all Towns did ring;
For he could Wreſtle, play at Quarter-Staff,
Kick, Cuff, Box, Huff,
Call Son of a Whore,
Do any kind of thing:
By the Tail, and the Main,
With his Hands twain,
He ſwong a Horſe till he was dead;
And that which was ſtranger,
He for very Anger,
Eat him all up but his Head.

Theſe Children as I told being eat,
Men, Women, Girls, and Boys;
Sighing and Sobbing, came to his Lodging,
And made a hedious Noiſe:
Oh ſave us all,
More of *More-Hall*,
Thou pearleſs Knight of theſe Woods;
Do but ſlay this Dragon,
We won't leave us a Rag on,
We'll give thee all our Goods.

Tut, tut, quoth he, no Goods I want,
But I want, I want in ſooth;
A fair Maid of Sixteen that's brisk,
And ſmiles about the Mouth:
Hair as black as a Sloe,
Both above and below,

With

With a Bluſh her Cheeks adorning;
To 'noynt me o'er Night,
E'er I go to Fight,
And to dreſs me in the Morning.

This being done, he did engage
To hew this Dragon down;
But firſt he went New Armour to
Beſpeak at *Sheffield* Town:
With Spikes all about,
Not within, but without,
Of Steel ſo ſharp and ſtrong;
Both behind and before,
Arms, Legs, all o'er,
Some five or ſix Inches long.

Had you but ſeen him in this Dreſs,
How fierce he look'd and big;
You would have thought him for to be,
An *Ægyptian* Porcu-Pig:
He frighted all,
Cats, Dogs, and all,
Each Cow, each Horſe, and each Hog
For fear did flee,
For they took him to be
Some ſtrange outlandiſh Hedghog.

To ſee this Fight, all People there
Got upon Trees and Houſes;
On Churches ſome, and Chimneys too,
But they put on their Trowzes:
Not to ſpoil their Hoſe,
As ſoon as he roſe,
To make him ſtrong and mighty,
He drank by the Tale,
Six Pots of Ale,
And a Quart of *Aqua-vitæ*.

It is not Strength that always wins,
For Wit doth Strength excel;
Which made our cunning Champion,
Creep down into a Well:

Where

Where he did think,
This Dragon would drink,
And ſo he did in Truth,
And as he ſtoop'd low,
He roſe up and cry'd boe,
And hit him in the Mouth.

Oh, quoth the Dragon, pox take you come out,
Thou that diſtrub'ſt me in my Drink;
And then he turn'd and ſhit at him,
Good lack how he did ſtink!
Beſhrew thy Soul,
Thy Body is foul,
Thy Dung ſmells not like Balſam;
Thou Son of a Whore,
Thou ſtink'ſt ſo ſore,
Sure thy Diet it is unwholeſome.

Our Politick Knight on the other ſide
Crept out upon the brink;
And gave the Dragon ſuch a douſt,
He knew not what to think:
By Cock, quoth he,
Say you ſo, do you ſee,
And then at him he let flie;
With Hand, and with Foot,
And ſo they went to't,
And the Word it was, Hey boys, hey.
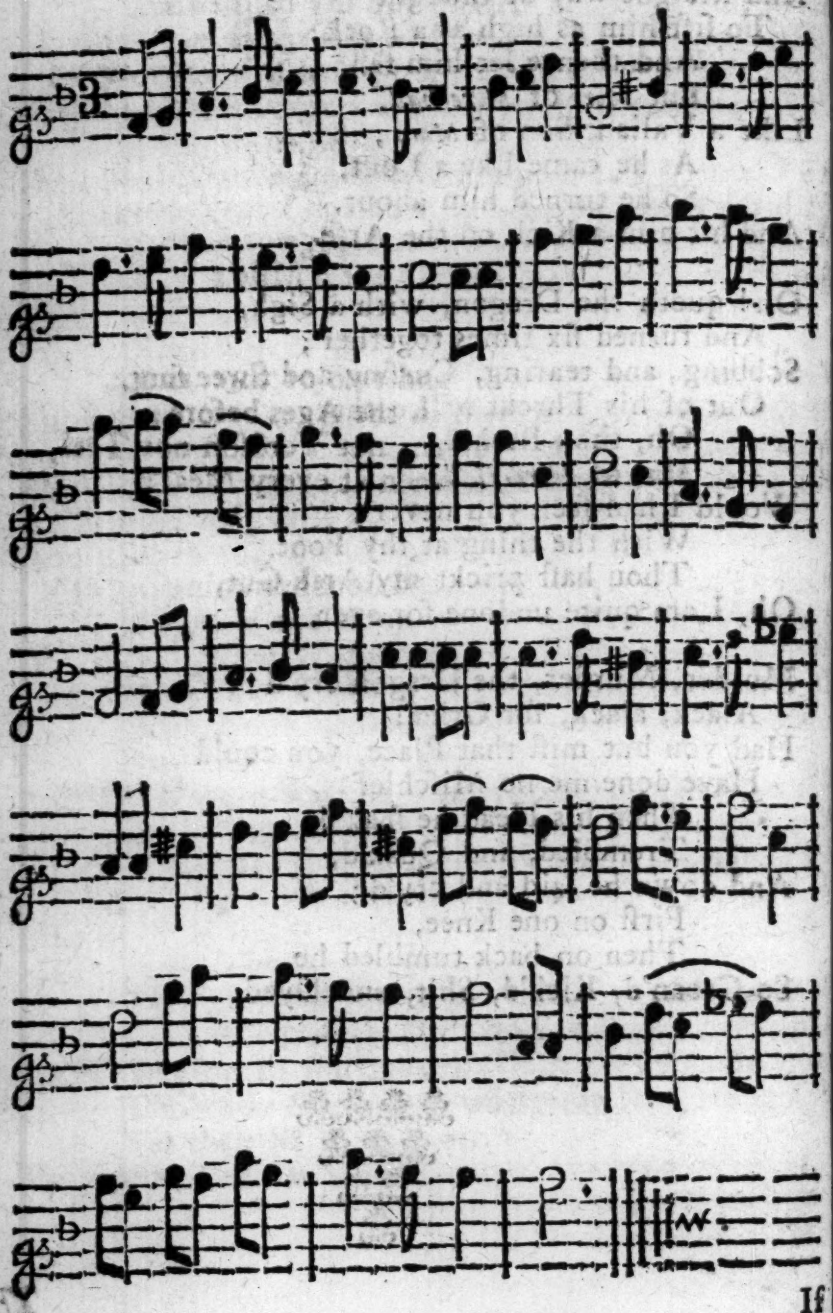
Your Word, quoth the Dragon, I don't underſtand,
Then to't they fell at all:
Like to Wild Bears, ſo fierce, I may
Compare great things with ſmall:
Two Days and a Night
With this Dragon did Fight,
Our Champion on the Ground;
Tho' their Strength it was great,
Yet their Skill was neat,
They never had one wound.

At length the hard Earth began for to quake,
The Dragon gave him ſuch a knock,
Which made him to Reel;
And ſtraight way he thought
To lift him as high as a Rock:
And thence let him fall,
But *More* of *More-hall*,
Like a Valiant Son of *Mars*;
As he came like a Lout,
So he turned him about,
And hit him a Kick on the Arſe.

Oh! quoth the Dragon, with a Sigh,
And turned ſix times together;
Sobbing, and tearing, Curſing and Swearing,
Out of his Throat of Leather:
Oh, thou Raskal,
More of *More-Hall*,
Would I had ſeen you never;
With the thing at thy Foot,
Thou haſt prickt my Arſe Gut,
Oh, I am quite undone for ever.

Murder, Murder, the Dragon cry'd
Alack, alack, for Grief;
Had you but miſt that Place, you could
Have done me no Miſchief:
Then his Head he ſhak'd,
Trembled, and Quak'd,
And down he laid and cry'd;
Firſt on one Knee,
Then on back tumbled he,
So Groan'd, Kick'd, Shit, and Dyed.

The Old Man's WISH.



If

IF I live to grow old (for I find I go down)
Let this be my Fate, in a fair Country Town;
Let me have a warm Houſe, with a Stone at the Gate,
And a cleanly young Girl to rub my bald Pate:
May I govern my Paſſion with an abſolute ſway,
And grow wiſer and better, as my Strength wears away;
Without Gout, or Stone, by a gentle decay.

In a Country Town by a murmuring Brook,
With the Ocean at diſtance whereon I may look;
With a ſpacious Plain without Hedge or Stile,
And an eaſie Pad-Nag, to ride out a Mile:
May I govern, &c.

With *Horace,* and *Petrarch,* and two or three more,
Of the beſt Wits that liv'd in the Ages before;
With a Diſh of Roaſt Mutton, not Veniſon nor Teal,
And clean (tho' courſe) Linnen at every Meal:
May I govern, &c.

With a Pudding on Sundays, and ſtout humming Liquor,
And remnants of *Latin* to welcome our Vicar;
With a hidden reſerve of *Burgundy* Wine,
To Drink the King's Health in as oft as I Dine:
May I govern, &c.

When the days are grown ſhort, and it Freezes & Snows,
May I have a Coal-fire as high as my Noſe;
A Fire (which once ſtirr'd up with a Prong)
Will keep the Room temperate all the Night long:
May I govern, &c.

With a Courage undaunted may I Face my laſt day,
And when I am Dead may the better ſort ſay;
In the Morning when ſober, in the Evening when mellow,
He's gone, and left not behind him his Fellow:
For he govern'd his Paſſion with an abſolute ſway,
And grew wiſer and better as his ſtrength wore away;
Without Gout, or Stone, by a gentle decay.

The

The Old Woman's Wiſh. To the foregoing Tune.

WHEN my Hairs they grow Hoary, and my (Cheeks they look pale
When my Forehead hath Wrinkles, and my Eye-ſight (doth fail;
Let my words both and Actions be free from all harm,
And have my Old Husband to keep by Back warm:
The Pleaſures of Youth, are Flowers but of May,
Our Life's but a Vapour, our Body's but Clay;
Oh! Let me live well, though I live but one day.

With a Sermon on Sunday, and a Bible of good Print,
With a Pot o'er the fire, and good Victuals in't;
With Ale, Beer, and Brandy, both Winter and Summer,
To drink to my Goſſip, and be pledg'd by my Cummer.
The Pleaſures of Youth, &c.

With Pigs, and with Poultry, with ſome Money in ſtore,
To lend to my Neighbour, and give to the Poor;
With a Bottle of *Canary*, to drink without Sin,
And to Comfort my Daughter when that ſhe lies Inn:
The Pleaſures of Youth, &c.

With a Bed ſoft and eaſie, to reſt on at Night,
With a Maid in the Morning to riſe when 'tis light;
To do her work Neatly, to obey my deſire,
To make the Houſe clean, and to blow up the Fire:
The Pleaſures of Youth, &c.

With Coals, and with Bavins, and a good warm Chair,
With a thick Hood & Mantle, when I ride on my Mare
Let me dwell near my Cupboard, and far from my Foes,
With a pair of Glaſs Eyes to clap on my Noſe:
The Pleaſures of Youth, &c.

And when I am Dead, with a ſigh let them ſay,
Our honeſt old Gammer is laid in the Clay;
When young ſhe was cheerful, no Scold, nor no Whore,
She helped her Neighbours and gave to the Poor,
Tho' the Flower of her Youth in her Age did decay,
Though her Life was a Vapour that vaniſh'd away;
She liv'd well and Happy until the laſt day.

The Old Woman's Wiſh. To the ſame Tune.

IF I live to be Old, which I never will own,
Let this be my Fortune in Country or Town:
Let me have a warm Bit, with two more in ſtore,
And a Luſty young Fellow to rub me before;
May I give to my Paſſion an abſolute ſway,
Till with Mumping and Grunting, my Breath's worn away;
Without Ach or Cough, by a tedious decay.

In a dry Chimny Nook with a Rug and warm Cloaths,
A ſwinging Coal-fire ſtill under my Noſe;
With a large Elbow Chair to ſit at the Fire,
And a Crutch, or a Staff to the Bed to retire:
May I give to my Paſſion, &c.
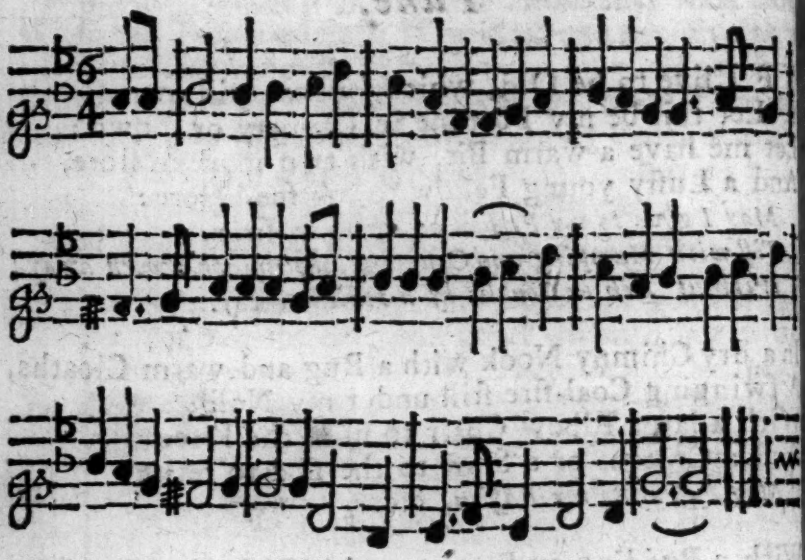
With a Pudding on Sunday, with Cuſtard and plums,
When my Teeth are all out, for to eaſe my old Gums;
With a Dram of the Bottle, each day a freſh Quart,
Reſerv'd in a Corner to Cheer up my Heart:
May I give to my Paſſion, &c.

With a Neighbour or two to tell me a Tale,
And to Sing *Chevy-Chaſe*, o'er a Pot of good Ale;
A Snuff-box, and ſhort Pipe ſnug under the Range,
And a clean Flannel Shift, as oft as I change:
May I give to my Paſſion, &c.

Without *Palſey* or *Gout*, may I dye in my Chair,
And when Dead, may my *Grent*, *Great Grandchild*, declare
She's gone, who ſo long had cheated the Devil,
And the World is well rid of a troubleſome evil:
That gave to her Paſſion an abſolute ſway,
Till with Mumping and Grunting, her Breath wore away;
Without Ach, or Cough, by a tedious decay.

The

The BLACK-SMITH.



OF all the Trades that ever I ſee,
There's none to a *Blackſmith* compared may be;
With ſo many ſeveral Tools works he,
Which no Body can deny.

The firſt that ever Thunder-bolt made,
Was a *Cyclops* of the *Blackſmith*'s Trade;
As in a learned Author is ſaid,
Which no Body, &c.

When Thund'ring like we ſtrike about,
The Fire like Lightning flaſhes out;
Which ſuddenly with Water we d'out,
Which no Body, &c.

The faireſt Goddeſs in the Skies,
To Marry with *Vulcan* did adviſe;
And he was a *Blackſmith* Grave and Wiſe,
Which no Body, &c.

Vulcan

Vulcan he to do her right,
Did Build her a Town by Day and by Night,
And gave it a Name which was *Hammerſmith* hight,
Which no Body, &c.

Vulcan, further did acquaint her,
That a pretty Eſtate he would appoint her;
And leave her *Seacole-lane* for a Joynter,
Which no Body, &c.

And that no Enemy might wrong her,
He Built her a Fort you'd wiſh no ſtronger;
Which was in the Lane *Ironmonger*,
Which no Body, &c.

Smithfield he did cleanſe from Dirt,
And ſure there was reaſon for't;
For there he meant ſhe ſhould keep her Court,
Which no Body, &c.

But after in a good time and Tide,
It was by the *Blackſmith* rectifi'd;
To the Honour of *Edmond Ironſide*,
Which no Body, &c.

Vulcan after made a Train,
Wherein the God of War was ta'en;
Which ever ſince hath been call'd *Paul's chain*,
Which no Body, &c.

The Common Proverb as it is read,
That a Man muſt hit the Nail on the head;
Without the *Blackſmith* cannot be ſaid,
Which no Body, &c.

Another muſt not be forgot,
And falls unto the *Blackſmith's* Lot;
That he muſt ſtrike while the Iron is hot,
Which no Body, &c.

Another

Another comes in moſt proper and fit,
The *Blackſmith*'s Juſtice is ſeen in it;
When you give a Man Roaſt-meat and beat him with
Which no Body can deny. (the Spit,

Another comes in our *Blackſmith*'s way,
When things are ſafe as old Wives ſay;
We have them under Lock and Key,
Which no Body, &c.

Another that's in the *Blackſmith*'s Books,
And only to him for remedy looks;
Is when a Man is quite off the hooks,
Which no Body, &c.

Another Proverb to him doth belong,
And therefore lets do the *Blackſmith* no wrong;
When a Man's held hard to it buckle and thong,
Which no Body, &c.

Another Proverb doth make me laugh,
Wherein the *Blackſmith* may challenge half;
When a Reaſon's as plain as a Pike-ſtaff,
Which no Body, &c.

Though your Lawyers Travel both near and far,
And by long Pleading a good Cauſe may mar;
Yet your *Blackſmith* takes more pains at the Bar,
Which no Body, &c.

Tho' your Scrivener ſeeks to cruſh and to kill,
By his Counterfeit Deeds, and thereby doth ill;
Yet your *Blackſmith* may Forge what he will,
Which no Body, &c.

Tho' your Bankrupt Citizens lurk in their holes,
And Laugh at their Creditors and their catch-poles;
Yet your *Blackſmith* can fetch them over the coals,
Which no Body, &c.

Though

Though *Jockey* in the Stable be never ſo neat,
To look to his Nag and preſcribe him his meat;
Yet your *Blackſmith* knows better how to give him a heat,
Which no Body, &c.

If any Taylor have the Itch,
The *Blackſmith*'s water as black as Pitch;
Will make his Hands go thorough ſtitch,
Which no Body, &c.

There's never a Slut if filth o'er ſmutch her,
But owes to the *Blackſmith* for her Leacher;
For without a pair of Tongs there's no Man would (touch her,
Which no Body, &c.

Your Roaring Boys who every one quails,
Fights, Domineers, Swaggers, and rails;
Could never yet make the *Smith* Eat his Nails,
Which no Body, &c.

If any Scholar be in doubt,
And cannot well bring this matter about;
The *Blackſmith* can Hammer it out,
Which no Body, &c.

Now if to know him you would deſire,
You muſt not ſcorn but rank him higher;
For what he gets is out of the Fire,
Which no Body, &c.

Now here's a good Health to *Blackſmiths* all,
And let it go round, as round as a Ball;
We'll drink it all off though it coſt us a fall,
Which no Body, &c.

The BREWER. *To the fore-going Tune.*

THere's many Clinching Verſe is made,
In Honour of the *Blackſmith*'s Trade;
But more of the *Brewer* may be ſaid,
Which no Body can deny.

I need not much of this repeat,
The *Blackſmith* cannot be Compleat;
Unleſs the *Brewer* do give him a heat,
Which no Body, &c.

VVhen Smug unto the Forge doth come,
Unleſs the *Brewer* doth Liquor him home;
He'll never ſtrike, my Pot, and thy Pot, *Tom*,
Which no Body, &c.

Of all profeſſions in the Town,
The *Brewer's* Trade hath gain'd renown;
His Liquor reaches up to the Crown,
Which no Body, &c.

Many new Lords from him there did ſpring,
Of all the Trades he ſtill was their King;
For the *Brewer* had the VVorld in a ſling,
Which no Body, &c.

He ſcorneth all Laws and Marſhal ſtops,
But whips an Army as round as tops;
And cuts off his Foes as thick as Hops,
Which no Body, &c.

He dives for Riches down to the Bottom,
And crys my Maſters when he has got 'em;
Let every Tub ſtand upon his own bottom,
Which no Body, &c.

In Warlike Acts he ſcorns to ſtoop,
For when his Army begins to droop;
He draws them up as round as a Hoop,
Which no Body can deny.

The Jewiſh *Scot* that ſcorns to Eat
The fleſh of Swine, and Brewers beat;
Twas the ſight of his Hogs-head made 'em retreat,
Which no Body, &c.

Poor *Jockey* and his Basket Hilt
Was beaten, and much Blood was ſpilt;
And their Bodies like Barrels did run a tilt,
Which no Body, &c.

Though *Jemmy* gave the firſt Aſſault,
The Brewer at laſt made him to halt;
And gave them what the Cat left in the Malt,
Which no Body, &c.

They cry'd that Anti-chriſt came to ſettle,
Religion in a Cooler and a Kettle;
For his Noſe and Copper were both of one Metal,
Which no Body, &c.

Some Chriſtian Kings began to quake,
And ſaid with the Brewer no quarrel we'll make;
We'll let him alone, as he Brews let him Bake,
Which no Body, &c.

He hath a ſtrong and very ſtout Heart,
And thought to be made an Emperor for't;
But the Devil put a Spoke in his Cart,
Which no Body, &c.

If any intended to do him diſgrace,
His Fury would take off his Head in the place;
He always did carry his Furnace in his Face,
Which no Body can deny.

But yet by the way you muſt underſtand,
He kept his Foes ſo under Command;
That Pride could never get the upper hand,
Which no Body can deny.

He was a ſtout Brewer of whom we may brag,
But now he is hurried away with a Hag;
He Brews in a Bottle, and Bakes in a Bag,
Which no Body, &c.

And now may all ſtout Soldiers ſay,
Farewel the glory of the Day;
For the Brewer himſelf is turn'd to Clay,
Which no Body, &c.

Thus fell the brave Brewer, the bold Son of ſlaughter
We need not to fear, what ſhall follow after;
For he dealt all his time in Fire and Water,
Which no Body, &c.

And if his Succeſſor had had but his might,
Then we had not been in a pitiful plight;
But he was found many grains too light,
Which no Body, &c.

Let's leave off Singing, and Drink off our Bub,
We'll call up a Reckoning, and every Man Club;
For I think I have told you a Tale of a Tub,
Which no Body can deny.

A SONG *made on the Power of Women. To the foregoing Tune.*

WILL you give me leave, and I'll tell you a ſtory,
Of what has been done by your Fathers before ye,
It ſhall do more good than Ten of *John Dory*,
Which no Body can deny.

'Tis no Story of *Robin Hood*, nor of his Bow-men,
I mean to Demonſtrate the power of Women;
It is a Subject that's very common,
Which no Body, &c.

What tho' it be, yet I'll keep my Station,
And in ſpite of Criticks give you my Narration;
For Women now are all in Faſhion,
Which no Body, &c.

Then pray give me advice as much as you may,
For of all things that ever bore ſway;
A Woman beareth the Bell away,
Which no Body, &c.

The greateſt Courage that ever rul'd,
Was baffled by Fortune, tho' ne'er ſo well ſchool'd;
But this of the Women can never be cool'd,
Which no Body, &c.

I wonder from whence this power did ſpring,
Or who the Devil firſt ſet up this thing;
That ſpares neither Peaſant, Prince, nor King,
Which no Body, &c.

Their Scepter doth rule from *Cæſar* to Ruſtick,
From finical *Kit*, to Soldier ſo luſtick;
In fine, it Rules all, tho' ne'er ſo Robuſtick,
Which no Body can deny.

For where is he that writes himſelf Man,
That ever ſaw Beauty in *Betty* or *Nan*;
But his Eyes turn'd Pimp, and his Heart trapan,
Which no Body, &c.

I fain would know one of *Adam's* Race,
Tho' ne'er ſo Holy a Brother of Grace;
If he met a looſe Siſter, but he wou'd embrace,
Which no Body, &c.

What ſhould we talk of Philoſophers old,
Whoſe Deſires were hot, tho' their Natures cold:
But in this kind of Pleaſure they commonly rowl'd,
Which no Body, &c.

Firſt *Ariſtotle*, that jolly old fellow,
Wrote much of *Venus*, but little of *Bellow*;
Which ſhew'd he lov'd a Wench that was mellow,
Which no Body, &c.

From whence do you think he derived Study,
Produc'd all his Problems, a Subject ſo muddy;
'Twas playing with her at Cuddle my Cuddy,
Which no Body, &c.

The next in order is *Socrates* grave,
Who Triumph'd in Learning and Knowledge yet gave
His Heart to *Aſpatia*, and became her Slave,
Which no Body, &c.

Demoſthenes to *Corinth* he took a Voyage,
We ſhall ſcarce know the like on't in thy Age or my Age
And all was for a Modicum Pyeage,
Which no Body, &c.

The *Proverb* in him a whit did not fail,
For he had thoſe things which make Men prevail;
A ſweet Tooth and a Liquoriſh tayl,
Which no Body can deny.

Lycurgus and *Solon* were both Law-makers,
And no Men I'm ſure are ſuch Wiſe-acres;
To think that themſelves would not be partakers,
Which no Body can deny.

And Edict they made with Approbation,
If the Husband found fault with his Wives conſolation;
He might take another for Procreation,
Which no Body, &c.
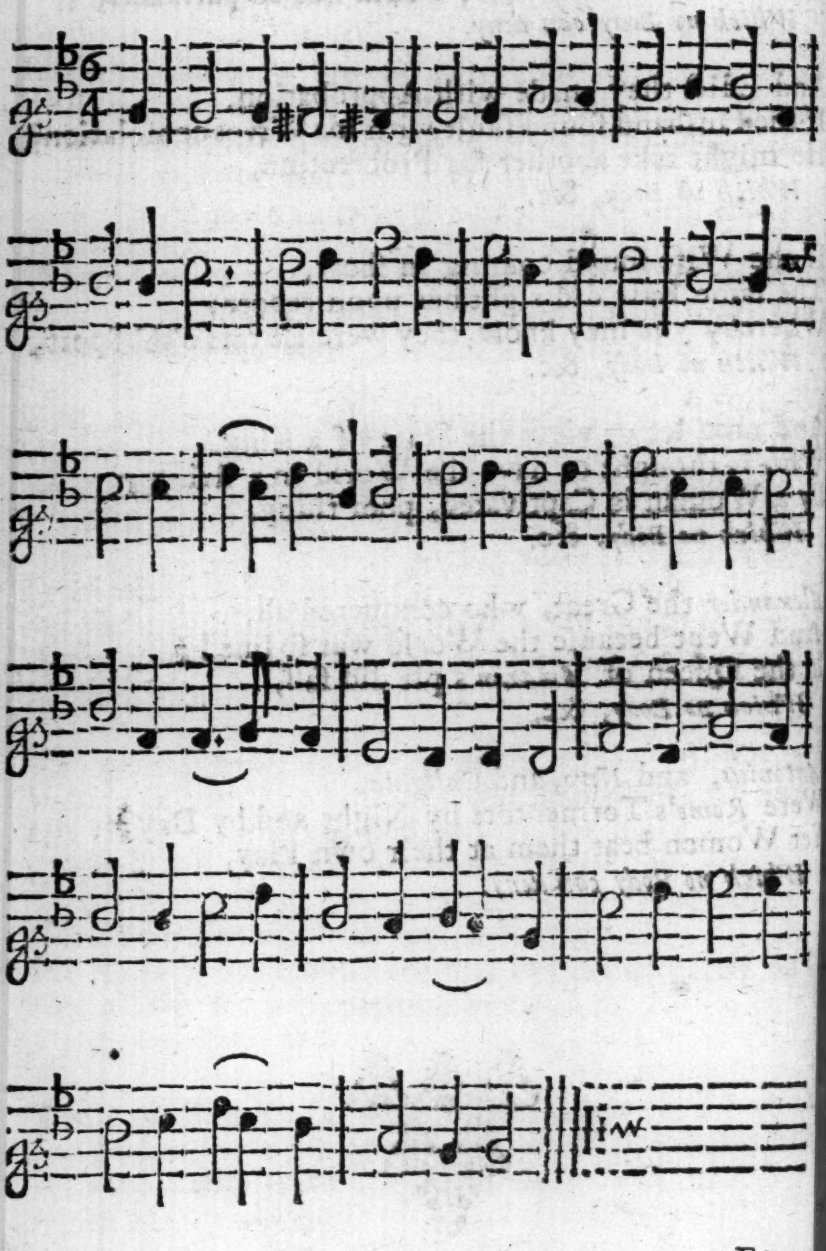
If the Wife found coming in ſhort,
The ſame Law did right her upon report;
Whereby you may know, they were Lovers o'th' Sport,
Which no Body, &c.

And now let us view the State of a King,
Who is thought to have the World in a ſtring;
By a Woman is Captivated, poor thing,
Which no Body, &c.

Alexander the Great, who conquered all,
And Wept becauſe the World was ſo ſmall;
In the Queen of *Amazon*'s pit did fall,
Which no Body, &c.

Antonius, and *Nero*, and *Caligula*,
Were *Rome*'s Tormentors by Night and by Day;
Yet Women beat them at their own Play,
Which no Body can deny.

The Infallible Doctor.



From

FROM *France*, from *Spain*, from *Rome* I come,
And from all Parts of *Chriſtendom*;
For to Cure all ſtrange Diſeaſes,
Come take Phyſick he that pleaſes:
Come ye broken Maids that ſcatter,
And can never hold your Water,
I can teach you it to keep;
And other things are very meet,
As groaning backward in your Sleep.

Come an ugly dirty Whore,
That is at leaſt Threeſcore or more;
Whoſe Face and Noſe ſtands all awry,
As if you'd fear to paſs her by:
I can make her Plump and Young,
Luſty, lively, and alſo ſtrong;
Honeſt, Active, fit to Wed,
And can recall her Maiden-head,
All this is done as ſoon as ſaid.
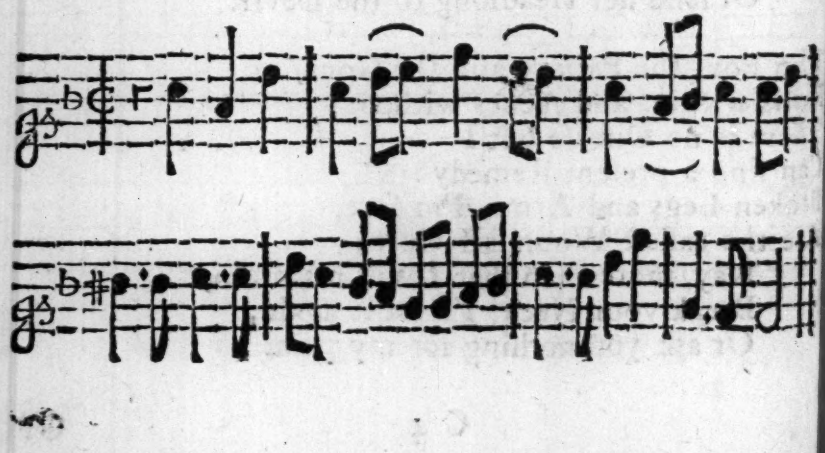
If any Man has got a Wife,
That makes him weary of his Life
With Scolding, yoleing in the Houſe,
As tho' the Devil was turn'd looſe:
Let him but repair to me,
I can Cure her preſently
With one Pill, I'll make her civil,
And rid her Husband of that evil,
Or ſend her Headlong to the Devil.
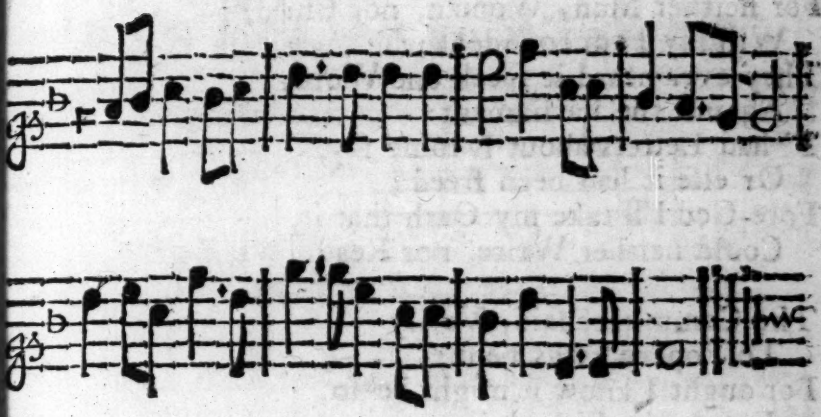
The Pox, the Palſey, and the Gout,
Pains within, and Aches without;
There is no Diſeaſe but I
Can find a preſent Remedy:
Broken Legs and Arms, I'm ſure,
Are the eaſieſt Wounds I Cure;
Nay, more than that I will maintain,
Break your Neck, I'll ſet it again,
Or ask you nothing for my pain.

Or if any Man has not
The Heart to fight againſt the *Scot*;
I'll put him in one, if he be willing,
Shall make him fight and ne'er fear killing:
Or any that has been Dead,
Seven long Years and Buried;
I can him to Life reſtore,
And make him as ſound as he was before,
Elſe let him never truſt me more.

If any Man deſire to Live
A Thouſand Ages, let him give
Me a Thouſand Pounds, and I
Will warrant him Life, unleſs he Dye;
Nay more I'll teach him a better Trick,
Shall keep him well, if he ne'er be ſick;
But if I no Money ſee,
And he with Diſeaſes troubled be,
Than he may thank himſelf, not me.

A SONG *made on the Downfall, or pulling down of* Chairing-Croſs: *An. Dom.* 1642.





UNdone! undone! the Lawyers are,
They wander about the Town;
And cannot find the way to *Weſtminſter*,
Now *Chairing-Croſs* is down:
At the end of the *Strand*, they make a ſtand,
Swearing they are at a loſs;
And Chaffing ſay, that's not the way,
They muſt go by *Chairing-Croſs*.

The Parliament to Vote it down,
Conceived very fitting;
For fear't ſhould fall and Kill 'em all,
I'th' Houſe as they were ſitting:
They were inform'd't had ſuch a Plot,
Which made 'em ſo hard Hearted;
To give expreſs command, it ſhould be
Taken down and Carted.
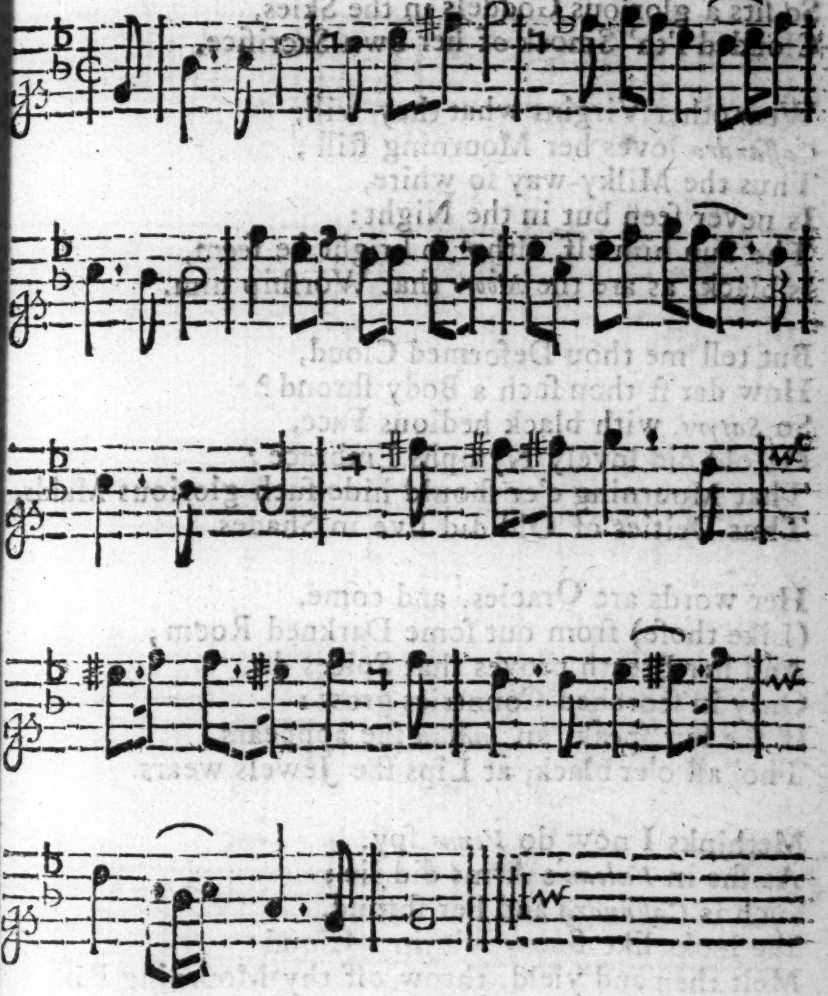
Men talk of Plots, this might been worſe,
For any thing I know;
Than that *Tomkins* and *Chalenour*,
Was Hang'd for long ago;
But as our Parliament from that,
Themſelves ſtrangely defended;
So ſtill they do diſcover Plots,
Before they be intended.

For neither Man, Woman, nor Child,
Will ſay I am confident;
They ever heard it ſpeak one Word,
Againſt the Parliament:
T' had Letters about it ſome ſay,
Or elſe it had been freed;
Fore-God I'll take my Oath that it,
Could neither Write, nor Read.

The Committee ſaid, Verily
To Popery 'twas bent;
For ought I know it might be ſo,
For to the Church it never went:
What with Exciſe, and other loſs,
The Kingdom doth begin;
To think you'll leave 'em ne'er a Croſs
Without Door, nor within.

Methinks the Common-Council ſhould,
Of it have taken pity;
Cauſe good old Croſs, it always ſtood,
So ſtrongly to the City:
Since Croſſes you ſo much diſdain,
Faith if I was as you;
For fear the King ſhould Rule again,
I'd pull down Tyburn too.

CASSANDRA *in Mourning.*



AWake my Lute, ariſe my ſtring,
And to my ſad *Caſſandra* ſing;
Like the old Poets,
When the Moon had put her Sable Mourning on:
Aloud they ſounded with a merry ſtrain,
Until her brightneſs was reſtor'd again.

Too

Too well I know from whence proceeds,
Thy wearing of these Mournful weeds;
In cruel Flames for thee I Burn,
And thou for me dost therefore Mourn:
So sits a glorious Goddess in the Skies,
Clouded i'th' Smoak of her own Sacrifice.
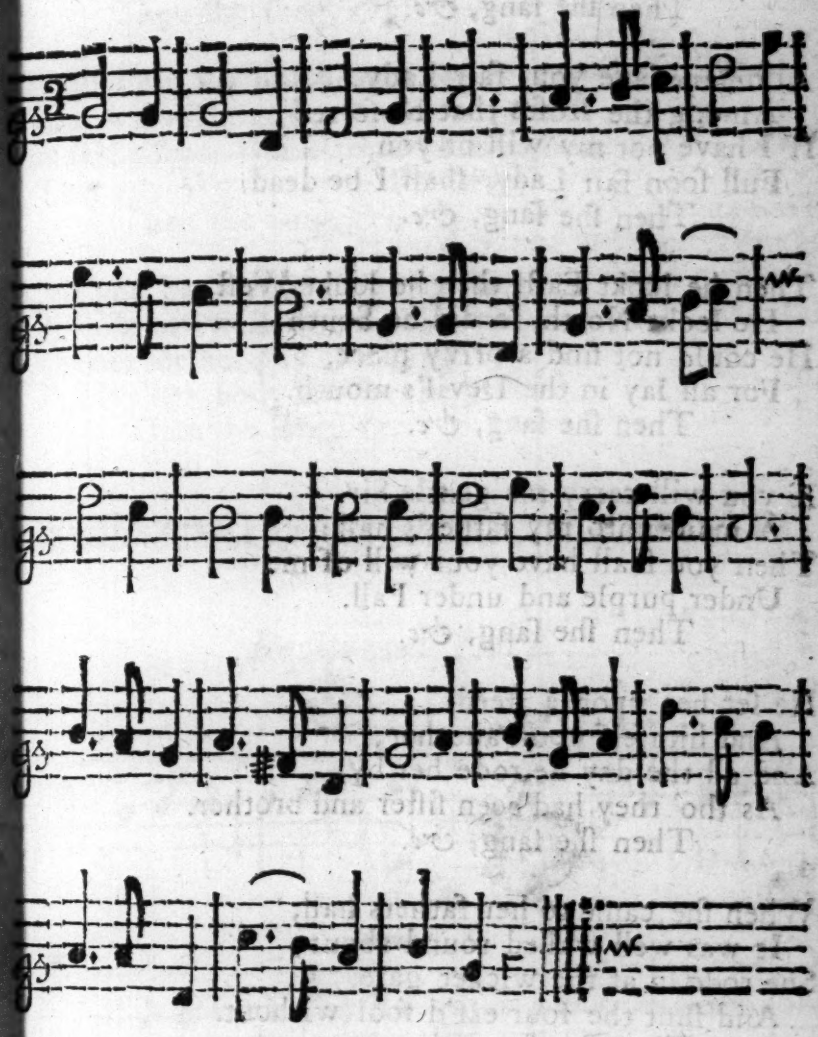
Wear other Virgins what they will,
Cassandra loves her Mourning still;
Thus the Milky-way so white,
Is never seen but in the Night:
The Sun himself, altho' so bright he seem,
Is black, as are the *Moors* that Worship him.

But tell me thou Deformed Cloud,
How dar'st thou such a Body shroud?
So *Satyrs*, with black hedious Face,
Of old did lovely Nymphs Embrace:
That Mourning e'er should hide such glorious Maids,
Thus Deities of Old did live in Shades.

Her words are Oracles, and come,
(Like those) from out some Darkned Room;
And her Breath proves that Spices do,
Only in scorched Countries grow:
If she but speak, an *Indian* she apppears,
Tho' all o'er black, at Lips she Jewels wears.

Methinks I now do *Venus* spy,
As she in *Vulcan*'s Arms did lie;
Such is *Cassandra* and her shroud,
She looks like Snow within a Cloud:
Melt then and yield, throw off thy Mourning Pall,
Thou never canst look White, until thou Fall.

A SONG.



YOnder comes a courteous Knight,
Luſtily raking over the hay,
He was well ware of a bonny laſs,
As ſhe came wandring over the way:
Then ſhe ſang down a down,
Hey down derry; than ſhe, &c.

Jove

Jove you ſpeed, fair Lady, he ſaid,
Amongſt the leaves that be ſo green;
If I were a King, and wore a Crown,
Full ſoon fair Lady, ſhould thou be a Queen.
Then ſhe ſang, *&c.*

Alſo *Jove* ſave you, fair Lady,
Among the Roſes that be ſo red;
If I have not my will of you,
Full ſoon fair Lady, ſhall I be dead.
Then ſhe ſang, *&c.*

Then he lookt Eaſt, then he lookt Weſt,
He lookt North, ſo did he South:
He could not find a privy place,
For all lay in the Devil's mouth.
Then ſhe ſang, *&c.*

If you will carry me gentle Sir,
A maid unto my father's hall;
Then you ſhall have your will of me
Under purple and under Pall.
Then ſhe ſang, *&c.*

He ſet her upon a ſteed,
And himſelf upon another;
And all the day he rode her by,
As tho' they had been ſiſter and brother.
Then ſhe ſang, *&c.*

When ſhe came to her fathers hall,
It was well walled round about;
She rode in at the wicket gate,
And ſhut the four ear'd fool without.
Then ſhe ſang, *&c.*
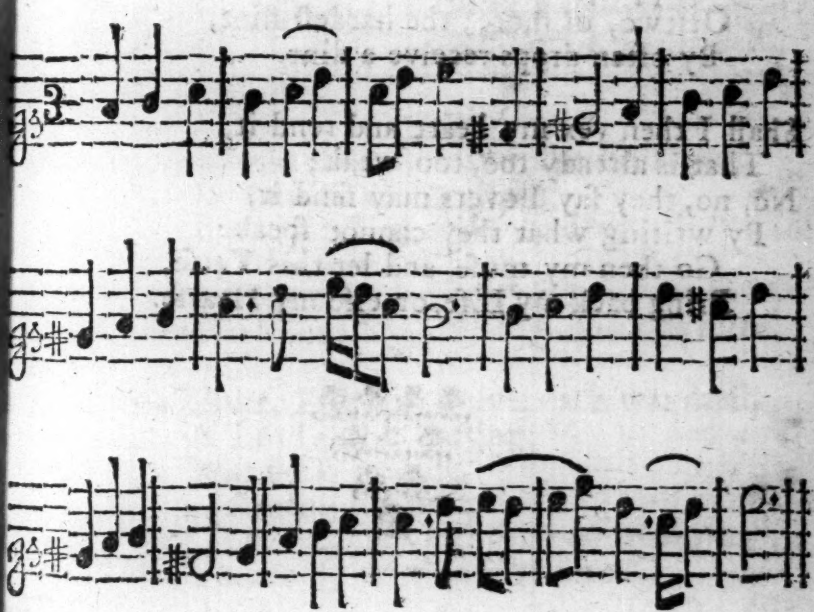
You had me (quoth ſhe) abroad in the field,
Among the corn, amidſt the hay,
Where you might had your will of me,
For, in good faith Sir, I ne'er ſaid nay.
Then ſhe ſang, *&c.*
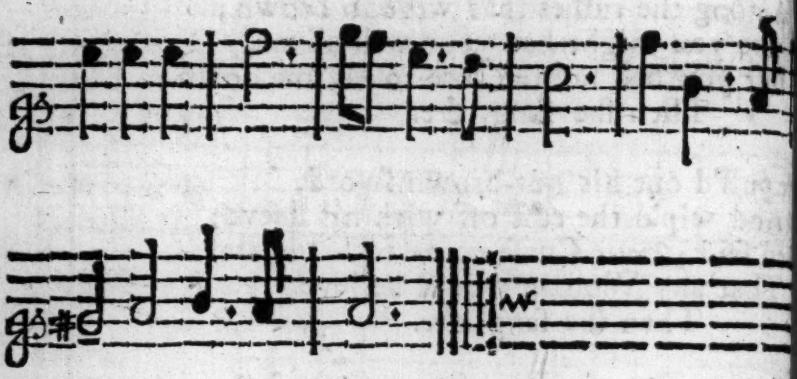
You had me alſo amid the field,
Among the ruſhes that were ſo brown;
Where you might had your will of me,
But you had not the face to lay me down.
Then ſhe ſang, *&c.*

He pull'd out his nut-brown ſword,
And wip'd the ruſt off with his ſleeve:
And ſaid; *Joves* Curſe come to his heart,
That any Woman would believe.
Then ſhe ſang, *&c.*

When you have your own true love,
A mile or twain out of the town,
Spare not for her gay cloathing,
But lay her body flat on the ground.
Then ſhe ſang, *&c.*

Reciprocal Love.
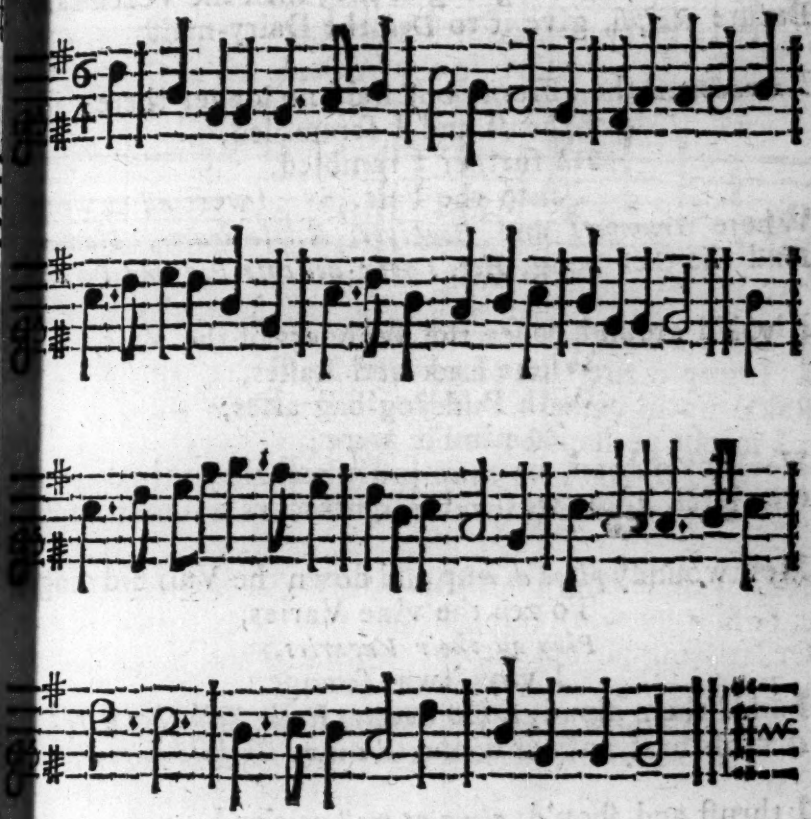




I Love a Laſs but cannot ſhow it,
I keep a fire that burns within,
Rak'd up in embers: Ah! could ſhe know it,
I might perhaps be lov'd again:
For a true love may juſtly call,
For friendſhip love reciprocal.

Some gentle courteous winds betray me,
A ſigh by whiſpering in her ear,
Or let ſome pitious ſhower convey me,
By dropping on her breaſt a tear,
Or two, or more; the hardeſt flint,
By often drops receive a dint.

Shall I then vex my heart and rend it,
That is already too, too weak;
No, no, they ſay Lovers may ſend it,
By writing what they cannot ſpeak:
Go then my muſe, and let this Verſe,
Bring back my Life, or elſe my Hearſe.

The Country-Man's Ramble thro' Bartholomew-Fair.



ADzooks ches went the other day to *London* Town,
In *Smithfield* ſuch gazing,
Zuch thruſting and ſqueezing,
Was never known:
A Zitty of Wood, ſome Volk do call it *Bartledom*-Fair,
But ches zure nought but Kings and Queens live there.

In Gold and Zilver, Zilk and Velvet each was dreſt,
A Lord in his Zatting,
Was buiſy prating,
Among the reſt:
But one in blew Jacket came, which ſome do *Andrew* call,
Adſheart, talk'd woundly wittily to them all.

At

At laſt Cutzooks, he made ſuch ſport I laugh'd aloud,
The Rogue, being fluſter'd,
He flung me a Cuſtard,
Amidſt the Croud:
The Volk vell a laughing at me; then the Vezen zaid
Bezure *Ralph*, give it to *Doll* the Dairy-maid.

I *zwallowed* the affront, but ſtaid no longer there;
I thruſt and I ſcrambled,
Till further I rambled,
into the Fair. (were *all* at work
Where *Trumpets* and *Bagpipes*, *Kettle-drums*, *Fiddles*
And the *Cook* zung, *Here's your delicate Pig and Pork.*

I look'd around, to ſee the Wonders of the Vair,
Where Lads and Laſſes,
With Pudding-bag arſes,
Zo nimble were;
Heels over head, as round as a wheel they turn'd about
Old Nick zure, was in their breeches without doubt

Moſt woundy *pleas'd*, I up and down the Vair did range
To zee the vine Varies,
Play all their Vagaries,
I vow 'twas ſtrange.
I ask'd them aloud, *What Country little Volk they were?*
A croſs brat anſwer'd me, *Che were Cuckold-ſhire*.

I thruſt and ſhov'd *along* as *well* as e'er I *could*,
At *laſt did I grovel*,
Into a dark Hovel,
Where Drink was *ſold*; (adſheart
They brought me Cans, which coſt a penny apiece
I'm zure twelve *ne'er could fill a* Country-quart.

Che went to draw her Purſe, to pay them for their beer
The *Devil* a Penny,
Was left of my Money,
Che'll vow and zwear: (doors
They doft my Hat for a Groat, then turn'd me out of
Adſwounds, *Ralph*, did ever ſee zuch Rogues and Whores

TO

TOM a BEDLAM.

FOrth from the dark and diſmal Cell,
And from the deep Abyſs of Hell,
Mad *Tom* is come to view the World again,
To ſee if he can cure his diſtemper'd Brain.

Fears and Cares oppreſs my Soul,
Hark how the angry Furies howl,
Pluto laughs, and *Proſerpine* is glad,
To ſee poor naked *Tom* of *Bedlam* mad.

Thro' the World I wander Night and Day,
To find my ſtragling Senſes,
In an angry Mood Old *Time*,
With his Pentateuch of Tenſes.

When me he ſpyes, away he flies,
For Time will ſtay for no Man;
In vain with Cries I rend the Skies,
For Pity is not common.

Cold and Comfortleſs I lye,
Help! oh help! or elſe I die;
Hark I hear *Apollo*'s Team,
The Carman gins to whiſtle,
Chaſt *Diana* bends her Bow,
And the Boar begins to briſtle.

Come *Vulcan* with Tools and Tackles,
And knock off my troubleſome Shackles:
Bid *Charles* make ready his Wain,
To find my loſt Senſes again.

Laſt Night I heard the Dog-ſtar bark,
Mars met *Venus* in the Dark:
Limping *Vulcan* heat an Iron Bar,
And furiouſly ran at the God of War.

Mars

Mars with his Weapon laid about,
Limping *Vulcan* had the Gout,
For his broad Horns hung ſo in his Light,
That he could not ſee to aim aright.

Mercury, the nimble Poſt of Heaven,
Stay'd to ſee the Quarrel,
Gorrel Belly *Bacchus* giantly beſtrid
A Stong Beer Barrel.
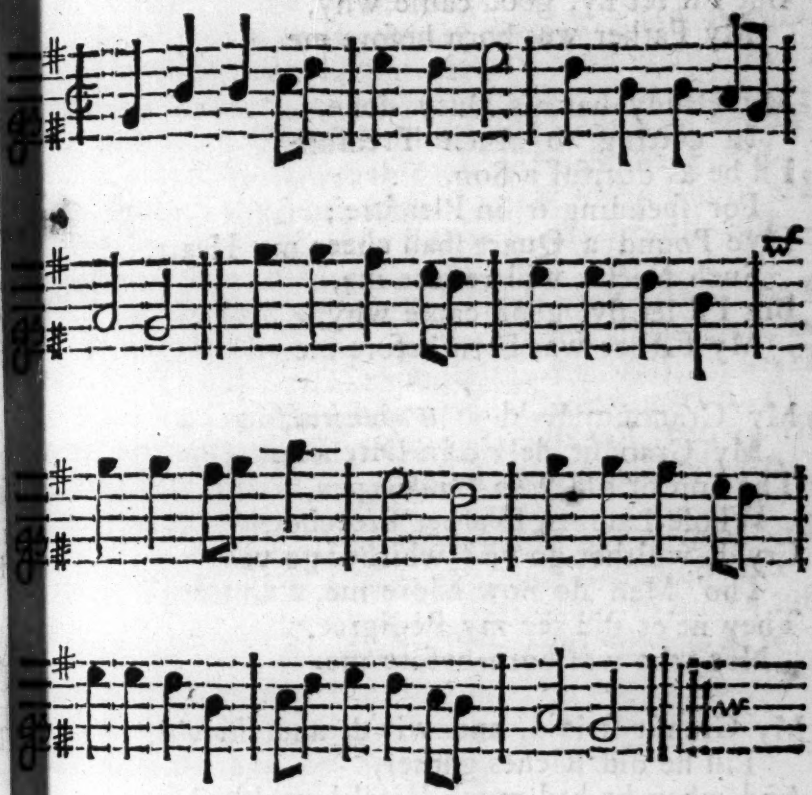
To me he drank, I did him thank,
But I could drink no Sider;
He drank whole Butts 'till he burſt his Guts,
But mine were ne'er the wider.

Poor *Tom* is very dry,
A little Drink for Charity:
Hark; I hear *Acteon*'s Hounds,
The Hunts-man whoops and Hallows,
Ringwood, Rockwood, Jowler, Bowman,
All the Chace doth follow.

The Man in the Moon drinks Clarret,
Eats powder'd Beef, Turnep and Carret,
But a Cup of old *Malago* Sack,
Will fire the Buſh at his Back.

The Prodigal's Reſolution:

Or, my Father was born before me.



I Am a luſty lively Lad,
Now come to One and Twenty,
My Father left me all he had,
Both Gold and Silver plenty:
Now he's in Grave, I will be brave,
The Ladies ſhall adore me;
I'll court and kiſs, what hurt's in this,
My Dad did ſo before me.

My Father was a thrifty Sir,
Till Soul and Body ſundred,
Some ſay he was an Uſurer,
For thirty in the Hundred:
He ſcrapt and ſcratcht, ſhe pincht and patcht,
That in her Body bore me;
But I'll let fly, good cauſe why,
My Father was born before me.

My Daddy has his Duty done,
In getting ſo much Treaſure,
I'll be as dutiful a Son,
For ſpending it in Pleaſure;
Five Pound a Quart ſhall cheer my Heart,
Such Nectar will reſtore me,
But I'll let fly, good cauſe why,
My Father was born before me.

My Grannum liv'd at *Waſhington*,
My Grandſir delv'd in Ditches,
The Son of old *John Thraſhington*,
Whoſe Lantern Leather Breeches,
Cry'd, whither go ye? whither go ye?
Tho' Men do now adore me,
They ne'er did ſee my Pedigree,
Nor who was born before me.

My Granſir ſtriv'd, and wiv'd, and thriv'd,
'Till he did Riches gather,
And when he had much Wealth atchiev'd,
Oh, then he got my Father:
Of happy Memory, cry I,
That e'er his Mother bore him,
I ne'er had been worth one Penny,
Had I been born before him.

To Free-ſchool, *Cambridge*, and *Grays-Inn*,
My gray-coat Granſir put him,
Till to forget he did begin,
The Leathern Breech, that got him;

One dealt in Straw, the other in Law,
The one did ditch and delve it,
My Father ſtore of Sattin wore,
My Grandſir Beggar's Velvet.

So I get Wealth, what care I if
My Granſir were a Sawyer,
My Father prov'd to be a chief,
And ſubtile, Learned Lawyer:
By Cook's Reports, and Tricks in Courts,
He did with Treaſure ſtore me,
That I may ſay, Heavens bleſs the Day,
My Father was born before me.

Some ſay of late, a Merchant that
Had gotten ſtore of Riches,
In's Dining-Room hung up his Hat,
His Staff, and Leathern Breeches:
His Stockings gartred up with Straw,
E'er providence did ſtore him,
His Son was Sheriff of *London*, cauſe
His Father was born before him.

So many Blades now rant in Silk,
And put on Scarlet Cloathing,
At firſt did ſpring from Butter-milk,
Their Anceſtors worth nothing;
Old *Adam*, and our Grandam *Eve*,
By digging and by Spinning,
Did to all Kings and Princes give
Their radical Beginning.
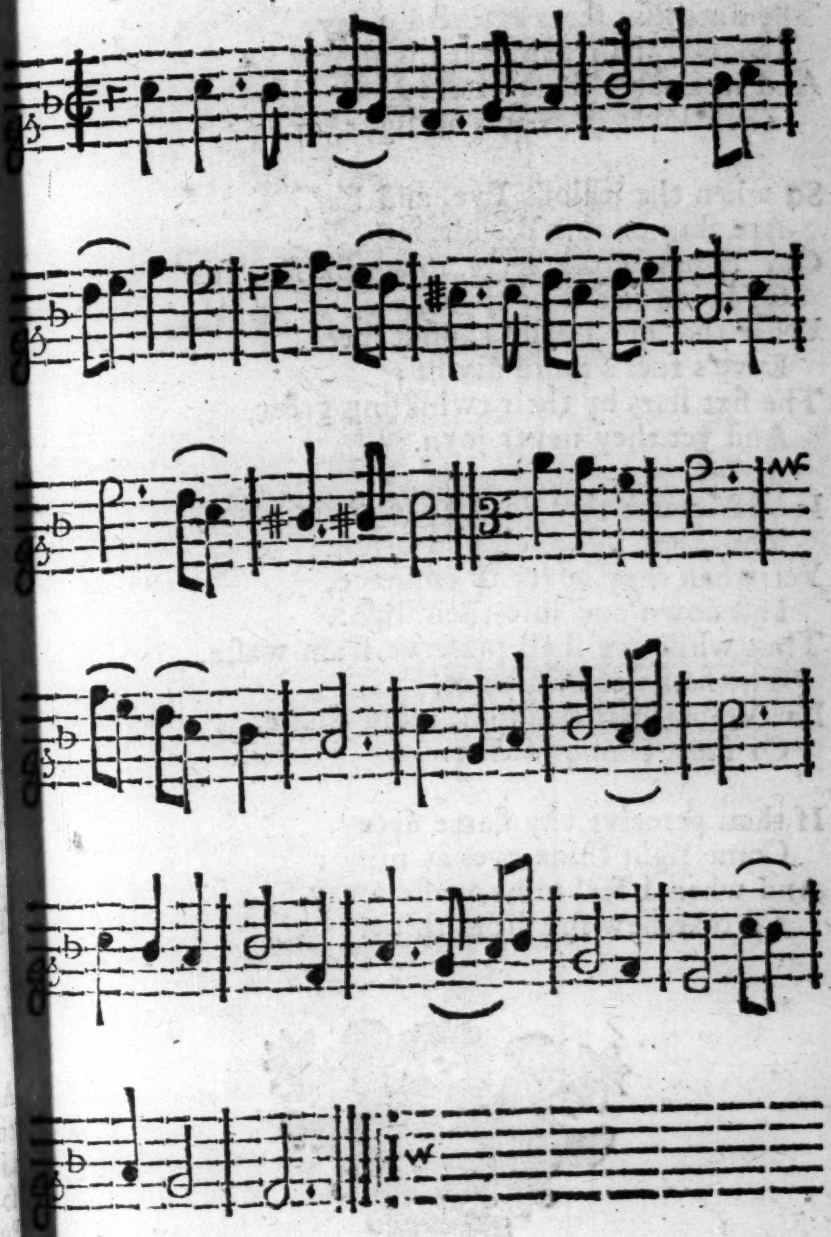
My Father to get my Eſtate,
Tho' ſelfiſh, yet was ſlaviſh,
I'll ſpend it at another rate,
And be as lewdly laviſh;
From Mad-men, Fools, and Knaves he did
Litigiouſly receive it;
If ſo he did, Juſtice forbid,
But I to ſuch ſhould leave it.

At Play-houſes, and Tennis Court,
I'll prove a noble Fellow,
I'll court my Doxies to the Sport
Of o'brave Bunchinello:
I'll drink and drab, I'll Dice and ſtab,
No Hector ſhall out-roar me;
If Teachers tell me Tales of Hell,
My Father is gone before me.

Our aged Counſellors would have
Us live by Rule and Reaſon,
'Cauſe they are marching to their Grave,
And Pleaſure's out of Seaſon:
I'll learn to dance the Mode of *France*,
That Ladies may adore me;
My thrifty Dad no Pleaſure had,
Tho' he was born before me.

I'll to the Court, where *Venus* Sport
Doth revel it in Plenty,
I'll deal with all, both great and ſmall,
From twelve to five and twenty;
In Play-houſes I'll ſpend my Days,
For they're hung round with Plackets,
Ladies make room, behold I come,
Have at your knocking Jackets.

Power of Love.
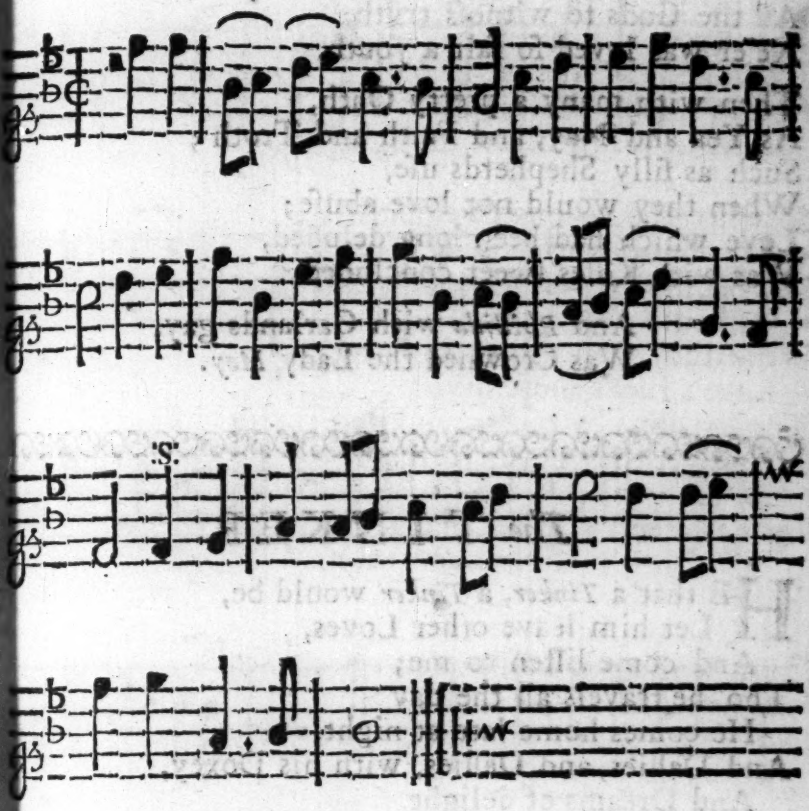


SInce love hath in thine, and mine Eye,
Kindled a holy flame,
What pity 'twere to let it die,
What ſin to quench the ſame?
The ſtars that ſeem extinct by day,
Diſcloſe their flames at night,
And in a ſable ſenſe convey,
Their loves in beams of light.

So when the jealous Eye, and Ear,
Are ſhut or turn'd aſide,
Our Tongues, our Eyes, may talk ſans fear
Of being heard or ſpy'd.
What tho' our bodies cannot meet,
Love's fuel's more divine;
The fixt ſtars by their twinkling greet,
And yet they never joyn.

Falſe Meteors that do change their place,
Tho' they ſhine fair and bright;
Yet when they covet to embrace,
Fall down and loſe their light.
Thus while we ſhall preſerve from waſte,
The flame of our deſire,
No Veſtal ſhall maintain more chaſte,
Or more immortal fire.

If thou perceive thy flame decay,
Come light thine eyes at mine;
And when I feel mine waſte away,
I'll take new fire from thine.

A SONG.



IN the merry month of *May*,
On a morn by break of day,
Forth I walk'd the wood ſo wide,
When as *May* was in her pride:
There I ſpy'd all alone, all alone,
Phillida and *Choridon*.

Much ado there was God wot,
He did love, but ſhe could not;
He ſaid his love was to woo,
She ſaid none was falſe to you;
He ſaid he had lov'd her long,
She ſaid love ſhould take no wrong.

Cloridon would have kiſt her then,
She ſaid Maids muſt kiſs no Men,
Till they kiſs for good and all;
Then ſhe bad the ſhepherd call,
All the Gods to witneſs truth,
Ne'er was loved ſo fair a youth.

Then with many a pretty Oath,
As Yea and Nay, and Faith and Troth;
Such as ſilly Shepherds uſe,
When they would not love abuſe;
Love which had been long deluded,
Was with Kiſſes ſweet concluded.

And *Phillida* with Garlands gay,
Was Crowned the Lady *May*.
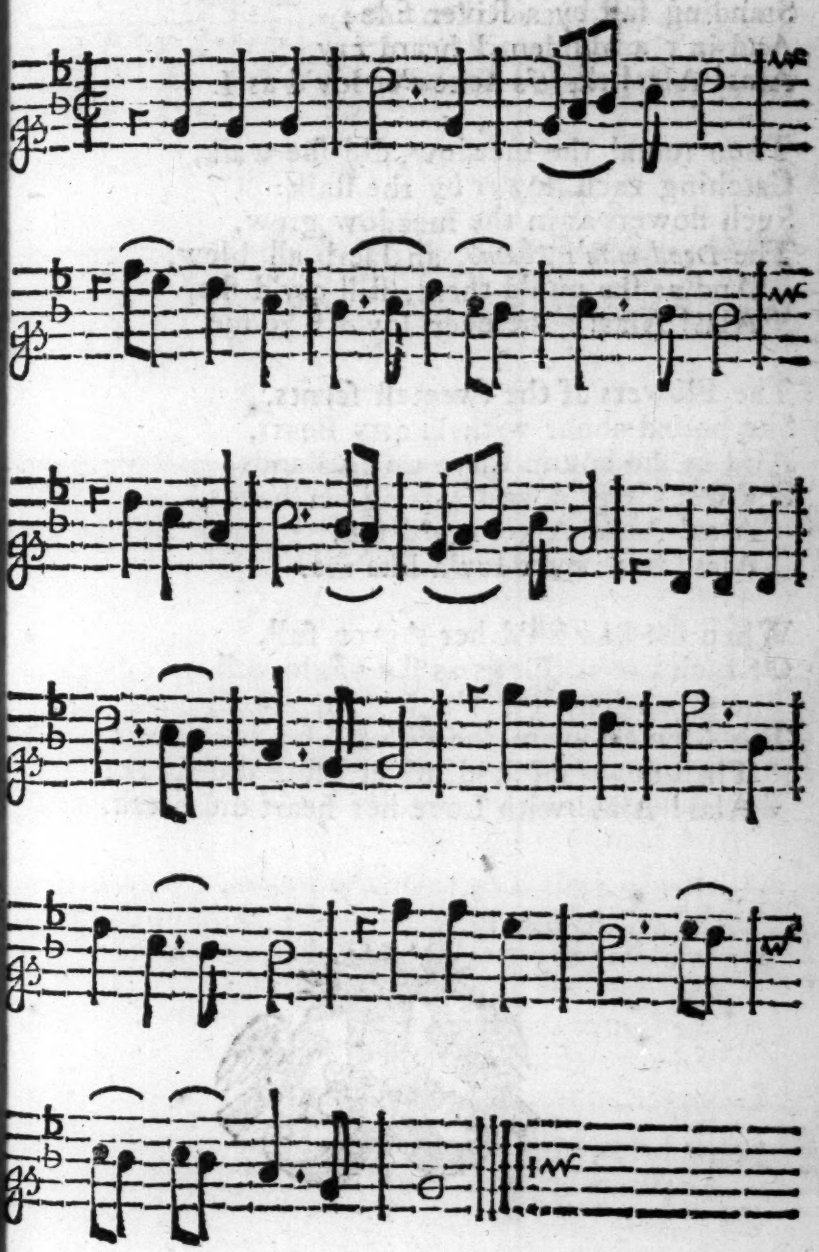
The TINKER.

HE that a *Tinker*, a *Tinker* would be,
Let him leave other Loves,
And come liſten to me;
Tho' he travels all the day
He comes home late at night,
And Dallies, and Dallies, with his Doxey,
And Dreams of delight.

His Pot and his Toaſt, in the morning he takes,
And all the day long good Muſick he makes;
He wanders the world, to Wakes, and to Fairs,
And caſts his Cap, and caſts his Cap,
At the Court and her Cares,
When to the Town the Tinker doth come,
O! how the wanton Wenches run.

Some bring him Baſons, ſome bring him Bowls,
All Wenches pray him to ſtop up their holes;
Tink goes the Hammer, the Skillet and the Scumme
Come bring me the Copper Kettle,
For the *Tinker*, the *Tinker*,
The merry, merry *Tinker*,
O! he is the Man of Mettle.

A Forſaken Lover's Complaint.



AS I walk'd forth one ſummers day,
To view the meadows green and gay,
A pleaſant Bower I eſpied,
Standing faſt by a River ſide;
And in't a Maiden, I heard cry,
Alas! Alas! there's none e'er lov'd as I.

Then round the meadow, did ſhe walk,
Catching each flower by the ſtalk:
Such flowers as in the meadow grew,
The *Dead-man's Thumb*, an Herb all blew,
And as ſhe pull'd them, ſtill cry'd ſhe,
Alas! Alas! none ever lov'd like me.
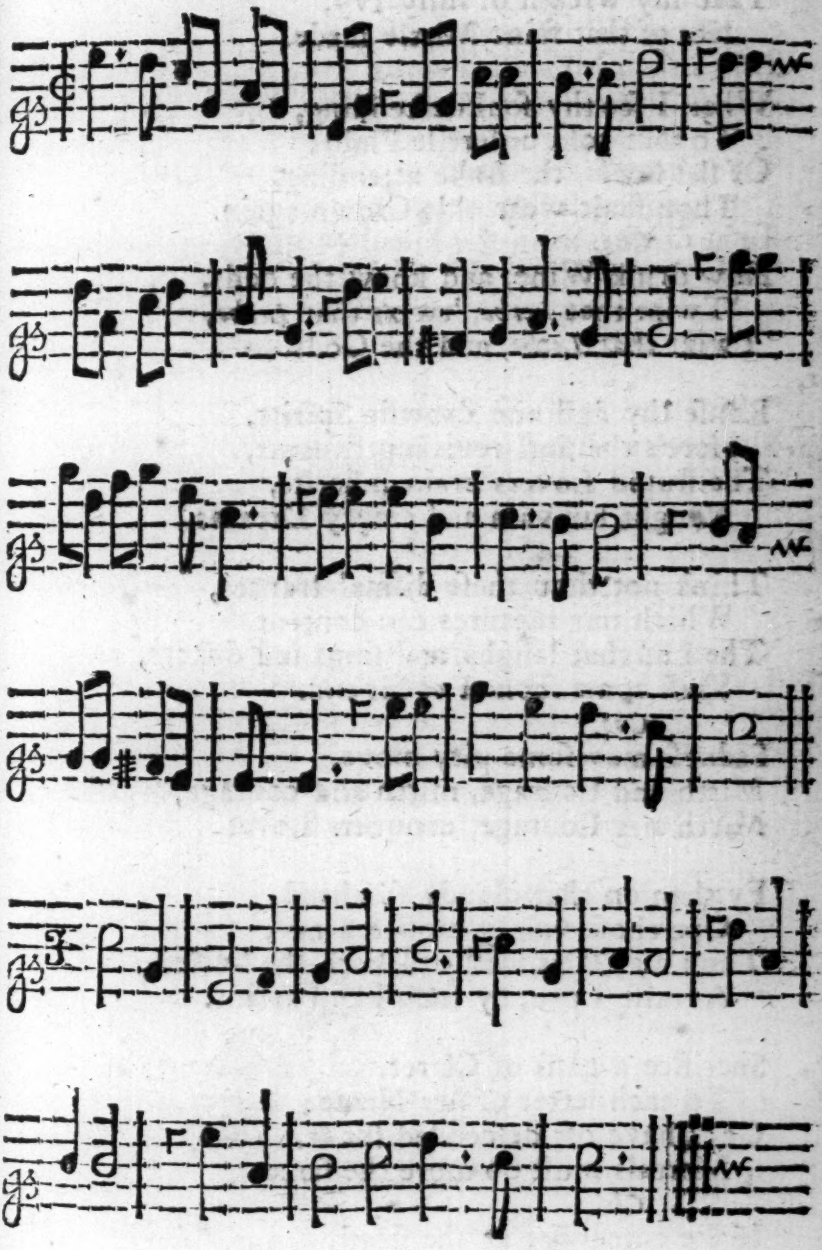
The Flowers of the ſweeteſt ſcents,
She bound about with knotty Bents,
And as ſhe bound them up in Bands,
She wept, ſigh'd, and wrung her hands,
Alas! Alas! Alas! cry'd ſhe,
Alas! none ever lov'd like me.

When ſhe had fill'd her Apron full,
Of ſuch green things as ſhe could cull,
The green leaves ſerv'd her for a Bed,
The Flowers were the Pillows for her head:
Then down ſhe laid, ne'er more did ſpeak;
Alas! Alas! with Love her heart did break.



Love'

Love's Bacchanal.



LAy that ſullen Garland by thee,
Keep it for th' Eliſium ſhades;
Take my wreath of luſty Ivy,
Not of that faint Mirtle made.

When I ſee thy ſoul deſcending,
To that cold unfertile Plain;
Of ſad Fools, the Lake attending,
Thou ſhalt wear this Crown again.
Cho.
Now drink Wine, and know the odds,
'Twixt that *Lethe*, 'twixt that *Lethe*,
'Twixt that *Lethe*, and the Gods.

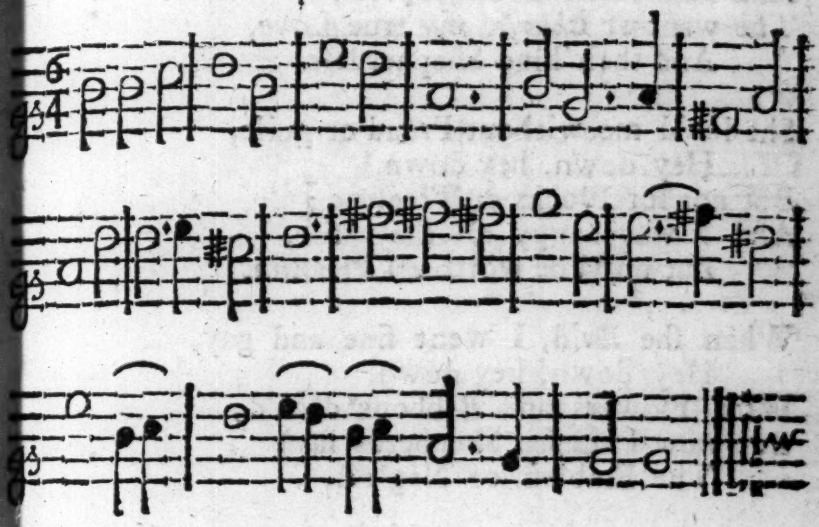
Rouſe thy dull and drowſie Spirits,
Here's the ſoul reviving ſtreams,
The ſtupid Lovers brain inherits,
Nought but vain and empty Dreams.

Think not thou theſe diſmal trances,
Which our raptures can content,
The Lad that laughs, and ſings and dances,
Shall come ſooneſt to his end.
Cho.
Sadneſs may ſome pity move,
Mirth and Courage, mirth and courage,
Mirth and Courage, conquers Love.

Fy then on that cloudy forehead,
Ope thoſe vainly croſſed arms;
Thou may'ſt as well call back the buried,
As raiſe Love, by ſuch like charms.

Sacrifice a glaſs of Claret,
To each letter of her Name;
Gods have oft deſcended for it,
Mortals muſt do more the ſame.
Cho.
If ſhe comes not at the flood,
Sleep will come, ſleep will come,
Sleep will come, and that's as good.

Amyntor *Diſtracted Complains.*



I Had a *Chloris* my Delight,
Hey down, hey down,
With Hair as brown as Berries;
Her Cheeks like Roſes, red and white,
Her Lips more ſweet than Cherries.

Tho' lovely Black dwelt in her Eyes,
Hey down, hey down,
Like brighteſt Day that ſhin'd;
And Hills of Snow upon her Breaſt,
Made me, and all Men blind.

She was ſo ſweet, ſo kind, ſo free,
Hey down, hey down,
To kiſs, to ſport, and play;
But all this was with none but me,
So Envy 't ſelf will ſay.

She fed her Flock on yonder Plain,
Hey down, hey down,
'Tis wither'd now, and dry;
How can *Amyntor* longer live,
When ſuch Things for her die?

Her wandring Kids look in my Face,
Hey down, hey down,
And with dumb Tears expreſs,
The want of *Chloris*, my true Love,
And their kind Shepherdeſs.

She lov'd me without Fraud or guile,
Hey down, hey down,
But not for Flocks or Treaſure;
And I was happy all the while,
But no Woe worth all Pleaſure.

When ſhe liv'd, I went fine and gay,
Hey down, hey down,
With Flowers and Ribbons deck'd;
But now I am (as Shepherds ſay)
The Emblem of Neglect.

Where are thoſe pretty Garlands now,
Hey down, hey down,
Of Ivy and of Bays,
Which *Chloris* platted on my Brow,
For ſinging in her Praiſe?
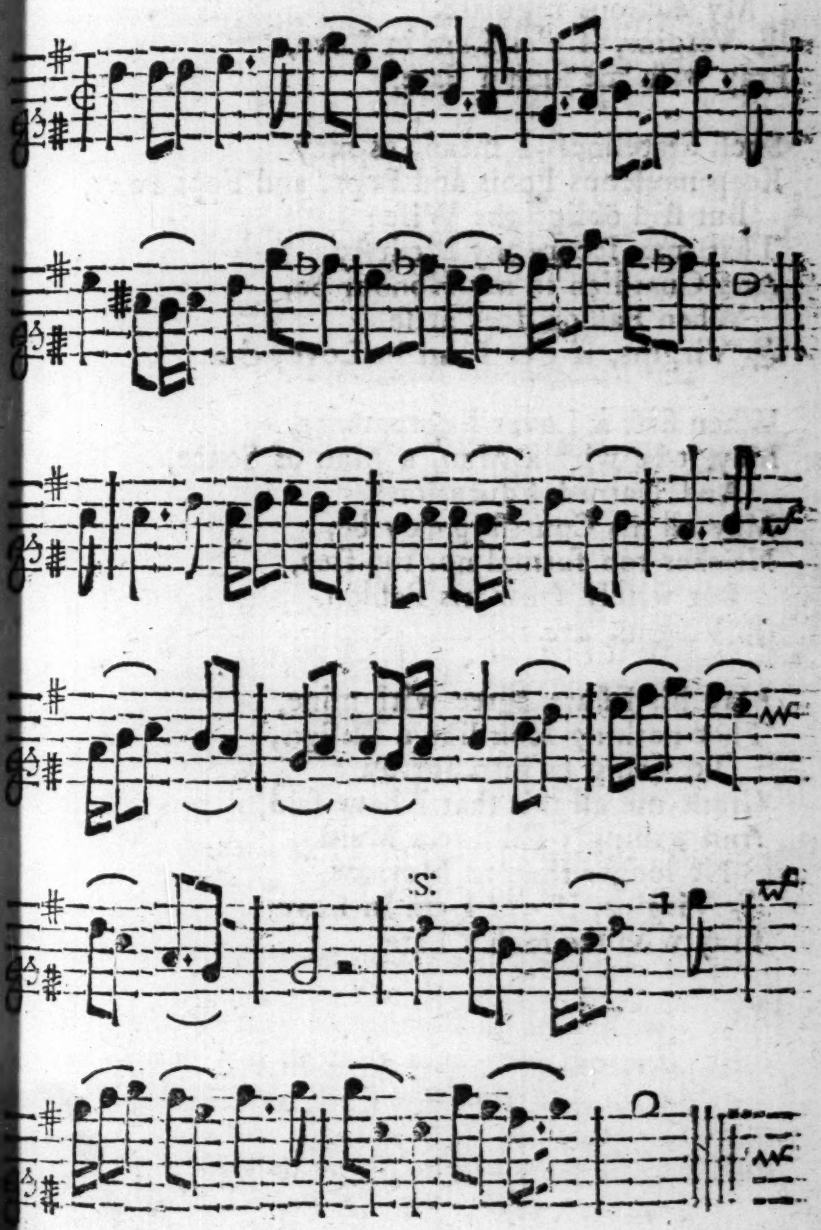
With naked Legs and Arms I go,
Hey down, hey down,
For why? the Clothes I wore,
With Bonnets, Scarfs, and many more,
Upon her Grave lie tore.

For woe is me, I ſhould be warm,
Hey down, hey down,
Or any Comfort have,
As long as my dear *Chloris* lies
So cold within her Grave.

I'll gather Sticks, and make a Fire,
Hey down, hey down,
To warm her where ſhe lies,
Of Myrtles, Cypreſs, and Sweet Bryer,
And then perhaps ſhe'll riſe.

To Young Virgins.

A SONG.



Virgins,
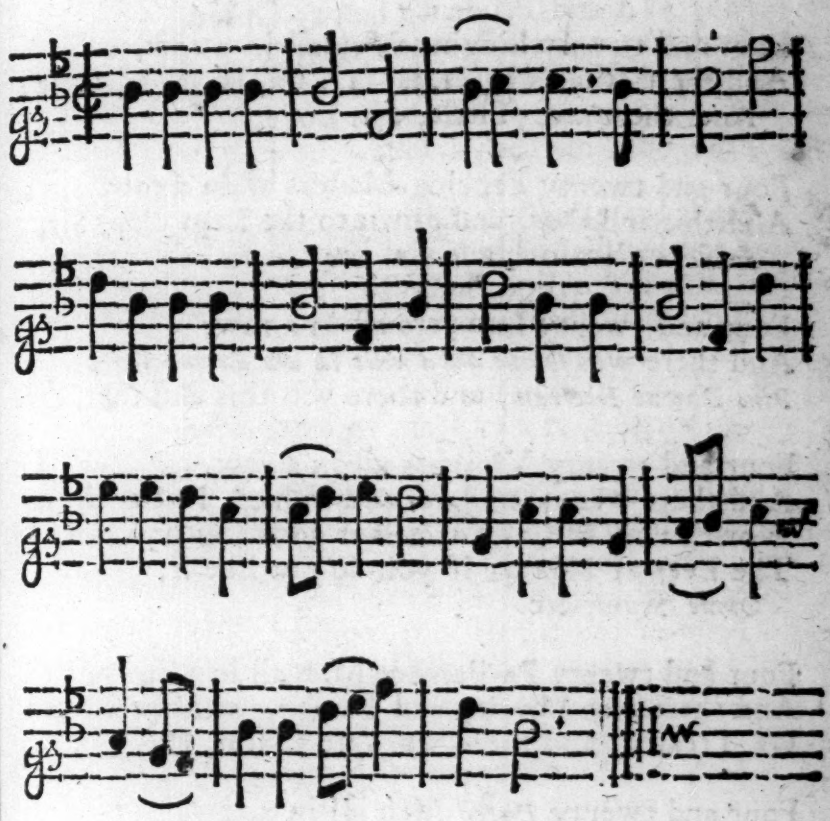
VIrgins, if e'er at length it prove,
My Deſtiny to be, to be in Love,
Pray wiſh me ſuch a Fate:
May Wit and Prudence be my Guide,
And may a little decent Pride,
My Actions regulate.
♫ Virgins, if e'er I am in Love,
Pray wiſh me ſuch a Fate.

Such Statelineſs I mean, as may
Keep nauſeous Fools and Fops, and Fops away,
But ſtill oblige the Wiſe:
That may ſecure my Modeſty,
And Guardian to my Honour be,
When Paſſion does ariſe.
♫ Virgins, if e'er I am in Love, &c.

When firſt a Lover I commence,
May it be with a Man, a Man of Sence,
And learned Education:
May all his Courtſhip eaſy be,
Neither too formal nor too free,
But wiſely ſhow his Paſſion.
♫ Virgins, &c.

May his Eſtate agree with mine,
That nothing look like a Deſign,
To bring us into Sorrow:
Grant me all this that I have ſaid,
And willingly I'll live a Maid
No longer than to Morrow.
♫ Virgins, if e'er I am in Love,
Pray wiſh me ſuch a Fate.

A SONG.



FOur and twenty Fidlers all in a Row,
And there was fiddle fiddle, and twice fiddle fiddle,
'Cauſe 'twas my Lady's Birth-day,
Therefore we kept Holiday,
And all went to be merry.

Four and twenty Drummers all in a Row,
And there was tantarra rara, tan, tantarra rara,
rara, rara rar, there was rub, *&c.*

Four and twenty Tabors and Pipers all in a Row,
And there was whif and dub,
And tan tarra rara, *&c.*

Four

Four and twenty Women all in a row,
And there was tittle tattle, and twice prittle prattle;
And Whif and Dub, &c.

Four and twenty Singing Men all in a row,
And there was Fa la, la, la, la, ; Fa, la, la, la, la, la;
And there was Tittle, &c.

Four and twenty Fencing-Maſters all in a row,
And this and that, and down to the Legs clap, Sir,
And cut 'em off, and Fa, &c.
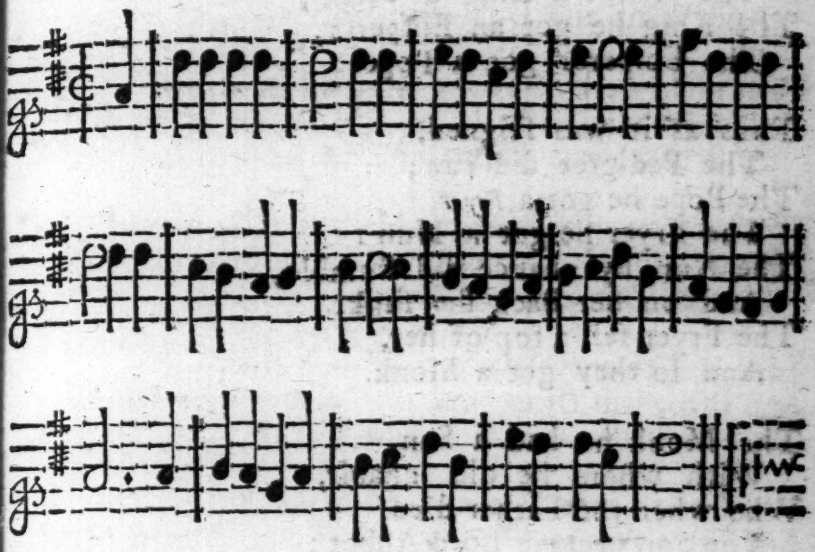
Four and twenty Lawyers all in a row,
And there was *Omne quod exit in um damno ſed Plus Damno Decorum*, and there was this and that, &c.

Four and twenty Vintners all in a row,
And there was rare Claret and White, I ne'er drunk
Worſe in my life, and excellent good Canary drawn off
The Lees of Sherry, if you do not like it,
Omne Quod, &c.

Four and twenty Parliament Men all in a Row,
And there was Loyalty and Reaſon, without a word
Of Treaſon, and there was rare Claret, &c.

Four and twenty *Dutch* Men all in a row,
And there was *Alter Malter Van tor Dyken Skapen Kopen de Hogue, Van Rottyck, Van tonſtick de Brille, Van Boerſtyck Van Foerſtick and Soatrag Van Hogan Herien-Van-Donck*,
Rare Claret and white, &c.

A SONG.



A Beggar got a Beadle,
A Beadle got a Yeoman;
A Yeoman got a Prentice,
And a Prentice got a Freeman:
The Freeman got a Maſter,
The Maſter got a Leaſe,
The Leaſe made him a Gentleman,
And Juſtice of the Peace.

The Juſtice being Rich,
And Gallant in deſire;
He marry'd with a Lady,
And ſo he got a Squire:
The Squire got a Knight
Of Courage bold and ſtout;
The Knight he got a Lord,
And ſo it came about.

The Lord he got an Earl,
His Country he forſook;
He travell'd into *Spain*,
And there he got a Duke:

The

The Duke he got a Prince,
The Prince a King of Hope;
The King he got an Emperor,
The Emperor got a Pope.
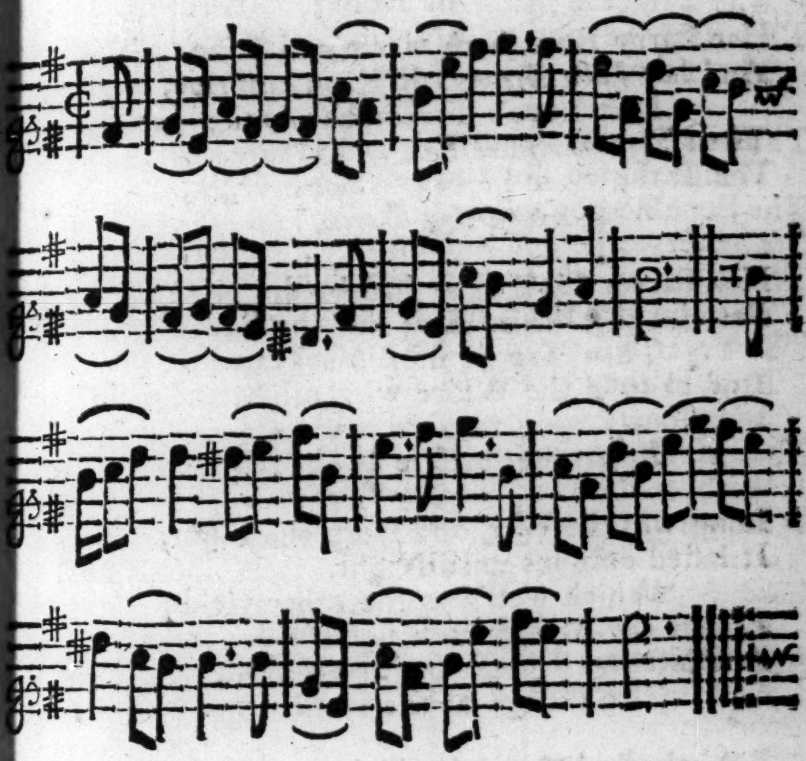
Thus as it was feigned,
The Pedigree did run;
The Pope he got a *Fryer*,
The Fryer he got a Nun:
The Nun by chance did ſtumble,
And on her Back ſhe ſunk,
The Fryer fell a top of her,
And ſo they got a Monk.

The Monk he had a Son,
With whom he did inhabit,
Who when the Father died,
The Son became Lord Abbot:
Lord Abbot had a Maid,
And he catcht her in the Dark,
And ſomething he did to her,
And ſo begot a Clark.

The Clark he got a Sexton,
The Sexton got a Digger;
The Digger got a Preband,
The Preband got a Vicar;
The Vicar got an Attorney,
The which he took in ſnuff;
The Attorney got a Barriſter,
The Barriſter got a Ruff.

The Ruff did get good Counſel,
Good Counſel got a Fee,
The Fee did get a Motion,
That it might Pleaded be;
The Motion got a Judgment,
And ſo it came to paſs;
A Beggar's Bratt, a ſcolding Knave,
A Crafty Lawyer was.

A New BALLAD *upon a Wedding.*



THE Sleeping *Thames* one Morn I croſs'd,
By two contending *Charons* toſt;
I Landed and I found,
By one of *Neptune's* jugling Tricks,
Enchanted *Thames* was turn'd to *Styx*,
Lambeth th' Elyſian Ground.

The Dirty Linkboy of the Day,
To make himſelf more freſh and gay,
Had ſpent five Hours, and more;
Scarce had he Comb'd and Curl'd his Hair,
When out there comes a brighter Fair,
Eclips'd him o'er, and o'er.

The dazl'd Boy wou'd have retir'd,
But durſt not, becauſe he was hir'd,

To

To light the Purblind Skies;
But all on Earth, will Swear and ſay,
They ſaw no other Sun that Day,
Nor Heav'n, but in her Eyes.

Her ſtarry Eyes, both warm and ſhine,
And her dark Brows, do them enſhrine,
Like Love's Triumphal Arch;
Their Firmament is Red and White,
Whilſt the other Heav'n is but bedight,
With *Indigo* and *Starch.*

Her Face a Civil War had bred,
Betwixt the White Roſe and the Red,
Then Troops of Bluſhes came;
And charg'd the White with might and main,
But ſtoutly were repuls'd again,
Retreating back with ſhame.

Long was the War, and ſharp the Fight,
It laſted dubious until Night,
Which wou'd to the other yield;
At laſt the Armies both ſtood ſtill,
And left the Bridegroom at his Will,
The Pillage of the Field.

But, oh, ſuch Spoils! which to compare,
A Throne is but a rotten Chair,
And Scepters are but ſticks;
The Crown it ſelf, 'twere but a Bonnet,
If her Poſſeſſion lay upon it,
What Prince wou'd not here fix.

Heaven's Maſter-piece, Divineſt frame,
That e'er was ſpoke of yet by Fame,
Rich Nature's utmoſt Stage;
The Harveſt of all former years,
The paſt's Diſgrace, the future's fears,
And glory of this Age.

Thus to the Parſon's Shop they trade,
And a ſlight Bargain there is made,

To make Him her Supreme;
The Angels pearch'd about her Light,
And Saints themſelves had Appetite,
But I will not Blaſpheme.

The Parſon did his Conſcience ask,
If he were fit for ſuch a Task,
And cou'd perform his Duty
Then ſtraight the Man put on the Ring,
The Emblem of another thing,
When ſtrength is joyn'd to Beauty.

A modeſt Cloud her Face invades,
And wraps it up in Sarſnet Shades,
While thus they mingle Hands;
And then ſhe was oblig'd to ſay,
Thoſe Bug-bear Words, *Love and Obey*,
But meant her own Commands.

The envious Maids lookt round about,
To ſee what One wou'd take them out,
To terminate their Pains;
For tho' they Covet, and are Croſs,
Yet ſtill they value more one Loſs,
Than many Thouſand Gains.

Knights of the Garter, two were Call'd,
Knights of the Shoe-ſtring, two inſtall'd,
And all were bound by Oath;
No further than the Knee to paſs,
But oh! the Squire of the Body was
A better place than both.

A tedious Feaſt protracts the time,
For eating now, was but a Crime,
And all that interpos'd;
For like two Duelliſts they ſtood,
Panting for one another's Blood,
And longing till they clos'd.
Then came the Jovial Muſick in,
And many a merry *Violin*,
That Life and Soul of Legs;

Th'

Th' impatient Bridegroom would not ſtay,
Good Sir, cry they, what Man can play,
Till he's wound up his pegs.

But then he Dances till he reels,
For Love and Joy had Wing'd his Heels,
And puts the Hours to flight;
He leapt and skipt, and ſeem'd to ſay,
Come Boys, I'll drive away the Day,
And ſhake away the Night.

The lovely Bride, with Murd'ring Arts,
Walks round, and Brandiſhes her Darts,
To give the deeper Wound;
Her Beauteous Fabrick, with ſuch grace,
Enſnares a Heart, at every pace,
And Kills at each rebound.

She glides as if there were no Ground,
And ſlily draws her Nets around,
Her Lime-twigs are her Kiſſes;
Then makes a Curtſie with a Glance,
And ſtrikes each Lover in a Trance,
That Arrow never miſſes.

Thus have I oft a Hobby ſeen,
Daring of Larks over a Green,
His fierce occaſion tarry;
Dances about them as they fly,
And gives them ſport before they Die,
Then ſtoops and Kills the Quarry.

Her Sweat, like Honey-drops did fall,
And Stings of Beauty pierc'd us all,
Her ſhape was ſo exact;
Of Wax ſhe ſeemed fram'd alive,
But had her Gown too been a Hive,
How Bees had thither flock'd.

Thus envious Time prolong'd the Day,
And ſtretch'd the Prologue to the Play,
Long ſtopp'd the ſluggiſh Watch;

At laſt a Voice came from above,
Which call'd the Bridegroom and his Love,
To Conſummate the Match.
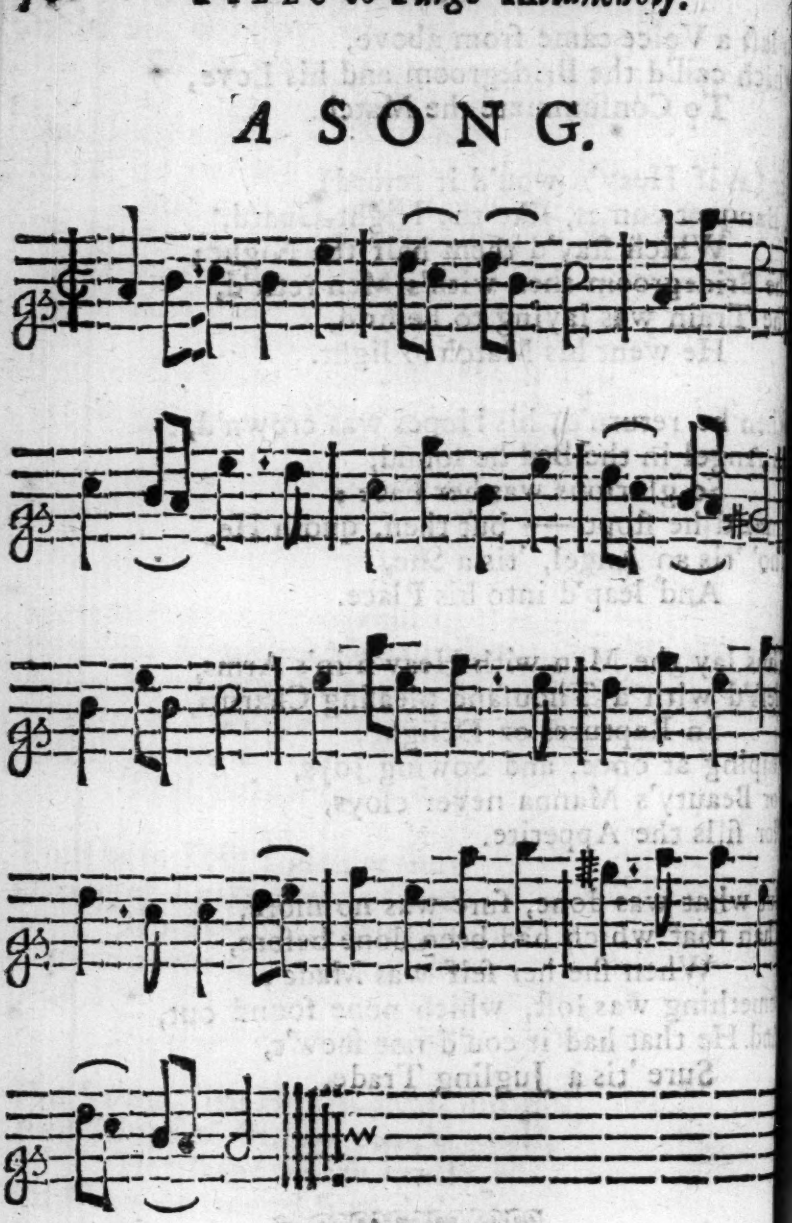
But (as if Heav'n wou'd it retard)
A Banquet comes, like the Night-Guard,
Which ſtay'd them half the Night;
The Bridegroom then with's Men retir'd,
The Train was laying to be fir'd,
He went his Match to light.

When he return'd, his Hopes was crown'd,
An Angel in the Bed he found,
So glorious was her Face;
Amaz'd he ſtopt —— but then, quoth He,
Tho' 'tis an Angel, 'tis a She,
And leap'd into his Place.

Thus lay the Man with Heav'n in's Arms,
Bleſs'd with a Thouſand pleaſing Charms,
In Raptures of Delight;
Reaping at once, and Sowing Joys,
For Beauty's Manna never cloys,
Nor fills the Appetite.

But what was done, ſure was no more,
Than that which had been done before,
When ſhe her ſelf was Made;
Something was loſt, which none found out,
And He that had it cou'd not ſhew't,
Sure 'tis a Jugling Trade.

A SONG.



PHillis at firſt ſeem'd much afraid,
Much afraid, much afraid,
Yet when I Kiſs'd, ſhe ſoon repay'd;
Could you but ſee, could you but ſee,
What I did more, you'd Envy me,
What I did more, you'd Envy me,
You'd Envy me.
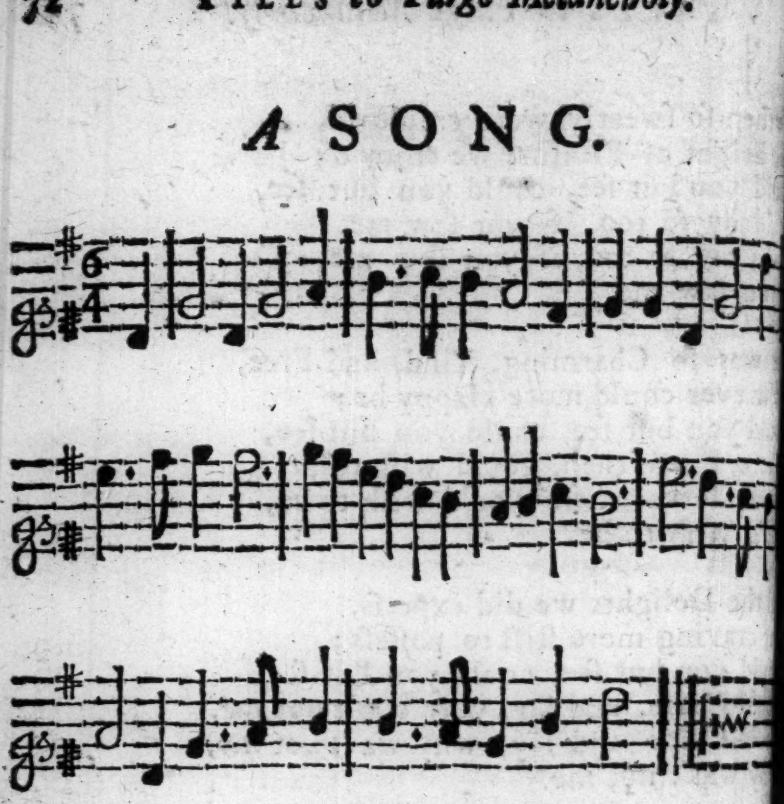
We then ſo ſweetly were employ'd,
The height of Pleaſure we enjoy'd;
Could you but ſee, could you but ſee,
You'd ſay ſo too, if you ſaw me,
You'd ſay ſo too, if you ſaw me,
If you ſaw me.

She was ſo Charming, Kind, and Free,
None ever could more Happy be;
Could you but ſee, could you but ſee,
Where I was then, you'd wiſh to be,
Where I was then, you'd wiſh to be,
You'd wiſh to be.

All the Delights we did expreſs,
Yet craving more ſtill to poſſeſs;
Could you but ſee, could you but ſee,
You'd Curſe, and ſay, why was't not me,
You'd Curſe, and ſay, why was't not me,
Why was't not me.

Ladies, if how to Love you'd know,
She can inform what we did do;
But cou'd you ſee, but cou'd you ſee,
You'd cry aloud, the next is me,
You'd cry aloud, the next is me,
The next is me.

A SONG.



FROM Twelve years old, I oft have been told,
A Pudding it was a delicate bit;
I can remember my Mother has ſaid,
What a Delight ſhe had to be Fed
With a Puddi

Thirteen being paſt, I long'd for to taſte,
What Nature or Art, could make it ſo ſweet;
For many gay Laſſes, about my Age,
Perpetually ſpeak on't, that puts me in a rage
For a Puddi

Now at Fifteen, I often have ſeen,
Moſt Maids to admire it ſo;
That their Humour and Pride is to ſay,
O what a Delight they have for to play
With a Puddi

When I am among, ſome Wives that are young,
Who think they ſhall never give it due praiſe;
It is ſweet, It is good, It is pleaſant ſtill,
They cry, they think they ſhall ne'er have their fill
Of a Pudding.

The greater ſort of the Town and the Court,
When met, their Tongues being tipp'd with Wine;
How merry and Jocund their Tattles do run,
To tell how they ended, and how they begun
With a Pudding.

ome Antient Wives, who moſt of their Lives,
Have daily taſted of the like Food;
Now for want of Supplies, do Swear and Grumble,
That ſtill they're able enough to Mumble
A Pudding.

Now, now I find, Cat will to kind,
ince all my Heart, and Blood is on fire;
am reſolv'd whatever comes on't,
My Fancy no longer ſhall ſuffer the want
Of a Pudding.

or I'll to *John*, who ſays he has one,
hat's cramm'd as cloſe as a Cracker or Squib;
Who ever is telling me when we do meet,
f the wiſhing deſires and ſweetneſs they get
In a Pudding.

thought at firſt, it never would burſt,
was as hard as Griſſel or Bone;
t by the Rowling and Trowling about,
ow kindly and ſweetly the Marrow flew out
Of his Pudding.
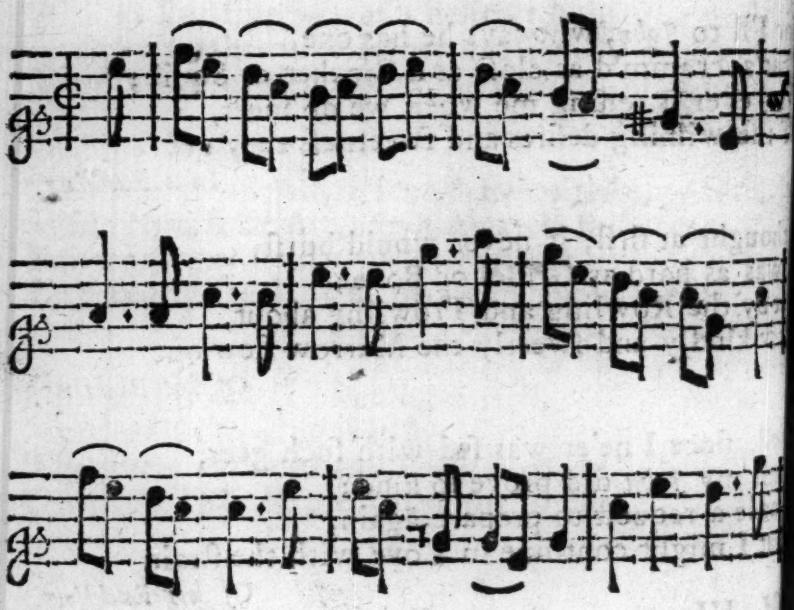
ell, ſince I ne'er was fed with ſuch geer,
ntil my *John* did prove ſo kind;
nade a requeſt to prepare again,
at I might continue in Love with the ſtrain
Of his Pudding.
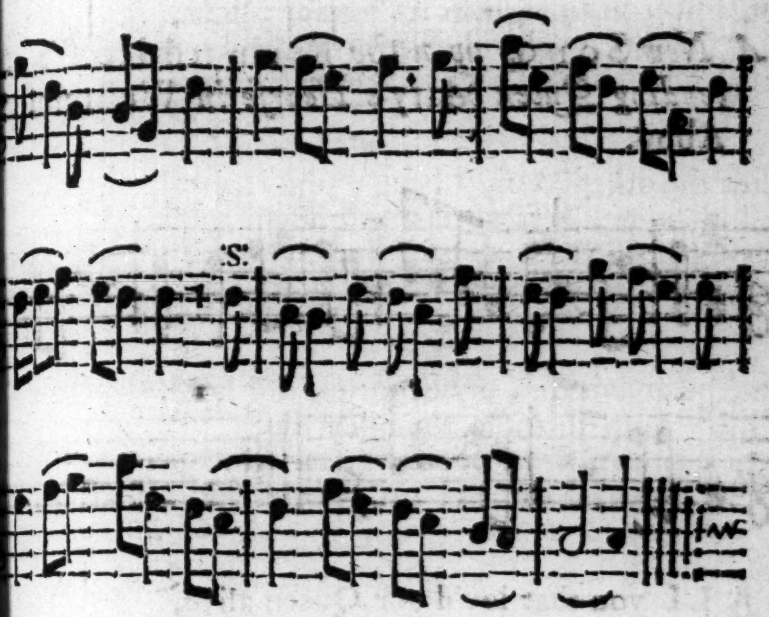
Then ſtraight he brought, what I little thought,
Could ever have been in its former plight;
He Rumbl'd and Jumbl'd me o'er, and o'er,
Till I found he had almoſt waſted the ſtore
Of his Pudding.

Then the other Meſs, I begg'd him to dreſs,
Which by my Aſſiſtance was brought to paſs;
But by his dulneſs and moving ſo ſlow,
I quickly perceiv'd the ſtuffing grew low
In his Pudding.

Tho' he grew cold, my Stomach did hold,
With Vigour to reliſh the other bit;
But all he could do, could not furniſh again,
For he ſwore he had left little more than the Skin
Of his Pudding.

A SONG.

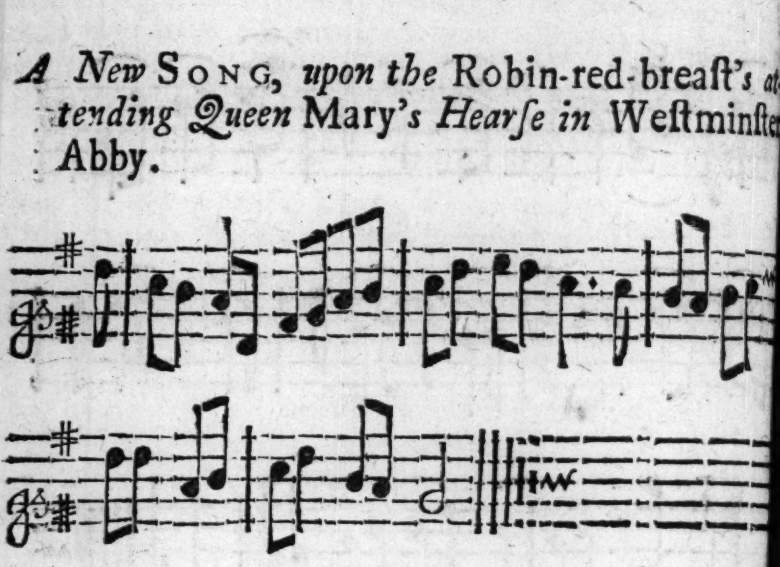




F Muſick be the Food of Love,
Sing on, ſing on, ſing on, ſing on,
l I am fill'd, am fill'd with Joy;
or then my liſtning Soul you move,
or then my liſtning Soul you move,
h Pleaſures that can never cloy:
r Eyes, your Mein, your Tongue declare,
t you are Muſick ev'ry where.

ſures invade both Eye, and Ear,
o fierce the tranſports are, they Wound;
l all my Senſes feaſted are,
ho' yet the Treat is only ſound:
e I muſt Periſh by your Charms,
eſs you ſave me in your Arms.

A New SONG, *upon the* Robin-red-breaſt's *attending Queen* Mary's *Hearſe in* Weſtminſter Abby.



ALL you that lov'd our Queen alive,
Now Dead lament Her fate;
And take a walk to *Weſtminſter*,
To ſee Her lie in State.

Amongſt all other glorious ſights,
A Wonder you may ſee;
A Bird, or ſomething like a Bird,
Attend Her Majeſty.

Sometimes it Hops, ſometimes it Flys,
Then Perches o'er the Hearſe;
Then ſtrains its Throat, and Sings a Note,
That's neither Proſe nor Verſe.

The Tune is Solemn as if Set
To fit ſome doleful Ditty;
In Lamentation for the Queen,
To move all Hearts to pity.

A perfect Bird, it ſeems to be,
In Feathers, Bill, and Wings;
Nor is their Feather'd Creatures elſe,
That Hops, and Flies, and Sings.

But what Bird 'twas not known, until,
One Wiſer than the reſt;
Affirm'd that he a *Robin* was,
And prov'd it by his Breaſt.

I call it He, not She, becauſe,
It Sings, and Cocks its Tail;
Which that no Female *Robin* doth,
I'll hold a Pot of Ale.

This Bird abides about the Hearſe,
Moſt part of every Day;
Nor can you fail to hear him Sing,
Unleſs the Organs play.

For Organ Pipes, b'ing wider much,
Than *Robin-red-Breaſt*'s Throat;
Their noiſe muſt needs be loud enough,
To drown one *Robin*'s Note.

Some ſay this Bird an Angel is,
If ſo, we hope 'tis good;
But why an Angel? why forſooth,
They ſay, he takes no food.

But that the *Robin* lives by meat,
Is true, without diſpute;
For tho' none ever ſaw him eat,
Enough have ſeen him Mute.

And that ſometimes undecently,
Upon the Statue-Royal;
Which made ſome call him *Jacobite*,
Or otherwiſe Illoyal.

The *Papiſts* ſay, this Bird's a Fiend,
Which haunts Queen *MARY*'s Ghoſt;
And by its wreſtleſs motion ſhews,
How her poor Soul is toſt.

But why then is this pretty Bird,
So lively brisk and merry;
This rather proves the Queen at eaſe,
And ſafe from *Purgatory*.

An old Star-gazing * Taylor ſays,
This frolick Bird proclaims;
How glad all ſuch as he would be,
To welcome home King *JAMES*.

* Gadbury *Jacobite Almanack maker.*

And *Patridge*, who can make both Shoes,
And Almanacks to boot;
Says by this Bird aſſuredly,
Some Plot is ſtill on Foot.

† Patridge *a Shoe-maker now makes Almanacks.*

For having like an Augur, watch'd,
Which way he took his flight;
The *Robin* flew on his left-hand,
And not upon the right.
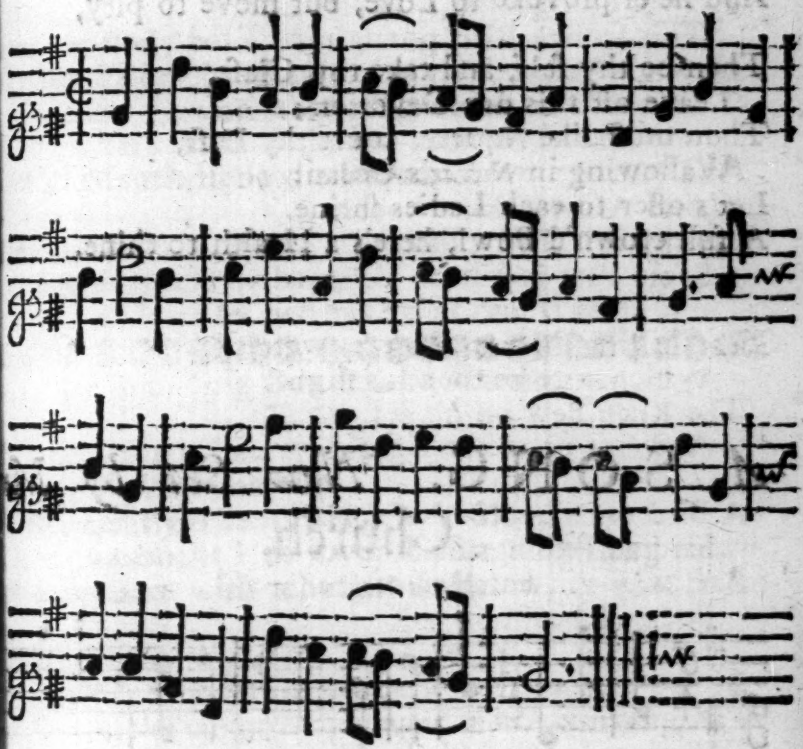
A Bird once in *Rome*'s Capitol,
Said all ‖ things ſhall be well;
And why this harmleſs *Robin* ſhould,
Bode ill I cannot tell.

‖ Ἔσεσθαι πάντα καλῶς. Suetonius in the *Life of* Domitian.

All we can gueſs, is from this Bird's
Appearing ſtill alone;
Which repreſents our King's Sole caſe,
Now his fair Queen is gone.

The *Robin* may have loſt his Mate,
So hath King *William* his;
And that he may well match again,
Our hearty Prayer is.

A SONG. New Set by Mr. Church.
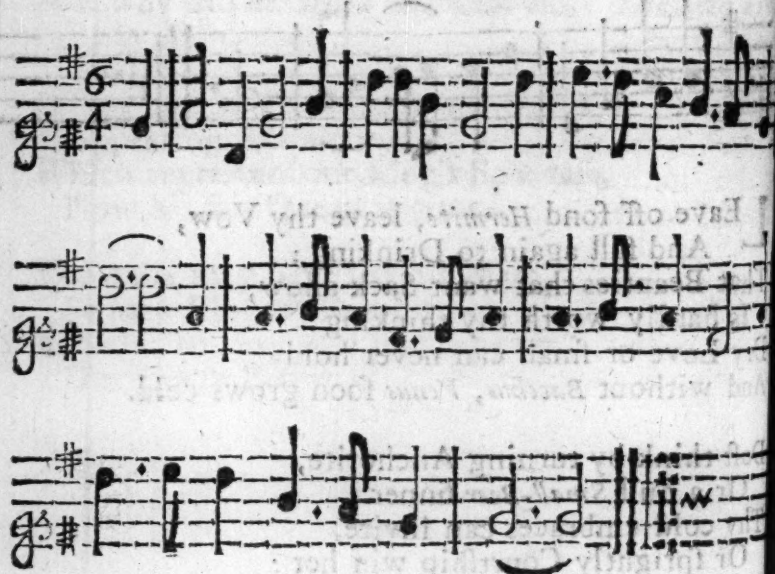


LEave off fond *Hermite*, leave thy Vow,
And fall again to Drinking;
That Beauties that want Sack allow,
Is hardly worth thy thinking:
Dry Love or ſmall can never hold,
And without *Bacchus*, *Venus* ſoon grows cold.

Doſt think by turning Anchorite,
Or a dull *Small-Beer* ſinner;
Thy cold embraces can invite,
Or ſprightly Courtſhip win her:
No, 'tis *Canary* that inſpires,
'Tis *Sack* like Oyl, gives Flames to Am'rous fires.

This makes thee chant thy Miſtreſs name,
And to the Heavens raiſe her;
And range this Univerſal frame,
For Epithets to praiſe her:
Low Liquors render Brains unwitty,
And ne'er provoke to Love, but move to pity,

Then be thy ſelf, and take thy Glaſs,
Leave off this dry Devotion;
Thou muſt like *Neptune*, court thy Laſs,
Wallowing in *Nectar*'s Ocean:
Let's offer to each Ladies ſhrine,
A full crown'd Bowl, here's a Health to thine.

A SONG. *New Set by Mr* Church.



HO Boy, hey Boy,
Come, come away Boy,
And bring me my longing deſire;
A Laſs that is Neat, and can well do the Feat,
When luſty young Blood is on fire.
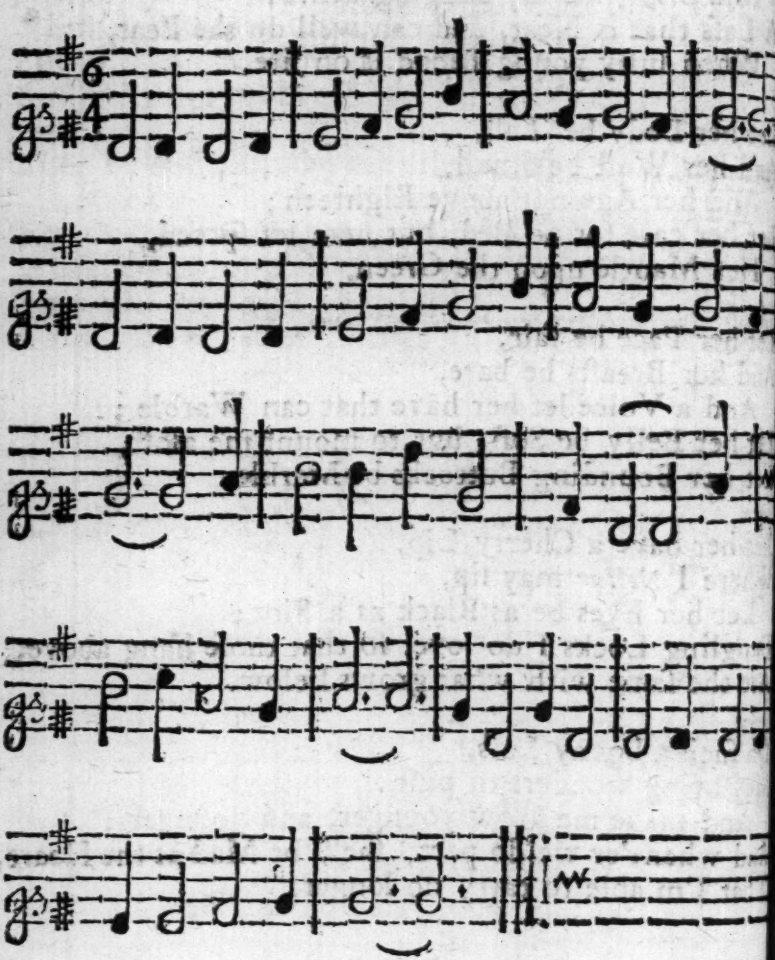
Let her Body be Tall,
And her Waſt be Small,
And her Age not above Eighteen;
Let her care for no Bed, but here let ſpread,
Her Mantle upon the Green.

Let her Face be fair,
And her Breaſts be bare,
And a Voice let her have that can Warble;
Let her Belly be Soft, but to mount me aloft,
Let her Bounding Buttocks be Marble.

Let her have a Cherry Lip,
Where I *Nectar* may ſip,
Let her Eyes be as Black as a Sloe;
Dangling Locks I do love, ſo that thoſe hang above,
Are the ſame with what grows Below.

Oh ſuch a bonny Laſs,
May bring wonders to paſs,
And make me grow younger, and younger;
And whene'er we do part, ſhe'll be Mad at the Heart,
That I'm able to tarry no longer.

The Devil's Progreſs on Earth, or Huggle Duggle, &c.



Frier Bacon walks again,
And Doctor *Forſter* too,
Proſerpine and *Pluto*,
And many a Goblin more:
With that a merry Devil
To make the Airidge vow'd;
Huggle Duggle Ha! ha! ha!
The Devil laugh'd aloud.

Why think you that he laugh'd,
For ſooth he came from Court;
And there amongſt the Gallants
Had ſpy'd ſuch pretty Sport:
There was ſuch cunning Jugling,
And Ladies gone ſo proud;
Huggle Duggle, &c.
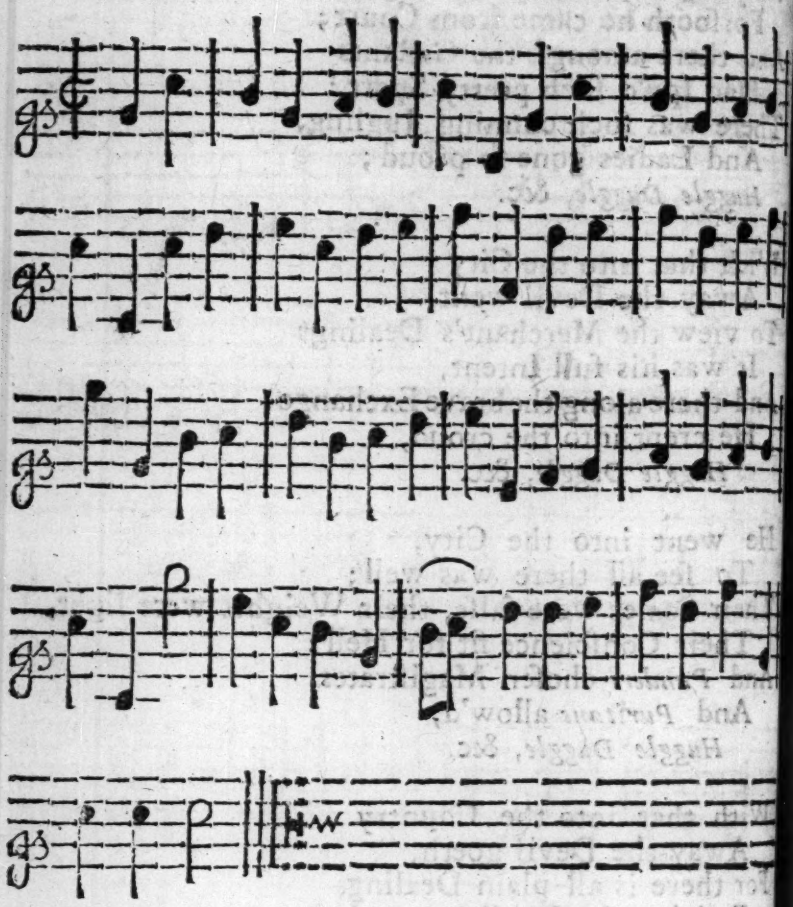
With that into the City
Away the Devil went,
To view the Merchant's Dealings
It was his full Intent,
And there along the brave Exchange
He crept into the croud,
Huggle Duggle, &c.

He went into the City,
To ſee all there was well;
Their Scales were falſe, their Weights were light,
Their Conſcience fit for Hell:
And *Panders* choſen Magiſtrates,
And *Puritans* allow'd,
Huggle Duggle, &c.

With that into the Country
Away the Devil goeth,
For there is all plain Dealing,
For that the Devil knoweth:
But the Rich Man reaps the Gains,
For which the poor Man plough'd;
Huggle Duggle, &c.

With that the Devil in haſt,
Took poſt away to Hell;
And call'd his Fellow Furies,
And told them all on Earth was well:
That Falſhood there did flouriſh,
Plain Dealing was in a Cloud;
Huggle Duggle Ha! ha! ha!
The Devils laugh'd aloud.

A SONG, *New set by Mr.* Church.



LIke a Ring without a Finger,
Or a Bell without a Ringer,
Like a Horſe was never ridden,
Or a Feaſt, and no Gueſt bidden;
Like a Well without a Bucket,
Or a Roſe if no Man pluck it;
Juſt ſuch as theſe may ſhe be ſaid,
That lives, ne'er loves, but dies a Maid.

The Ring, if worn, the Finger decks,
The Bell pull'd by the Ringer ſpeaks,
The Horſe doth eaſe, if he be ridden,
The Feaſt doth pleaſe, if Gueſt be bidden;

The Bucket draws the Water forth,
The Roſe when pluckt is ſtill more worth;
Such is the Virgin in my Eyes,
That lives, loves, marries, e'er ſhe dies.

Like to the Stock not grafted on,
Or like a Lute not play'd upon;
Like a Jack without a Weight,
Or a Barque without a Freight;
Like a Lock without a Key,
Or a Candle in the Day,
Juſt ſuch as theſe may ſhe be ſaid,
That lives, ne'er loves, but dies a Maid.

The grafted Stock doth bear beſt Fruit,
There's Muſick in the finger'd Lute,
The Weight doth make the Jack go ready;
The Freight doth make the Bark go ſteady:
The Key the Lock doth open right,
The Candle's uſeful in the Night:
Such is the Virgin in my Eyes,
That lives, loves, marries, e'er ſhe dies.

Like a Call with *Anon* Sir,
Or a Queſtion, and no Anſwer:
Like a Ship was never rigg'd,
Or a Mine was never digg'd:
Like a Wound without a Tent,
Or Silver Box without a Scent:
Juſt ſuch as theſe may ſhe be ſaid,
That lives, ne'er loves, but dies a Maid.

Th' *Anon* Sir, doth obey the Call,
The civil Anſwer pleaſeth all:
Who rigs a Ship, ſails with the Wind,
Who digs a Mine doth Treaſure find:
The Wound by wholſome Tent hath eaſe,
The Box perfum'd the Senſes pleaſe:
Such is the Virgin in my Eyes,
That lives, loves, marries, e'er ſhe dies.
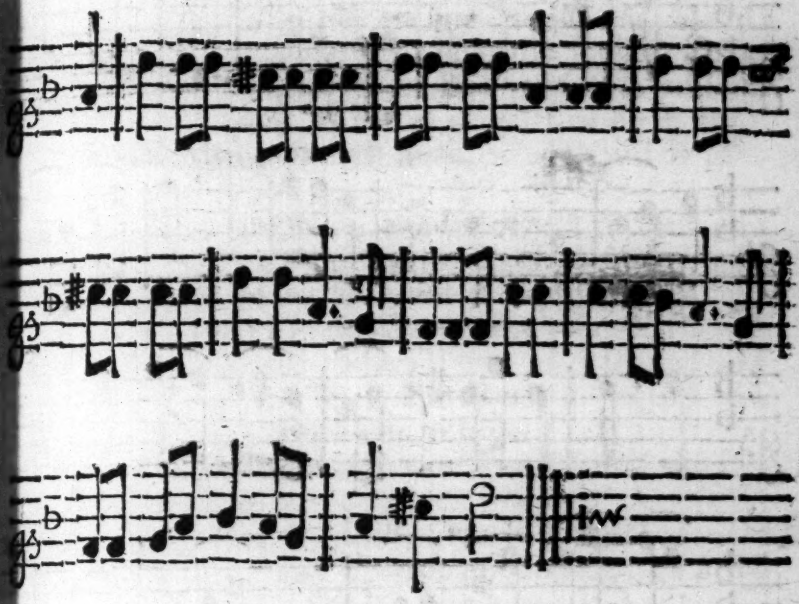
Like Marrow-bone was never broken,
Or Commendation, and no Token:
Like a Fort, and none to win it,
Or like the Moon, and no Man in it;
Like a School without a Teacher,
Or like a Pulpit, and no Preacher:
Juſt ſuch as theſe may ſhe be ſaid,
That lives, ne'er loves, but dies a Maid.

The broken Marrow-bone is ſweet,
The Token doth adorn the Greet;
There's Triumph in the Fort being won,
The Man rides glorious in the Moon:
The School is by the Teacher ſtill'd,
The Pulpit by the Preacher fill'd:
Such is the Virgin in my Eyes,
That lives, loves, marries, e'er ſhe dies.

Like a Cage without a Bird,
Or a thing too long deferr'd:
Like the Gold was never tried,
Or the Ground unoccupied;
Like a Houſe that's not poſſeſſed,
Or a Book was never preſſed:
Juſt ſuch as theſe may ſhe be ſaid,
That lives, ne'er loves, but dies a Maid.

The Bird in Cage doth ſweetly ſing,
Due Seaſon ſweetens every thing;
The Gold that's try'd from Droſs is pur'd,
There's Profit in the Ground manmur'd;
The Houſe is by Poſſeſſion graced,
The Book well preſs'd is moſt embraced:
Such is the Virgin in my Eyes,
That lives, loves, marries, e'er ſhe dies.

A SONG.
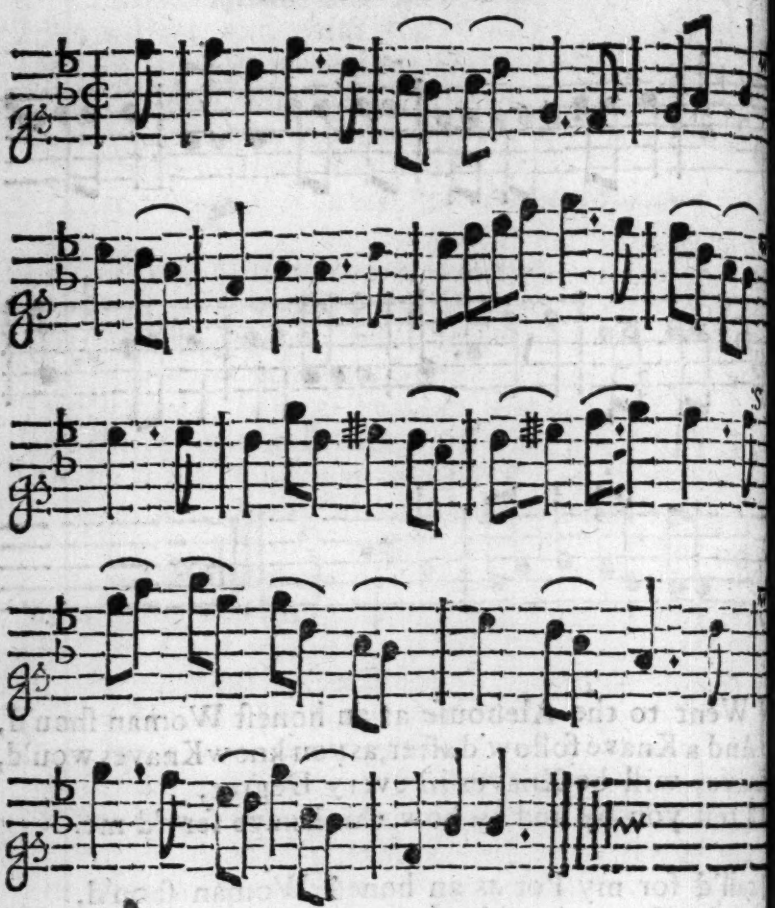


I Went to the Alehouſe as an honeſt Woman ſhou'd,
And a Knave follow'd after, as you know Knaves wou'd,
Knaves will be Knaves in every Degree,
I'll tell you by and by how this Knave ſerv'd me.

I call'd for my Pot as an honeſt Woman ſhou'd,
And the Knave drank't up, as you know Knaves wou'd,
Knaves will be Knaves, &c.

I went into my Bed, as an honeſt Woman ſhou'd,
And the Knave crept into't, as you know Knaves wou'd,
Knaves will be Knaves, &c.

I proved with Child as an honeſt Woman ſhou'd,
And the Knave ran away, as you know Knaves wou'd,
Knaves will be Knaves in every Degree,
And thus have I told you how this Knave ſerv'd me.

A Scotch SONG.



AS I ſat at my Spinning-Wheel,
A bonny Lad there paſſed by,
I kenn'd him round, and I lik'd him weel,
Geud Feth he had a bonny Eye:
My Heart new panting, 'gan to feel,
But ſtill I turn'd my Spinning-Wheel.

Moſt gracefully he did appear,
As he my Preſence did draw near,
And round about my ſlender Waiſte
He claſp'd his Arms, and me embrac'd:
To kiſs my Hand he down did kneel,
As I ſat at my Spinning-Wheel.

My Milk white Hand he did extol,
And prais'd my Fingers long and ſmall,
And ſaid, there was no Lady fair,
That ever could with me compare:
Thoſe pleaſing Words my Heart did feel,
But ſtill I turn'd my Spinning-Wheel.

Altho' I ſeemingly did chide,
Yet he would never be deny'd,
But did declare his Love the more,
Until my Heart was Wounded ſore;
That I my Love cou'd ſcarce conceal,
But yet I turn'd my Spinning-Wheel.
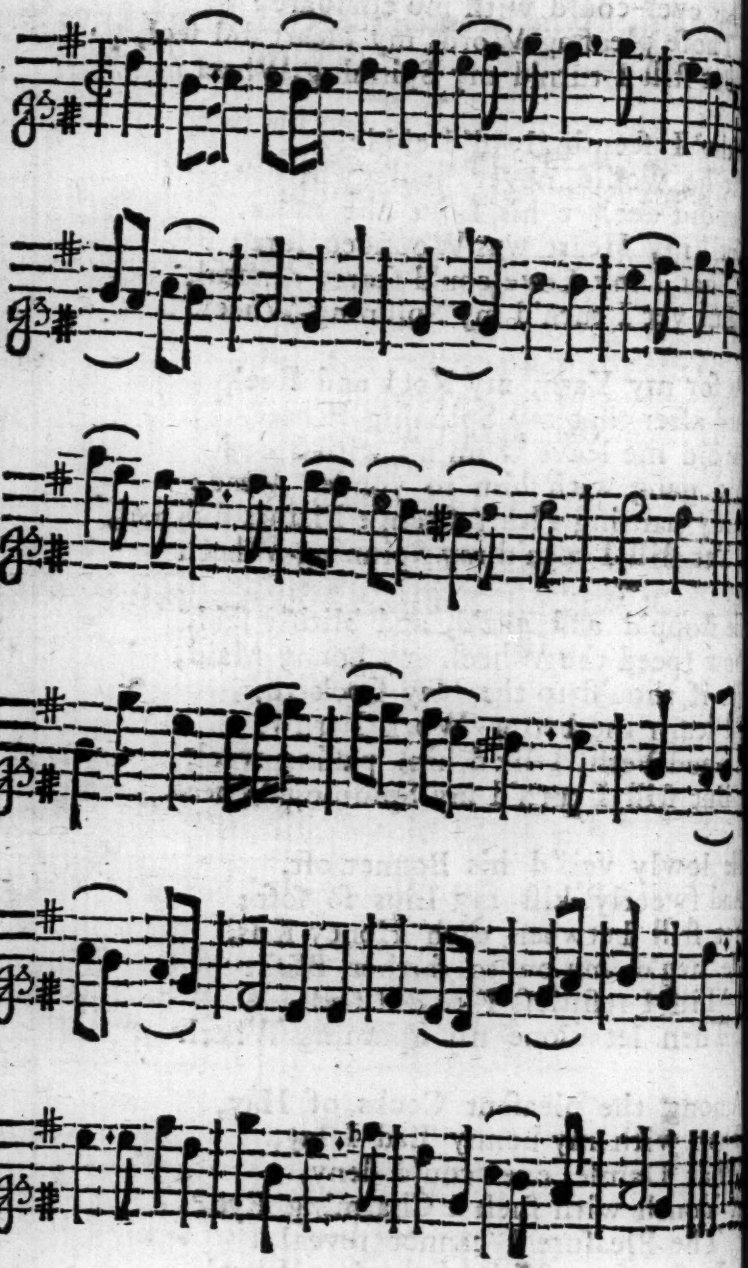
As for my Yarn, my Rock and Reel,
And after that my Spinning-Wheel,
He bid me leave them all with Speed,
And gang with him to yonder Mead:
My panting Heart ſtrange Flames did feel,
Yet ſtill I turn'd my Spinning-Wheel.

He ſtopp'd and gaz'd, and blithly ſaid,
Now ſpeed the Wheel, my bonny Maid,
But if thou'ſt to the Hay-Cock go,
I'll learn the better Work I trow,
Geud Feth, I lik'd him paſſing weel,
But ſtill I turn'd my Spinning-Wheel.

He lowly veil'd his Bonnet oft,
And ſweetly kiſt my Lips ſo ſoft;
Yet ſtill between each Honey Kiſs,
He urg'd me on to farther Bliſs:
'Till I reſiſtleſs Fire did feel,
Then let alone my Spinning-Wheel.

Among the pleaſant Cocks of Hay,
Then with my bonny Lad I lay,
What Damſel ever could deny,
A Youth with ſuch a Charming Eye?
The Pleaſure I cannot reveal,
It far ſurpaſt the Spinning-Wheel.
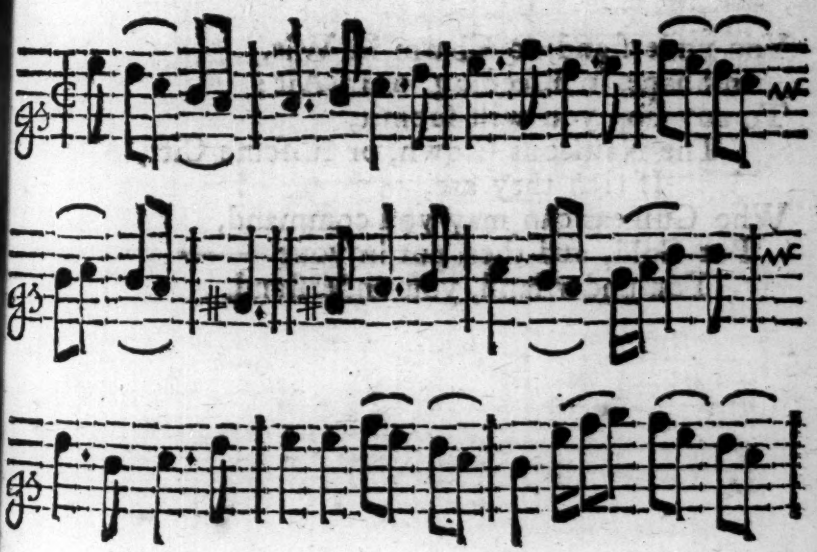
A SONG.
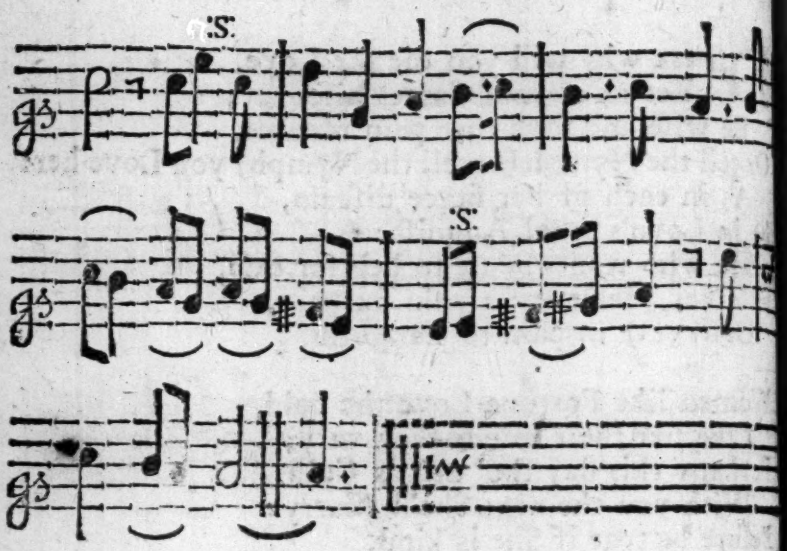


Damon why will you die for Love,
Yet ne'er your flames diſcover;
Be wiſe and ſoon that pain remove,
Or tell the Nymph (or tell the Nymph) you Love her:
As in each of her fierce diſdain,
So in Love's cruel Anguiſh:
He who wants Senſe to beg for eaſe,
Deſerves, (deſerves in pain, in pain,
Deſerves) in pain to Languiſh.

Women like Fortune Love the bold,
Like her their minds they vary;
Perhaps this day tho' *Celia*'s Cold,
With you the next She'll Marry:
Beſure be true if She is kind,
If cruel then forget her;
With little pains you ſoon will find,
A Nymph who'll uſe you better.

A SONG.
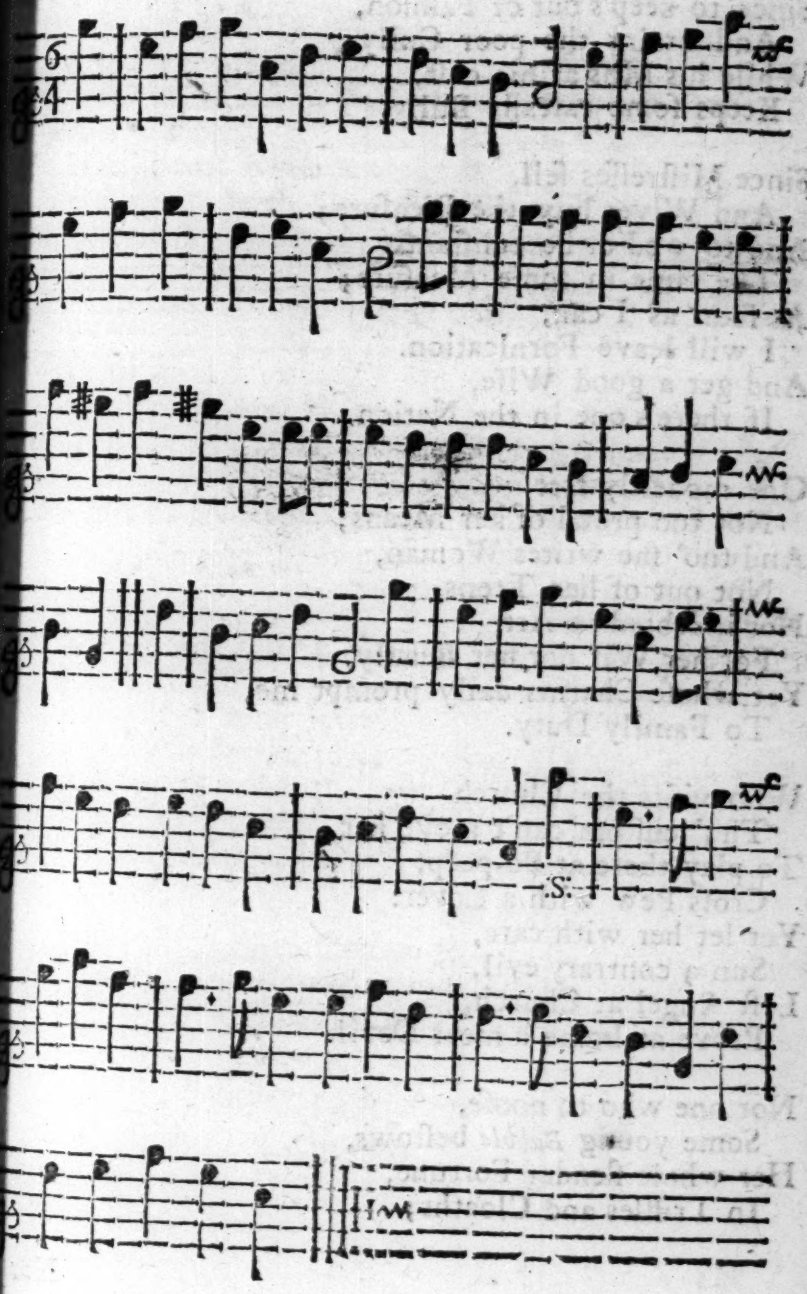




YOU underſtand no tender Vows,
Of fervent and eternal Love;
That Lover will his labour loſe,
Who does with ſighs and tears propoſe,
Your Heart to move:
But if he talk of ſettling Land,
A Houſe in Town, and Coach maintain'd,
You underſtand, you underſtand.

You underſtand no Charm in Wit,
In Shape, in Breeding, or in Air;
To any Fop you will ſubmit,
The Nauſeous Clown, or fulſome Citt,
If rich they are,
Who Guineas can may you command,
Put Gold, and then put in your ——
You underſtand, you underſtand.

A SONG.



SInce roving of late,
Is as fatal as War;
And no Female ſinner,
Will deal on the ſquare;
Since to keep's out of Faſhion,
And drains the poor Cully;
While his Miſs at his coſt,
Keeps ſome raſcally Bully.

Since Miſtreſſes ſell,
And Wives buy the Pleaſure;
And to wed or be conſtant's
The ſame in ſome Meaſure;
As ſoon as I can,
I will leave Fornication.
And get a good Wife,
If there's one in the Nation.

One modeſtly free,
Not too proud of her Means;
And tho' ſhe writes Woman,
Not out of her Teens,
Not indebted to Art,
For her Wit nor her Beauty,
Yet whoſe Charms daily prompt me,
To Family Duty.

Who viſits the Church.
Tho' cuſtom can't move her,
To play there at Bo-peep,
Croſs Pew with a Lover:
Yet let her with care,
Sun a contrary evil,
Leſt Angel at Church,
Prove at home a meer Devil.

Not one who to nooſe,
Some young *Bubble* beſtows,
Her whole ſlender Fortune,
In Trifles and Cloaths;
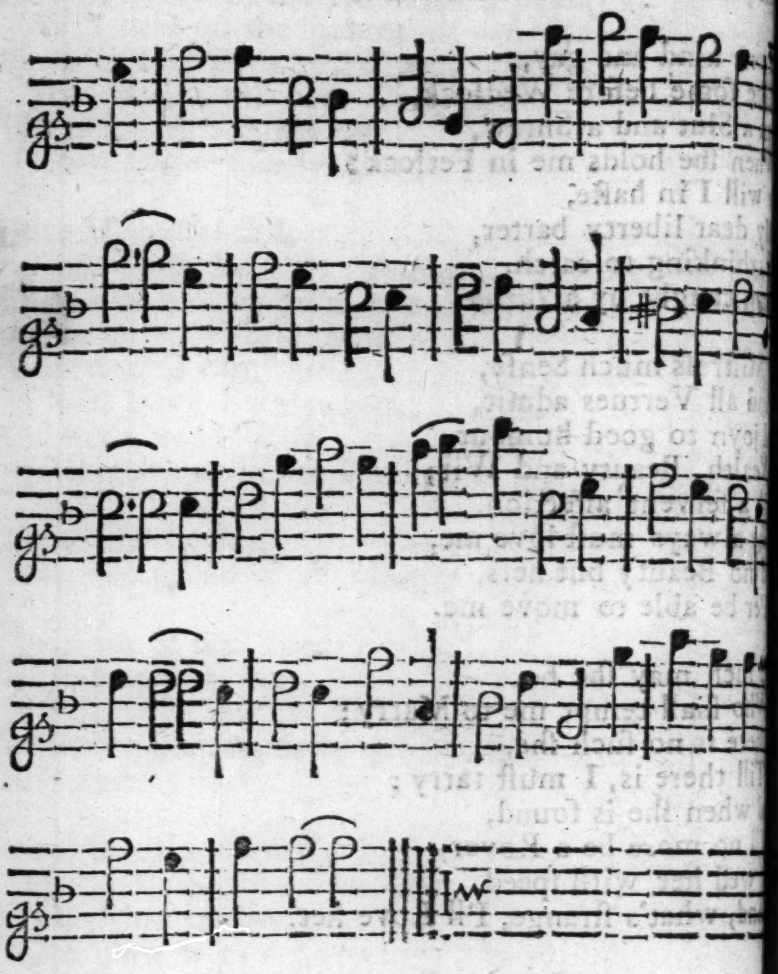
Nor an over-fond Dotard,
Who Palls ev'ey pleaſure,
While for Bottle or Friend,
She would leave me no leiſure.

Nor one kind and gay,
Like ſome before Wedlock,
Then a Slut and a Shrew,
When ſhe holds me in Fetlock:
Nor will I in haſte,
My dear liberty barter,
Left, thinking to catch,
I am caught by a *Tartar.*

My Miſtreſs much Senſe,
And all Vertues admit,
And joyn to good humour,
Wealth, Beauty and Wit;
With a fervent affection,
She always muſt love me,
And no Beauty but hers,
E'er be able to move me.

Oh! ſuch may ſhe be,
Who ſhall tempt me to Marry;
For there is no ſuch ſhe,
'Till there is, I muſt tarry:
And when ſhe is found,
I'll no more be a Rover,
But wed her with ſpeed,
And, what's ſtrange, I'll Love her.

The ſurpriz'd Nymph. A SONG.



THe four and twentieth day of May,
Of all days in the year;
A Virgin Lady freſh and gay,
Did privately appear:
Hard by a River ſide got ſhe,
And did ſing loud the rather;
Cauſe ſhe was ſure, ſhe was ſecure,
And had intent to bathe her.

With glittering, glancing, jealous Eyes,
She ſlily looks about;
To ſee if any lurking Spies
Were hid to find her out:
And being well reſolv'd that none,
Could ſee her Nakedneſs,
She pull'd her Robes off one by one,
And did her ſelf undreſs.

Her purple Mantle fring'd with Gold,
Her Ivory Hands unpinn'd;
It wou'd have made a Coward bold,
Or tempted a Saint to 'a ſinn'd:
She turn'd about and look'd around,
Quoth ſhe, I hope I'm ſafe;
Then her roſie Petticoat,
She preſently put off.

The ſnow white Smock which ſhe had on,
Tranſparently to deck her,
Look'd like Cambrick or Lawn,
Upon an Alablaſter Picture:
Thro' which Array I did faintly ſpy
Her Belly and her Back;
Her Limbs were ſtraight, and all was white,
But that which ſhould be Black.

Into a fluent Stream ſhe leapt,
She lookt like *Venus* Glaſs;
The Fiſhes from all Quarters crept,
To ſee what Angel 'twas:
She did ſo like a Viſion look,
Or Fancy in a Dream;
'Twas thought the Sun the Skies forſook,
And dropt into the Stream.

Each Fiſh did wiſh himſelf a Man,
About her all was drawn,
And at the Sight of her began
To ſpread abroad their Spawn:

She turn'd to ſwim upon her Back,
And ſo diſplay'd her Banner;
If *Jove* had then in Heaven been,
He wou'd have dropt upon her.
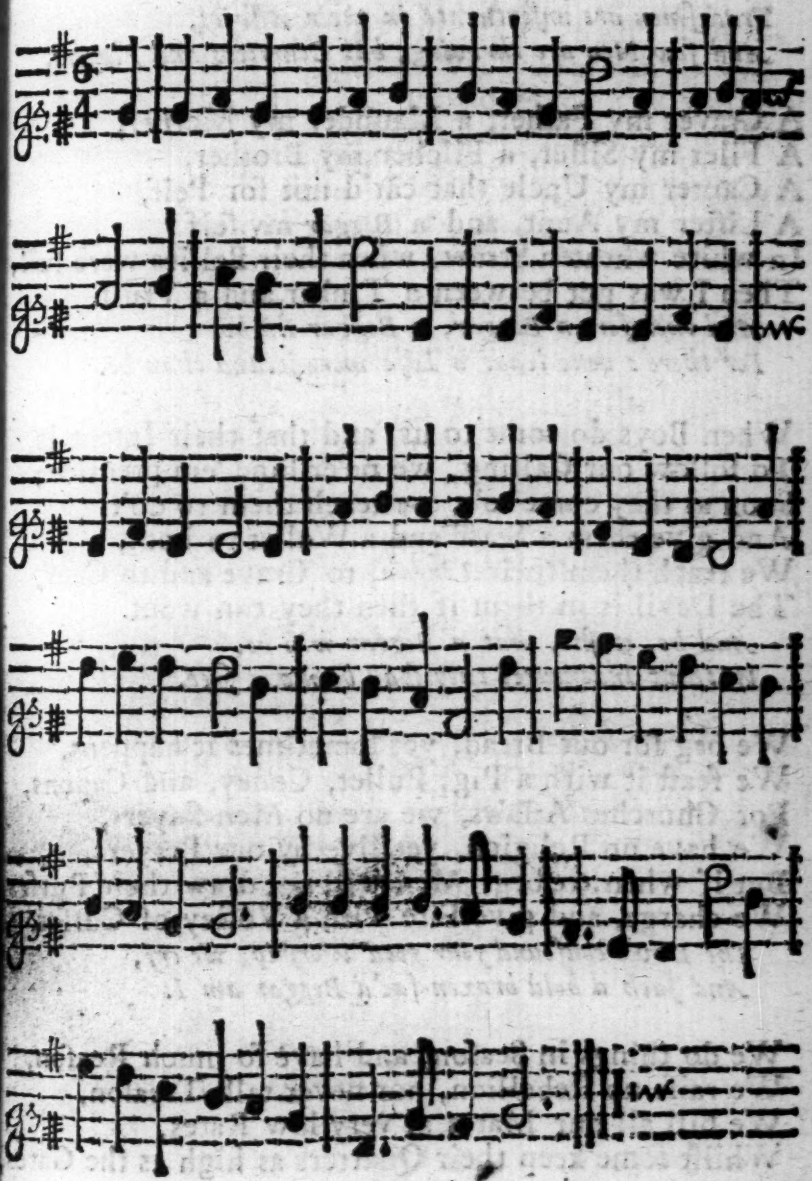
A Lad that long her Love had been,
And cou'd obtain no Grace,
For all her prying lay unſeen,
Hid in a ſecret place:
Who had often been repuls'd,
When he did come to Wooe her;
Pull'd off his Cloaths, and furiouſly
Did run and leap into her.

She ſqueak'd, ſhe cry'd, and down ſhe div'd,
He brought her up again;
He brought o'er upon the Shore,
And then—— and then—— and then——
As *Adam* did Old *Eve* enjoy,
You may gueſs what I mean;
Becauſe ſhe all uncover'd lay,
He cover'd her again.

With water'd Eyes ſhe pants and crys,
I'm utterly undone;
If you will not be wed to me,
E'er the next Morning Sun:
He anſwer'd her he ne'er would ſtir,
Out of her Sight till then;
We'll both clap Hands in Wedlock Bands,
Marry, and to't again.

A SONG.

New sett by Mr. Church.



A *Beggar*, a *Beggar*, a *Beggar* I'll be,
There's none leads a Life more jocund than he,
A *Beggar* I was, and a *Beggar* I am,
A *Beggar* I'll be, from a *Beggar* I came,
If as it begins our Tradings do fall,
We in the Concluſion ſhall *Beggars* be all.
Tradeſmen are unfortunate in their Affairs,
And few Men are thriving, but Courtiers and Players.

A Craver my Father, a Maunder my Mother,
A Filer my Siſter, a Filcher my Brother,
A Canter my Uncle that car'd not for Pelf,
A Lifter my Aunt, and a *Beggar* my ſelf;
In white wheaten Straw, when their Bellies were full,
Then I was got between a Tinker and a Trull.
And therefore a Beggar, a Beggar I'll be,
For there's none leads a Life more jocund than he.

When Boys do come to us, and that their Intent is
To follow our Calling, we ne'er bind 'em prentice;
Soon as they come to't, we teach them to do't,
And give them a Staff and a Wallet to boot,
We teach them their *Lingua*, to Crave and to Cant,
The Devil is in them if then they can want.
And he, or ſhe, that a Beggar will be,
Without Indentures they ſhall be made free.

We beg for our Bread, yet ſometimes it happens,
We feaſt it with a Pig, Pullet, Coney, and Capons,
For Churches Affairs, we are no Men-ſlayers,
We have no Religion, yet live by our Prayers,
But if when we beg, Men will not draw their Purſes,
We charge, and give Fire with a Volley of Curſes.
The Devil confound your good Worſhip, we cry,
And ſuch a bold brazen-fac'd Beggar am I.

We do things in Seaſon, and have ſo much Reaſon,
We raiſe no Rebellion, nor never talk Treaſon,
We bill all our Mates at very low Rates,
Whilſt ſome keep their Quarters as high as the Gates,

With
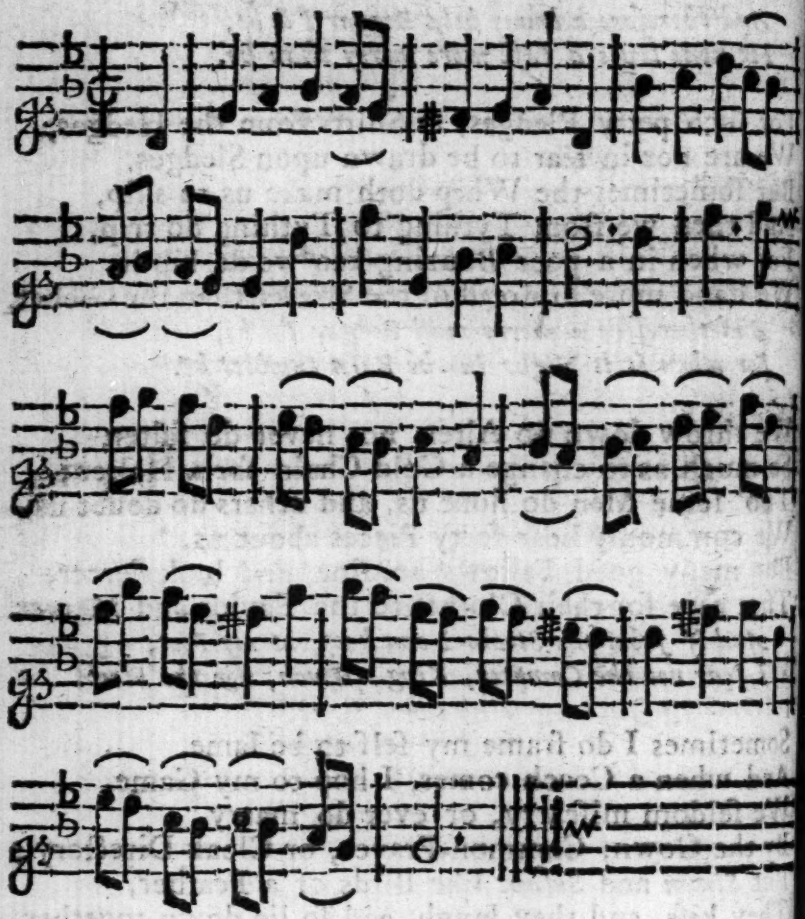
With *Shinkin* ap *Morgan*, with blue-cap or *Teague*,
We into no Covenant enter, nor League.
And therefore a bonny bold Beggar I'll be,
For none lives a Life more merry than he.

For ſuch petty Pledges, as Shirts from the Hedges,
We are not in fear to be drawn upon Sledges,
But ſometimes the Whip doth make us to skip,
And then we from Tything to Tything do trip,
For when in a poor Bouzing-kan we do bib it,
We ſtand more in dread of the Stocks, than the Gibbet.
And therefore a merry mad Beggar I'll be,
For when it is Night in the Barn tumbles he.

We throw down no Alter, nor never do falter,
So much as to change a Gold Chain for a Halter;
Tho' ſome Men do flout us, and others do doubt us,
We commonly bear forty Pieces about us,
But many good Fellows are fine, and look fiercer,
That owe for their Clothes to the Taylor and Mercer.
And if from the Stocks I can keep out my Feet,
I fear not the Compter, King's-Bench, nor the Fleet.

Sometimes I do frame my ſelf to be lame,
And when a Coach comes, I hop to my Game,
We ſeldom miſcarry, or ever do marry,
By the Gown, Common-Prayer, or Cloak Directory;
But *Simon* and *Suſan*, like Birds of a Feather,
They kiſs, and they laugh, and ſo lie down together.
Like Piggs in the Pea-ſtraw, intangled they lie,
'Till there they beget ſuch a bold Rogue as I.

A SONG on a Wedding. New set by Mr. Clark.



NOW that Love's Holiday is come,
And *Madg* the Maid hath swept the Room,
And trimm'd her Spit and Pot;
Awake my merry Muse and sing,
The Revels and that other thing,
That must not be forgot.

As the gray Morning dawn'd, 'tis said,
Clorinda broke out of her Bed,
Like *Cynthia* in her Pride,
Where all the Maiden Lights that were
Compris'd within our *Hemisphere*,
Attended at her side.

But wot you then, with much ado,
They dreſs'd the Bride from Top to Toe!
And brought her from her Chamber;
Deck'd in her Robes, and Garments gay,
More ſumptuous than the live-long Day,
Or Stars inſhrin'd in Amber.

The ſparkling Bullies of her Eyes,
Like two Eclipſed Suns did riſe,
Beneath her Chryſtal Brow;
To ſhew, like thoſe ſtrange Accidents,
Some ſudden changeable Events,
Were like to hap below.

Her Cheeks beſtreak'd with white and red,
Like pretty Tell-tales of the Bed,
Preſag'd the bluſtring Night,
With his encircling Arms and Shade,
Reſolv'd to ſwallow and invade,
And skreen her Virgin Light.

Her Lips, thoſe Threads of Scarlet die,
Wherein Love's Charms and Quiver lie,
Legions of Sweets did crown,
Which ſmilingly did ſeem to ſay,
O crop me! crop me! whilſt you may,
Anon they're not mine own.

Her Breaſts, thoſe melting *Alps* of Snow;
On whoſe fair Hills in open ſhow,
The *God of Love* lay knapping;
Like ſwelling Butts of lively Wine,
Upon their Ivory Tilts did ſhine,
To wait the lucky tapping.

Her Waſte, that tender Type of Man,
Was but a ſmall and ſingle Span,
Yet I dare ſafely ſwear,
He that whole thouſands has in Fee,
Would forfeit all, ſo he might be
Lord of the Mannor there.

But now before I pass the Line,
Pray *Reader*, give me leave to dine,
And pause here in the middle;
The *Bridegroom* and the *Parson* knock,
With all the *Hymeneal* Flock,
The *Plum-cake* and the *Fiddle*.

Whenas the Priest *Clarinda* sees,
He star'd, as't had been half his Fees,
To gaze upon her Face:
And if the Spirit did not move,
His Countenance was far above
Each Sinner in the place.

With mickle stir he joyn'd their Hands,
And hamper'd them in Marriage Bands,
As fast as fast may be:
Where still methinks, methinks I hear,
That secret Sigh in every Ear,
Once Love, remember me.

Which done, the Cook he knockt amain,
And up the Dishes in a train
Came smoaking, two and two:
With that they wip'd their Mouths and sate,
Some fell to quaffing, some to prate,
Ay, marry, and welcome too.

In Pairs they thus impail'd the Meat,
Roger and *Margaret*, and *Thomas* and *Kate*,
Ralph and *Bess*, *Andrew* and *Maudlin*,
And *Valentine*, eke with *Sybil* so sweet,
Whose Cheeks on each side of her Snuffers did meet,
As round and as plump as a Codling.

When at the last they had fetched their Frees,
And mired their Stomachs quite up to their Knees
In Claret and good Cheer;
Then, then began the merry Din,
For as it was they were all on the pin,
O! what kissing and clipping was there.

But as Luck would have it, the *Parſon* ſaid Grace,
And to frisking and dancing they ſhuffled apace;
Each Lad took his Laſs by the Fiſt,
And when he had ſqueez'd her, and gam'd her, until
The Fat of her Face ran down like a Mill,
He toll'd for the reſt of the Griſt.

In Sweat and in Duſt having waſted the Day,
They enter'd upon the laſt Act of the Play,
The Bride to her Bed was convey'd,
Where Knee-deep each Hand fell down to the Ground,
And in ſeeking the Garter much Pleaſure was found;
'Twould have made a Man's Arm have ſtray'd.

This Clutter o'er *Clarinda* lay,
Half bedded, like the peeping Day,
Behind *Olympus* Cap;
VVhilſt at her Head each twittering Girl,
The fatal Stocking quick did whirl,
To know the lucky Hap.

The Bridegroom in at laſt did ruſtle,
All diſappointed in the Buſtle,
The Maidens had ſhav'd his Breeches:
But let us not complain, 'tis well,
In ſuch a Storm, I can you tell,
He ſav'd his other Stitches.

And now he bounc'd into the Bed,
Even juſt as if a Man had ſaid,
Fair Lady have at all;
VVhere twiſted at the Hug they lay,
Like *Venus* and the ſprightly Boy,
O! who wou'd fear the Fall?

Thus both with Love's ſweet Tapor fired,
And thouſand balmy Kiſſes tired,
They could not wait the reſt;
But out the Folk and Candles fled,
And to't they went, and what they did,
There lies the Cream o'th' Jeſt.

The Wife-Hater. To the foregoing Tune.

HE that intends to take a Wife,
I'll tell him what a kind of Life,
He muſt be ſure to lead;
If ſhe's a young and tender Heart,
Not documented in Love's Art,
Much Teaching ſhe will need.

For where there is no Path, one may
Be tir'd before he find the way;
Nay, when he's at his Treaſure:
The Gap perhaps will prove ſo ſtrait,
That he for Entrance long may wait,
And make a toil of's Pleaſure.

Or if one old and paſt her doing,
He will the Chambermaid be wooing,
To buy her Ware the cheaper;
But if he chuſe one moſt formoſe,
Ripe for't, ſhe'll prove libidinous,
Argus himſelf ſhan't keep her.

For when theſe Things are neatly dreſt,
They'll entertain each wanton Gueſt,
Nor for your Honour care;
If any give their Pride a Fall,
They've learn'd a Trick to bear withal,
So you their Charges bear.

Or if you chance to play your Game,
With a dull, fat, groſs, and heavy Dame,
Your Riches to increaſe,
Alas, ſhe will but jeer you for't,
Bid you to find out better Sport,
Lie with a Pot of Greaſe.

If meager —— be thy delight,
She'll conquer in veneral Fight,
And waſte thee to the Bones;
Such kind of Girls, like to your Mill,
The more you give, the more crave they will,
Or elſe they'll grind the Stones.

If black, 'tis Odds, ſhe's dev'liſh proud;
If ſhort, *Zantippe* like to loud,
If long, ſhe'll lazy be:
Fooliſh (the Proverb ſays) if fair;
If wiſe and comely, Danger's there,
Leſt ſhe do Cuckold thee.

If ſhe bring ſtore of Money, ſuch
Are like to domineer too much,
Prove Mrs. no good Wife:
And when they cannot keep you under,
They'll fill the Houſe with ſcolding Thunder,
What's worſe than ſuch a Life.

But if their Dowry only be
Beauty, farewel Felicity,
Thy Fortune's caſt away;
Thou muſt be ſure to ſatisfy her,
In Belly, and in Back deſire,
To labour Night and Day.

And rather than her Pride give o'er,
She'll turn perhaps an honour'd Whore,
And thou'lt *Acteon'd* be;
Whilſt like *Acteon*, thou may'ſt weep,
To think thou forced art to keep,
All ſuch as devour thee.

If being Noble thou doſt wed,
A ſervile Creature baſely bred,
Thy Family it defaces;
If being mean, one nobly born,
She'll ſwear to exalt a Court-like Horn,
Thy low Deſcent it graces.

If

If one Tongue be too much for any,
Then he who takes a Wife with many,
Knows not what may betide him;
She whom he did for Learning Honour,
To Scold by Book will take upon her,
Rhetorically chide him.

If both her Parents living are,
To pleaſe them you muſt take great care,
Or ſpoil your future Fortune;
But if departed they're this Life,
You muſt be Parent to your Wife,
And Father all be certain.

If bravely Dreſt, fair Fac'd and Witty,
She'll oft be gadding to the City,
Nor can you ſay her nay;
She'll tell you (if you her deny)
Since Women have Terms, ſhe knows not why,
But ſtill to keep them may.

If thou make choice of Country ware,
Of being Cuckold there's leſs fear,
But ſtupid Honeſty;
May teach her how to Sleep all Night,
And take a great deal more Delight,
To Milk the Cows than thee.

Concoction makes their Blood agree,
Too near, where's Conſanguinity,
Then let no Kin be choſen;
He loſeth one part of his Treaſure,
Who thus confineth all his Pleaſure,
To th' Arms of a firſt Couzen.

He'll never have her at Command,
Who takes a Wife at Second hand,
Than chuſe no Widow'd Mother;
The Firſt Cut of that Bit you love,
If others had, why mayn't you prove,
But Taſter to another.

Beſides

Beſides if She bring Children many,
'Tis like by thee ſhe'll not have any,
But prove a Barren Doe;
Or if by them She ne'er had one,
By thee 'tis likely ſhe'll have none,
Whilſt thou for weak Back go.
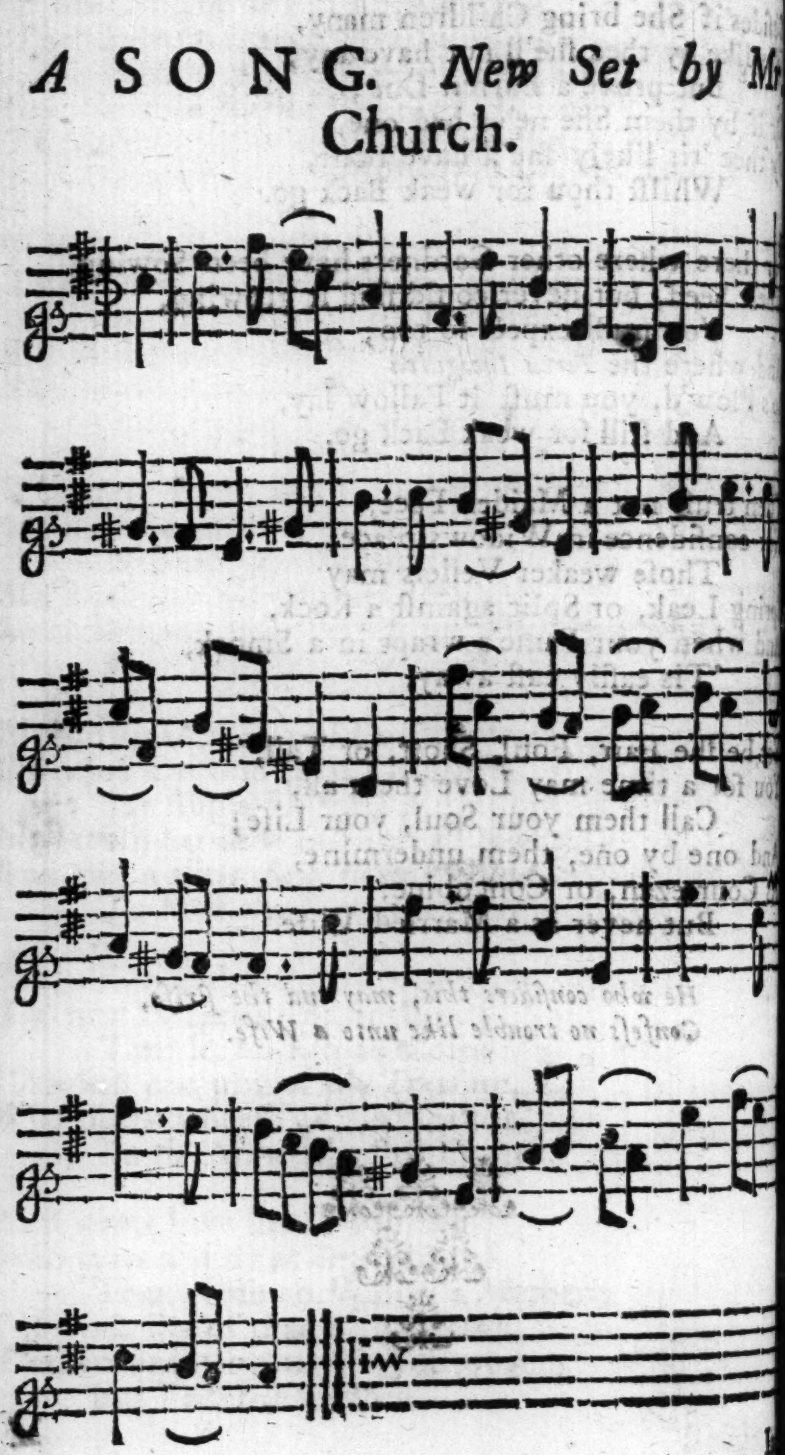
For there where other Gardners have been Sowing
Their Seed, but never could find it growing,
You muſt expect ſo too;
And where the *Terra Incognita*
So's Plow'd, you muſt it Fallow lay,
And ſtill for weak Back go.

Then truſt not a Maiden Face,
Nor confidence in Widows place,
Thoſe weaker Veſſels may
Spring Leak, or Split againſt a Rock,
And when your Fame's wrapt in a Smock,
'Tis eaſily caſt away.

Yet be ſhe Fair, Foul, Short, or Tall,
You for a time may Love them all,
Call them your Soul, your Life;
And one by one, them undermine,
As Courtezan, or Concubine,
But never as a Married Wife.

He who conſiders this, may end the ſtrife,
Confeſs no trouble like unto a Wife.

A SONG. New Set by Mr Church.



IN Faith 'tis true, I am in Love,
'Tis your black Eyes have made me ſo;
My reſolutions they remove,
And former niceneſs overthrow.
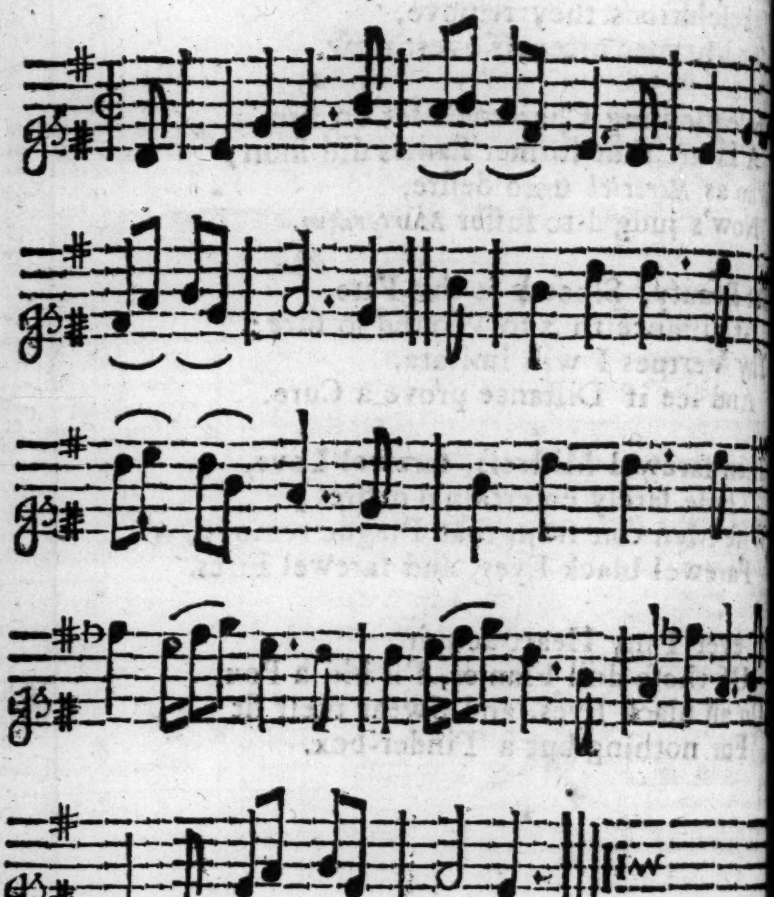
Thoſe glowing Char-coals ſet on fire,
A Heart that former flames did ſhun;
Who as *Heretick* unto deſire,
Now's judg'd to ſuffer *Martyrdom*.

But Beauty, Since it is thy Fate,
At diſtance thus to Wound ſo ſure;
Thy Vertues I will imitate,
And ſee if Diſtance prove a Cure.

Then farewel Miſtreſs, farewel Love,
Thoſe lately entertain'd deſires;
Wiſe Men can from that Plague remove,
Farewel black Eyes, and farewel Fires.

If ever I my Heart acquit,
Of thoſe dull Flames, I'll bid a Pox
On all black Eyes, and Swear their fit
For nothing but a Tinder-box.

A SONG.



TOM and *Will* were Shepherds Swains,
They lov'd and liv'd together;
When fair *Paſtora* grac'd their Plains,
Alaſs! why came ſhe thither;
For tho' they fed two ſeveral Flocks,
They had but one deſire;
Paſtora's Eyes, and Amber Locks,
Set both their Hearts on Fire.

Tom came of Honeſt gentle Race,
By Father, and by Mother;
And *Will* was noble, but alaſs!
He was a younger Brother:
Tom was toyſome, *Will* was ſad,
He Huntſman, nor no Fowler;
Tom was held a proper Lad,
But *Will* the better Bowler.
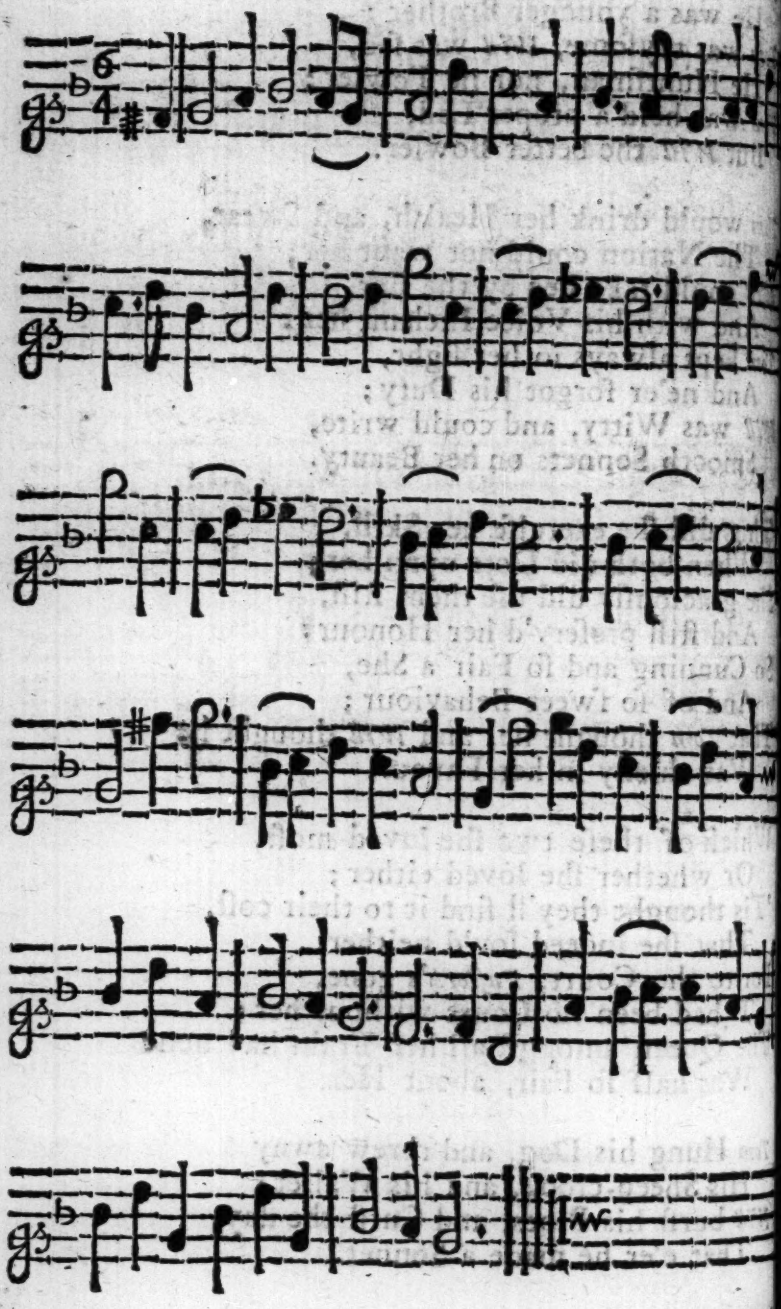
Tom would drink her Health, and Swear,
The Nation could not want her;
Will could take her by the Ear,
And with his Voice Inchant her:
Tom kept always in her ſight,
And ne'er forgot his Duty;
Will was Witty, and could write,
Smooth Sonnets on her Beauty.

Thus did ſhe exerciſe her Skill,
When both did Dote upon her;
She graciouſly did uſe them ſtill,
And ſtill preſerv'd her Honour:
So Cunning and ſo Fair a She,
And of ſo ſweet Behaviour;
That *Tom* thought he, and *Will* thought he
Was chiefly in her Favour.

Which of theſe two ſhe loved moſt,
Or whether ſhe loved either;
'Tis thought they'll find it to their coſt,
That ſhe indeed lov'd neither:
For to the Court, *Paſtora*'s gone,
T' had been no Court without her;
The Queen amongſt all her Train had none
Was half ſo Fair, about Her.

Tom Hung his Dog, and threw away
His Sheep-crook, and his Wallet;
Will burſt his Pipes, and Curſt the day,
That e'er he made a Sonnet.

A SONG.



Quoth
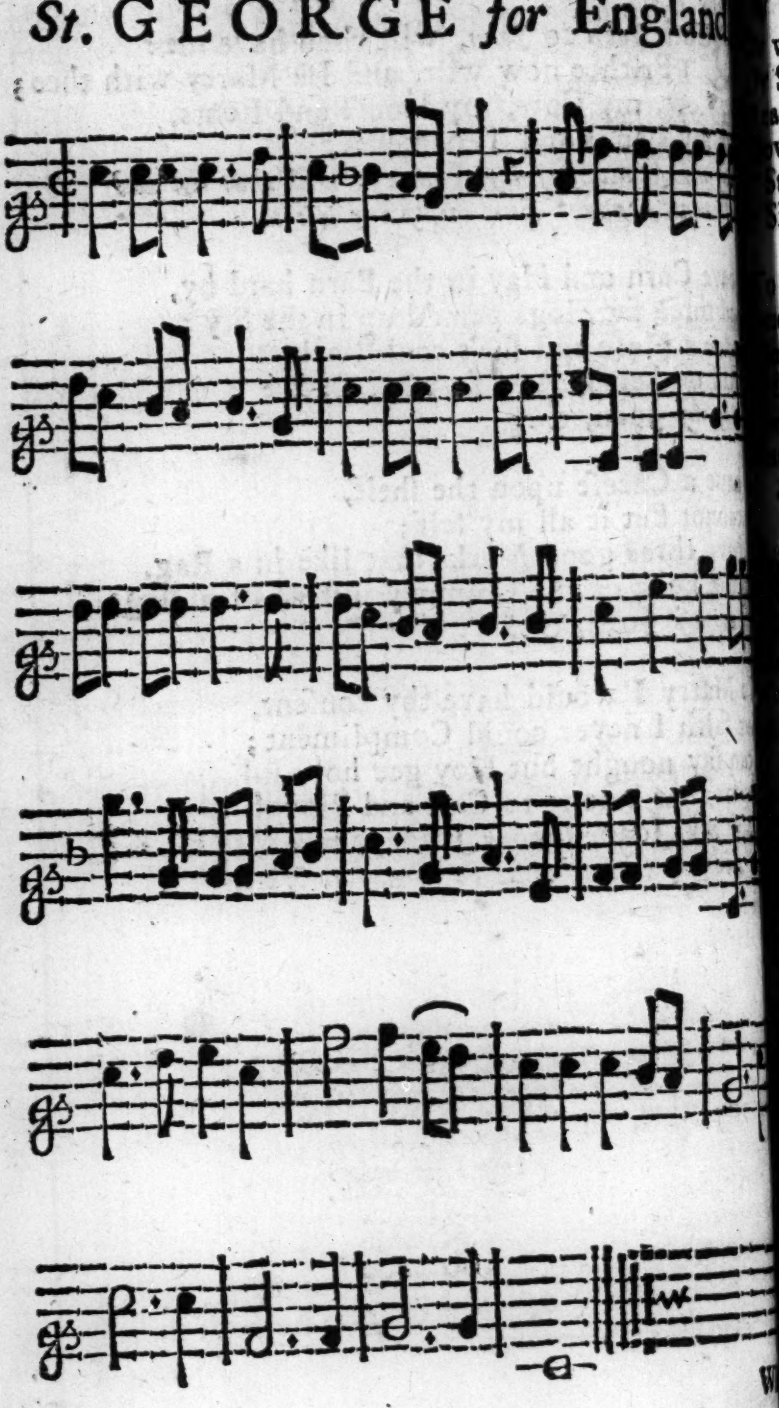
QUoth *John* to *Jean*, wilt thou have me?
I Prithee now wilt, and Iſe Marry with thee;
y Cow, my Cow, my Houſe and Rents,
y my Lands and Tenements:
ay my Joan, *ſay my* Joaney, *will that not do?*
I cannot, cannot come every day Wooe.

have Corn and Hay in the Barn hard by,
nd three fat Hogs penn'd up in the Sty;
ave a Mare and ſhe's coal Black,
Rid on her Tail to ſave her Back:
Say my Joan, *&c.*

have a Cheeſe upon the ſhelf,
cannot Eat it all my ſelf;
have three good Marks that like in a Rag,
the nook of the Chimney inſtead of a Bag:
Say my Joan, *&c.*

o Marry I would have thy conſent,
ut faith I never could Compliment;
can ſay nought but Hoy gee ho,
erms that belong to Cart and Plough:
Say my Joan, *ſay my* Joaney, *will that not do?*
I cannot, cannot come every day to Wooe.

St. GEORGE for England



WHY ſhould we boaſt of *Arthur* and his Knights,
We know how many Men have perform'd fights;
why ſhould we ſpeak of Sir *Lancelot du Lake*,
Sir *Triſtam du Leon*, that fought for the Ladies ſake:
ad old Stories, and there you'll ſee
w St. *George*, St. *George*, did make the Dragon flee.
t. *George*, he was for *England*, St. *Dennis*, was for *France*,
ing *Honi Soit qui mal y penſe*.

ſpeak of the Monarchs, it were too long to tell,
d likewiſe of the *Romans*, how far they did excell;
nibal and *Scipio*, they many a Field did Fight,
ando *Furioſo* he was a valiant Knight:
ulus and *Remus*, were thoſe that *Rome* did Build,
t St. *George*, St. *George*, the Dragon he hath Kill'd.
t. George *he was*, &c.

ha and *Gideon*, they led their Men to Fight,
e *Gibeonites* and *Ammonites*, they put them all to flight;
cules's Labour was in the Vale of Braſs,
d *Sampſon* ſlew a thouſand, with the Jaw-bone of an Aſs:
d when he was Blind, pull'd the Temple to the ground,
t St. *George*, St. *George*, the Dragon did confound.
t. George *he was*, &c.

ntine and *Orſon*, they came of *Pipin*'s Blood,
red and *Aldrecus*, they were brave Knights and good;
e four Sons of *Ammon* that fought with *Charlemaine*,
Hugh de Burdeaux, and *Godfrey de Bolaigne*:
eſe were all *French* Knights, the *Pagans* did Convert,
t St. *George*, St. *George*, pull'd forth the Dragon's heart.
t. George *he was*, &c.

y the Fifth he Conquer'd all *France*,
quarter'd their Arms, His Honour to advance;
Raiſed their Walls, and pull'd their Cities down,
d garniſh'd his Head with a double Tripple Crown:
thumped the *French*, and after home He came,
St. *George*, St. *George*, the Dragon he hath ſlain.
t. George *he was*, &c.

St.

St *David*, you know loves Leeks, and toasted Chee
And *Jason* was the Man, brought home the *Golden-Fl*
St. *Patrick* you know he was St. *George's* Boy,
Seven years he kept his Horse, and then stole him aw
For which Knavish act, a Slave he doth remain,
But St. *George*, St. *George*, he hath the Dragon slain.
St. George *he was*, &c.

Tamberlain the Emperor, in Iron Cage did Crown,
With his bloody Flag display'd before the Town;
Scanderberg Magnanimous, *Mahomet's Bashaws* dread
Whose Victorious Bones, were worn when he was d
His *Beglerbeys*, he scorns like dregs, *George Castriot*
(he c
But St. *George*, St. *George*, the Dragon he hath m
St. George *he was*, &c.

Ottoman the *Tartar*, he came of *Persia's* Race,
The great *Mogul*, with his Chests so full of Cloves
(M
The *Grecian* Youth, *Bucephalus* he Manly did best
But those with all their Worthies Nine, St. *George*
(them den
Gustavius Adolphus, was *Sweedland's* Warlike King,
But St. *George*, St. *George*, pull'd forth the Dragons t
St. George *he was*, &c.

Pendragon and *Cadwalladar*, of *British* Blood do boa
Tho' *John* of *Gaunt* his Foes did daunt, St. *George*
(rule the r
Agamemnon, and *Cleomedon*, and *Macedon*, did Feats,
But compared to our Champion, they were but
(ly ch
Brave *Malta* Knights in *Turkish* fights, their bra
(Swords out
But St. *George*, met the Dragon, and ran him thro
(

St. George *he was for* England, *St.* Dennis *for* Fr
Sing *Honi Soit qui mal y pense.*

dea the Amazon, *Proteus* overthrew,
s fierce, as either *Vandal*, *Goth*, *Saracen*, or *Jew*;
he Potent *Holophernes*, as he lay on his Bed,
came Wife *Judith*, and ſubtilly ſtole away his Head:
ave *Cyclops* ſtout, with *Jove* he fought, although he
(ſhow'rd down Thunder,
ut St. *George*, kill'd the Dragon, and was not that a
(wonder.
St. George *he was*, &c.

(Queen,
ark Anthony I'll warrant you, play'd feats with *Egypt*'s
r *Eglamore* that Valiant Knight, the like was never
(ſeen;
im *Gorgons* might was known in Fight, old *Bevis*
(moſt Men Frighted,
he *Myrmidons*, and *Preſtor Johns*, why were not theſe
(Men Knighted:
ave *Spinola* took in *Breda*, *Naſſau* did it recover,
ut St. *George*, St. *George*, he turn'd the Dragon over
(and over.
. George *he was for* England, *St.* Dennis *was for* France.
Sing *Honi Soit qui mal y penſe.*

Old England *turn'd New.*

To the Tune of the Blackſmith. Pag. 20.

YOU talk of *New England*, I truly believe,
Old England is grown New, and doth us deceive,
ll ask you a Queſtion or two by your leave,
And is not Old England *grown New.*

Where are your old Soldiers with Slaſhes and Scars,
hey never us'd Drinking in no time of Wars,
or ſhedding of Blood in Mad drunken Jars,
And is not Old England *grown New.*

New

New Captains are made that never did Fight,
But with Pots in the Day, and Punks in the Night,
And all their chief Care, is to keep their Swords bright
And is not Old England *grown New.*

Where are your old Swords, your Bills, and your Bows
Your Bucklers, and Targets that never fear'd Blows
They are turn'd to Stillettoes, with other fair Shows,
And is not Old England, *&c.*

Where are your old Courtiers, that uſed to Ride
With forty Blue-Coats, and Footmen beſide?
They are turn'd to ſix Horſes, a Coach with a Guide
And is not Old, &c.

And what is become of your old *Engliſh* Cloaths?
Your long ſleev'd Doublet, and your trunk Hoſe?
They are turn'd to *French* faſhions and other gewgaws
And is not Old, &c.

Your Gallant and his Taylor, ſome half year together
To fit a New Suit, to a New Hat and Feather,
Of Gold, or of Silver, Silk, Cloath, Stuff or Leather
And is not Old, &c.

We have new faſhion'd Beards, and new faſhion'd Locks
And new faſhion'd Hats, for your new Pated Blocks,
And more New Diſeaſes, beſides the *French* POX,
And is not Old, &c.

New Houſes are built, and Old ones pull'd down,
Until the new Houſes, ſell all the Old Ground,
And the Houſes ſtand like a Horſe in the Pound,
And is not Old, &c.

New faſhions in Houſe, New faſhions at Table,
Old Servants diſcharg'd, and New not ſo able,
And all good Old cuſtom, is now but a Fable,
And is not Old England *grown New.*

New Trickings, new Goings, new Meaſures, new Paces,
New Heads for Men, for your Women new Faces,
And twenty New Tricks to mend their bad Caſes,
And is not Old England *grown New.*

New tricks in the Law, New tricks in the Rolls,
New Bodies they have, they look for New Souls,
When the Money is paid for Building old *Pauls*,
And is not Old, &c.

Then talk no more of *New England*,
New England is where *Old England* did ſtand,
New Furniſh'd, New Faſhion'd, New Woman'd, New (Man'd
And is not Old England *grown New.*

A SONG. *To the ſame Tune.*

I'LL tell you a Story if it be true,
But look you to that, I am ſure it is New,
And only in *Salisbury* known to a few,
Which no Body can deny.

Some Sages have written as we do find,
The Spirits departed are monſtrous kind,
To Friend and Relations left behind,
Which no Body, &c.

That this is no Tale, I ſhall you tell,
A Lady there Died, Men thought her in Hell,
Mean in the Grave, as ſome expound well,
Which no Body, &c.

Now as the Devil a Hunting did go,
For the Devil goes oft a Hunting you know,
In a Thicket he heard a ſound of much Woe,
Which no Body can deny.

It was a Lady that Wept, and her Weeping
Made *Satan* go from liſtning to peeping,
Quoth he, what Slave hath this Lady in keeping?
Which no Body can deny.

Good Sir, quoth ſhe, if of Woman you came,
Pity my caſe, and I'll tell you the ſame,
Quoth the Devil, be quick in your ſtory fair Dame,
Which no Body, &c.

Quoth ſhe I left two Children behind,
To whom their Father is very unkind,
If I could but Appear, I ſhou'd change his mind,
Which no Body, &c.

Fair Dame, quoth the Devil, are theſe all your want
So ſhe told him her Name, her Uncles and Aunts,
All whom he knew well, for they were no Saints,
Which no Body, &c.

Then ſhe told him how many Sweet-hearts ſhe had,
How many was good and how many was bad,
The Devil began to think her Stark-mad,
Which no Body, &c.

And ſo ſhe went on with the cauſe of the Squabble,
Belzebub Scratch'd, and was in great trouble,
For he thought it would prove a two Hours Bubble
Which no Body, &c.

He would have been gone, but well I wiſt,
She caught him faſt by the Lilly black Fiſt,
Nay, then quoth the Devil, even do what you liſt,
Which no Body, &c.

Now when ſhe was free, to Earth ſhe flew,
And came with a Vengeance, to give her her due,
Then ſnap went the Lock, and the Candles burnt bl
Which no Body can deny.

Quoth ſhe, will you give my Children their Land?
Her Husband did Sweat, you muſt underſtand,
For he did not think her ſo near at hand,
Which no Body can deny.

But having recover'd Heart of grace,
Quoth he, you Jade come again in this place,
And *Fauſtus* his Chamber-pot flies in your Face,
Which no Body, &c.

When ſhe could not prevail by means ſo foul.
She ſought other ways his Mind to controul,
So ſhe went to a Maid, a very good Soul,
Which no Body, &c.

In the Name of the Father, and ſo ſhe went on,
Moſt Gracious Madam, what would you have done?
I'll do it altho' you'd have me a Nun,
Which no Body, &c.

Then go to my Husband and bid him do right,
Unto my two Children, or elſe by this light,
I'll rattle his Curtain-Rings every Night,
Which no Body, &c.

Tell him I'll hear no more of his Reaſons,
But ſit on his Bed, and Read him ſuch Leſſons,
As never were heard at Mr. *Mompeſſons*,
Which no Body, &c.

So away went the Virgin, and flew like a Bird,
And told the Spirits Husband every Word,
For which I replyed, I care not a T——
Which no Body, &c.
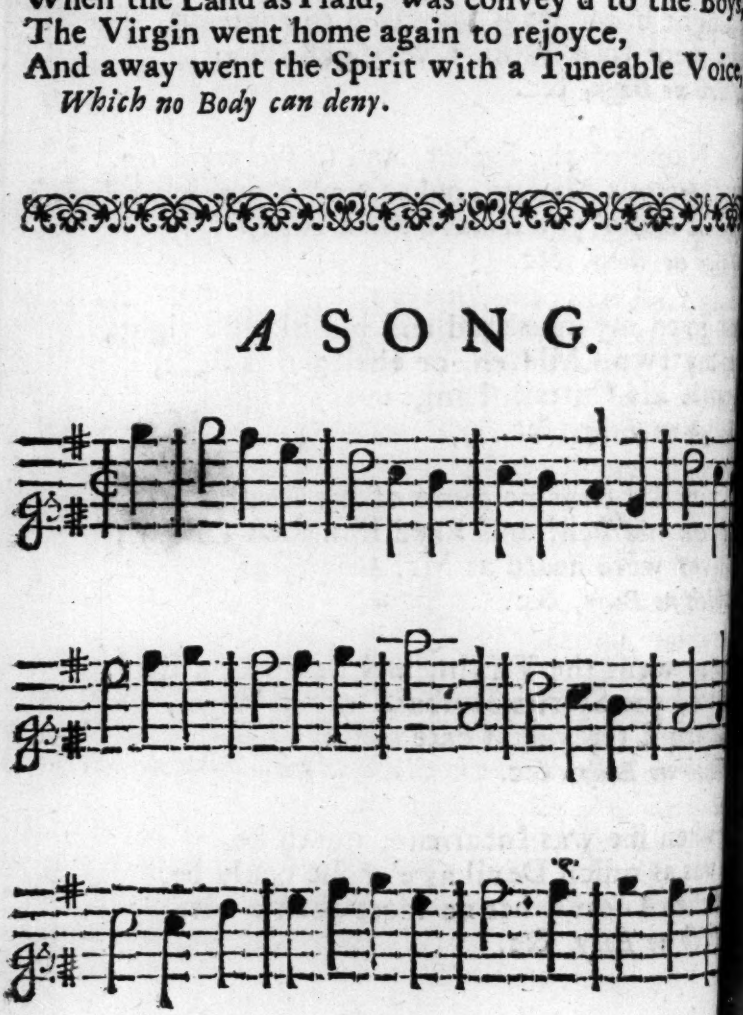
For when ſhe was Incarnate, quoth he,
She was as much Devil as e'er ſhe could be,
And then I fear'd her no more than a Flea,
Which no Body, &c.

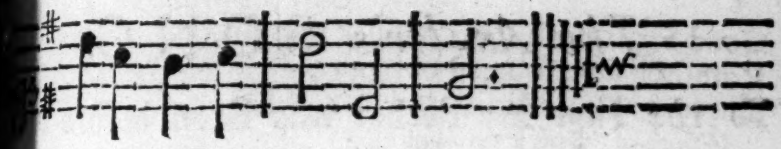
Good Sir, quoth ſhe, conſider my plight,
I am not able to keep outright,
Three waking Miniſters every Night,
Which no Body can deny.

When the Gentleman heard her Ditty ſo ſad,
Compaſſion ſtraight his Fury allay'd,
And unto the Boys the Land was convey'd,
Which no Body, &c.

When the Land as I ſaid, was convey'd to the Boys,
The Virgin went home again to rejoyce,
And away went the Spirit with a Tuneable Voice,
Which no Body can deny.

A SONG.





HOW Happy's the Mortal,
That lives by his Mill;
That depends on his own,
Not on Fortune's Wheel:
By the ſlight of his hand,
And the ſtrength of his Back;
How merrily, how merrily,
His Mill goes *Clack, clack, clack,*
How merrily, how merrily,
His Mill goes Clack.

His Wife proves a Scold,
As too often 'tis ſeen;
For ſhe may be a Scold,
Sing God bleſs the Queen:
With his hand to the Mill,
And his Shoulder to the Sack;
He drowns all the diſcord,
In his Muſical *Clack, clack, clack,*
drowns, &c.

For your Wives, and your Daughters,
He often prevails;
By ſticking a Cog, of a Foot,
In their Tails;
Whilſt the Hoyden ſo willingly,
He lays upon her Back;
And all the while he ſticks it in,
The Stones cry *Clack, clack, clack,*
And all the while he ſticks it in,
The ſtones cry Clack.

The Angler's SONG.

To the Tune my Father was Born before m
Page 45.

OF all the Recreations which
Attend on Humane Nature;
There's none that is of ſo high a Pitch,
Or is of ſuch a Stature:
As is the ſubtle Angler's Life,
In all Mens approbation;
For Anglers tricks, do daily mix,
In every Corporation.

Whilſt *Eve* and *Adam* liv'd in Love,
And had no cauſe of Jangling;
The Devil did the Waters move,
The Serpent went to Angling:
He baits his Hook, with Godlike look,
Thought he this will entangle her;
By this all ye may plainly ſee,
That the Devil was firſt an Angler.

Phyſicians, Lawyers, and Divines,
Are almoſt neat entanglers;
And he that looks fine, will in fine,
That moſt of them are Anglers:
Whilſt grave Divines do Fiſh for Souls,
Phyſicians like Curmudgeons;
They bait with Health, we Fiſh for Wealth,
And Lawyers Fiſh for Gudgeons.

Upon the Exchange 'twixt Twelve and One,
Meets many a neat entangler;
'Mongſt Merchant-Men, there's not one in ten,
But what is a cunning Angler:
For like the Fiſhes in the Brook,
Brother doth ſwallow Brother;
There's a Golden bait hangs at the Hook,
And they Fiſh for one another.
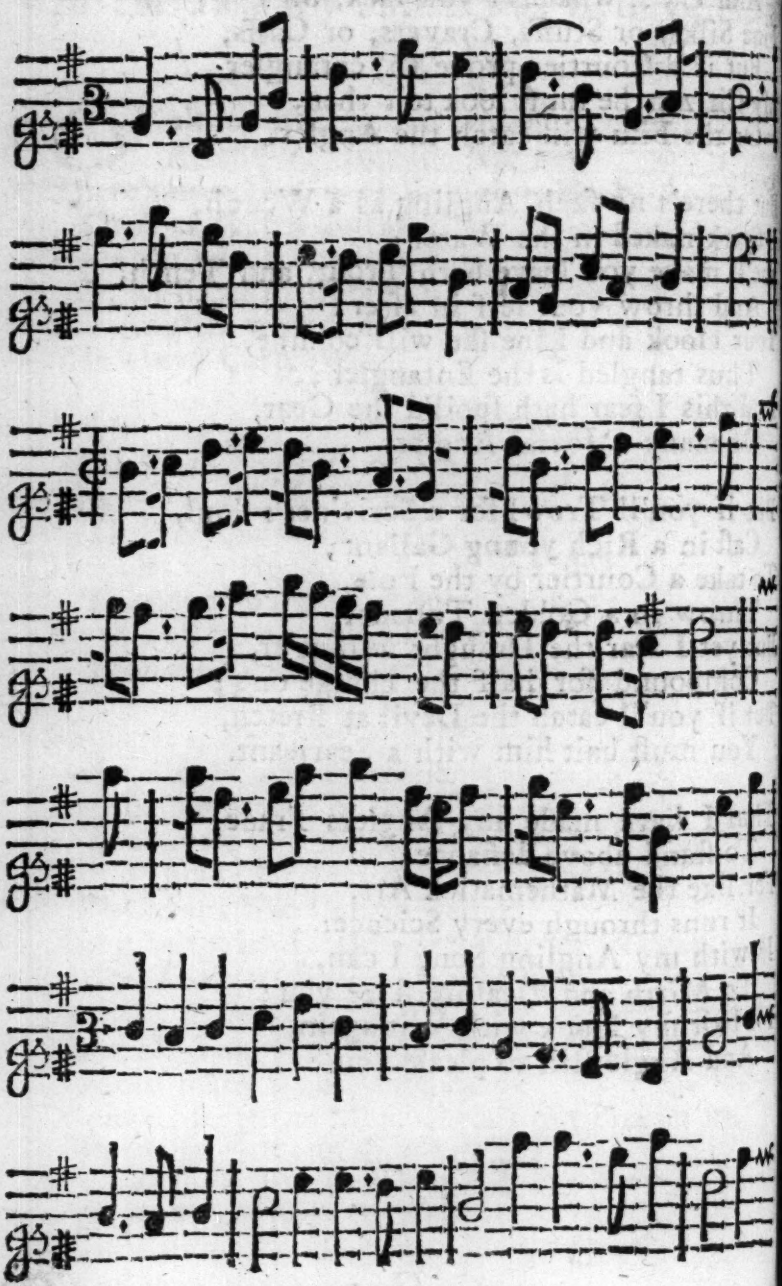
A Shop-keeper I next prefer,
He's a formal Man in Black, Sir;
He throws his Angle ev'ry where,
And cry's, what is't you lack, Sir:
Fine Silks, or Stuffs, Cravats, or Cuffs,
But if a Courtier prove th' entangler
My Citizen he muſt look to't then,
Or the Fiſh will catch the Angler.
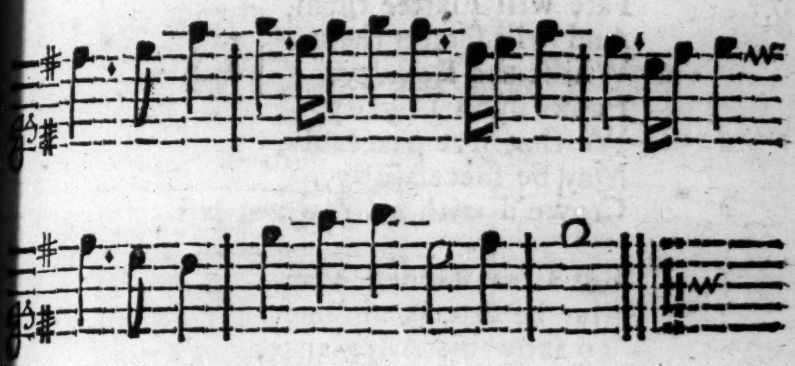
But there's no ſuch Angling as a Wench,
Stark naked in the Water;
She'll make you leave both Trout, and Tench,
And throw your ſelf in after:
Your Hook and Line ſhe will confine,
Thus tangled is the Entangler;
And this I fear hath ſpoil'd the Gear,
Of many a Jovial Angler.

But if you'll Trowl for a Scriv'ner's Soul,
Caſt in a Rich young Gallant;
To take a Courtier by the Pole,
Throw in a Golden Tallant:
But yet I fear the Draught will ne'er,
Compound for half the charge on't;
But if you'll catch the Devil at ſtretch,
You muſt bait him with a Searjeant.

Thus I have made my Anglers Trade,
To ſtand above defiance;
For like the Mathematick Art,
It runs through every Science:
If with my Angling Song I can,
To Mirth and Pleaſure ſeize you;
I'll bait my Hook with Wit again,
And Angle ſtill to pleaſe you.

The Cavaliers SONG.





HE that is a cleer
Cavalier
Will not repine,
Although
His Subſtance grow
So very low,
That he cannot drink Wine.

Fortune is a Laſs
Will embrace,
And ſoon deſtroy;
Free born,
In Libertine,
We'll ever be,
Singing *Vive le Roy*.

Vertue is its own reward, Sir,
And *Fortune* is a Whore;
There's none but Fools and Knaves regard her,
Or her Power implore.

He that is a truſty *Roger*,
And hath ſerv'd his King;
Altho' he be a tatter'd Souldier,
Yet he will skip and Sing:
Whilſt he that fights for Love,
May in the way of Honour prove,
And they that make ſport of us,
May come ſhort of us,

Fate will Flatter them,
And will ſcatter them,
Whilſt the Royalty,
Looks upon Loyalty,
We that live peaceably,
May be ſucceſsfully,
Crown'd with a Crown at laſt.

But a real Honeſt Man,
May be utterly undone,
To ſhow his Allegiance,
His love and Obedience,
But that will raiſe him up,
Virtue weighs him up,
Honour ſtays him up,
And we'll praiſe him;
Whilſt the fine Courtier Dine,
With his full bowls of Wine,
Honour will make him faſt,

Freely let's be then,
Honeſt Men,
And kick at Fate,
We
May live to ſee
Our Loyalty,
Valued at a higher rate.

He that bears a Word, or a Sword,
'Gainſt the Throne;
Or doth prophanely prate,
To wrong the State,
Hath but little for his own.
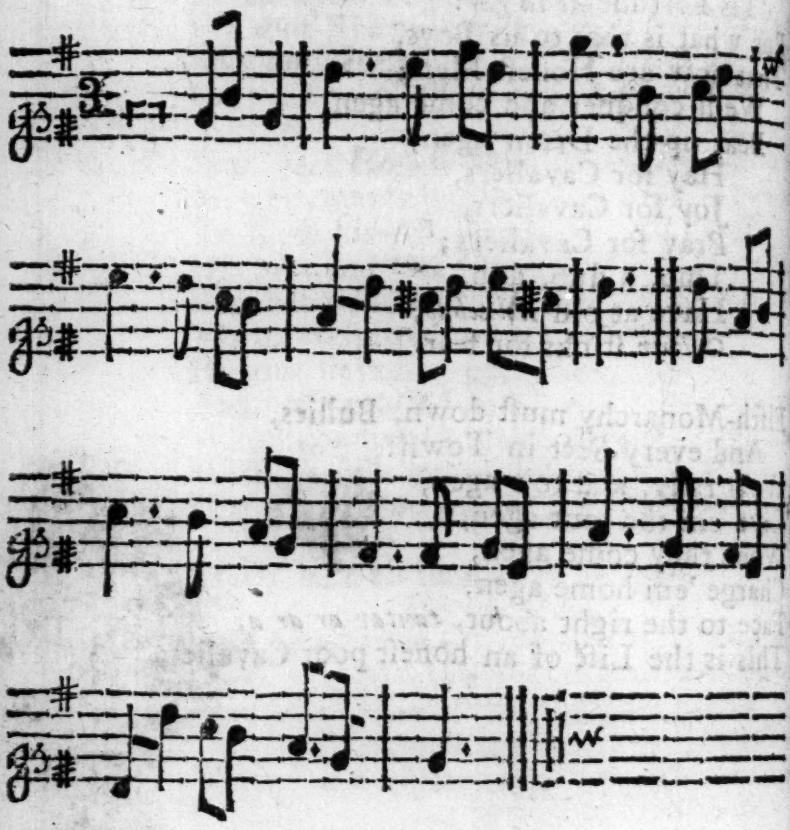
CHORUS.

What tho' Plummers, Painters, and Players,
Be the proſperous Men;
Yet we'll attend our own Affairs,
When we come to't agen:

Treachery may be fac'd with light,
And Leachery lin'd with Furr;
A Cuckold may be made a Knight,
'Tis Fortune *de la gar:*
But what is that to us Boys,
That now are Honeſt Men;
We'll conquer and come agen,
Beat up the Drum agen,
Hey for Cavaliers,
Joy for Cavaliers,
Pray for Cavaliers;
Dub, a dub, dub,
Have at old *Belzebub*,
Oliver ſtinks for fear.

Fifth-Monarchy muſt down, Bullies,
And every Sect in Town:
We'll rally, and to't agen,
Give 'em the rout agen,
When they come agen,
Charge 'em home agen,
Face to the right about, *tantar ar ar a*,
This is the Life of an honeſt poor Cavalier.

A Parley, between two West Countrymen *on sight of a* Wedding.



I Tell thee *Dick* where I have been,
Where I the rareſt things have ſeen,
O things beyond compare;
Such ſights again cannot be found,
In any place on *Engliſh* ground,
Be it at Wake or Fair.

At *Chairing Croſs*, hard by the way,
Where we (thou know'ſt) do ſell our Hay,
There is a Houſe with Stairs;
And their did I ſee coming down,
Such Voulks as are not in our Town,
Vorty at leaſt in pairs.

A.

Amongſt the reſt one Peſtilent fine,
(His Beard no bigger tho' than thine)
Walkt on before the reſt;
Our Landlord looks like nothing to him,
The King (God bleſs him) 'twould undo him,
Should he go ſtill ſo dreſt.

At courſe-a-Park without all doubt,
He ſhould have firſt been taken out,
By all the Maids i'th' Town;
Tho' luſty *Roger* there had been,
Or little *George* upon the green,
Or *Vincent* of the Crown.

But wot you what, the Youth was going,
To make an end of his own Wooing,
The Parſon for him ſtay'd;
Yet by his leave (for all his haſt)
He did not ſo much Wiſh all paſt,
Perchance as did the Maid.

The Maid (and thereby hangs a Tale)
For ſuch a Maid no *Whitſon* Ale,
Could ever yet produce;
No Grape that's kindly ripe could be,
So round, ſo plump, ſo ſoft as ſhe,
Nor half ſo full of Juice.

Her Fingers was ſo ſmall, the Ring,
Would not ſtay on, which he did bring,
It was too wide a Peck;
And to ſay Truth, (for out it muſt)
It lookt like the great Coller (juſt)
About our young Colt's Neck.

Her Feet beneath her Petticoat,
Like little Mice ſtole in and out,
As if they fear'd the Light;
But *Dick*, ſhe Dances ſuch away,
No Sun upon a *Eaſter day*,
Is half ſo fine a ſight.

He would have kiſt her once or twice,
But ſhe would not ſhe was ſo nice,
She would not do it in Sight;
And then ſhe lookt, as who would ſay,
I will do what I liſt to Day,
And you ſhall do't at Night.

Her Cheeks ſo rare a white was on,
No Dazy makes Compariſon,
(Who ſees them is undone)
For ſtreaks of red were mingled there,
Such as are on a Katherine Pear,
The ſide that's next the Sun.

Here Lips were red, and one was thin,
Compar'd to that was next her Chin;
(Some Bee had ſtung it newly:)
But *(Dick)* her Eyes ſo guard her Face,
I durſt no more upon them gaze,
Than on the Sun in *July*.

Her Mouth ſo ſmall when ſhe does ſpeak,
Thou'dſt ſwear her Teeth her Words did break,
That they might paſſage get;
But ſhe ſo handled ſtill the matter,
They came as good as ours, or better,
And are not ſpent a whit.

If wiſhing ſhould be any Sin,
The Parſon himſelf had guilty been,
She lookt that Day ſo purely,
And did the Youth ſo oft the Feat,
At Night, as ſome did in Conceit,
It would have ſpoil'd him ſurely.

Paſſion, oh me! how I run on!
There's *that* that would be thought upon,
(I trow) beſides the Bride:
The Buſineſs of the Kitchin's great,
For it is fit that Man ſhould eat;
Nor was it there deny'd.

Juſt in the Nick the Cook knockt thrice,
And all the Waiters in a trice
His Summons did obey,
Each Serving-man with Diſh in Hand
March'd boldly up, like our train'd Band,
Preſented, and away.

When all the Meat was on the Table,
What Man of Knife, or Teeth was able
To ſtay to be intreated;
And this very reaſon was,
Before the Parſon could ſay Grace,
The Company was ſeated.

Now Hats fly off, and Youths carouſe,
Healths firſt go round, and then the Houſe,
The Brides came thick and thick;
And when 'twas nam'd another's Health,
Perhaps he made it hers by Stealth;
And who could help it *Dick*?

O'th' ſudden up they riſe and dance,
Then ſit again, and ſigh and glance;
Then dance again and kiſs;
Thus ſev'ral ways the Time did paſs,
Whilſt every Woman wiſh'd her Place,
And every Man wiſh'd his.

By this Time all was ſtol'n aſide,
To counſel and undreſs the Bride;
But that he muſt not know:
But 'twas thought he gueſt her Mind,
And did not mean to ſtay behind,
Above an Hour or ſo.

When in he came *(Dick)* there ſhe lay,
Like new fall'n Snow melting away,
('Twas time I trow to part)
Kiſſes were now the only ſtay,
Which ſoon ſhe gave, as who would ſay
Good B'w'y! with all my Heart.

But juſt as Heavens would have to croſs it,
In came the Bride-maids with the Poſſet,
The Bridegroom eat in ſpight;
For had he left the Women to't,
It would have coſt two Hours to do't,
Which were too much that Night.

At length the Candle's out, and now,
All that they had not done they do;
What that is, you can tell;
But I believe it was no more,
Than thou and I have done before,
With *Bridget*, and with *Nell*.

(by Sir Jn.° Suckling)

Of the Downfal of one part of the Mitre-*Tavern in* Cambridge, *or the ſinking thereof into the Cellar. By Mr.* Tho. Randolph. *To the Tune of* My Father was born before me. *Pag.* 45.

LAment, lament you Scholars all,
Each wear his blackeſt Gown,
The *Mitre* that held up your Wits,
Is now it ſelf fall'n down:
The diſmal Fire on *London-bridge*,
Could move no Heart of Mine;
For that but o'er the Water ſtood,
But this ſtood o'er the Wine.

It needs muſt melt each Chriſtian Heart,
That this ſad News but hears;
To ſee how the poor Hogſheads wept,
Good Sack and Claret Tears:
The zealous Students of that place,
Change of Religion fear,
Leſt this Miſchance bring in
The Hereſie of Beer.

Unhappy *Mitre*, I would know
The Cauſe of thy ſad Hap;
Came it by making Legs too low.
To *Pembrook's* Cardinal Cap?
Hence know thy ſelf! and cringe no more,
Since *Popery* went down,
The Cap ſhould veil to thee, for now
The *Mitre*'s next the Crown.

Or was't becauſe our Company
Did not frequent thy Cell,
As we were wont to drown thoſe Cares,
Thou fox'd thy ſelf and fell?
No ſure, the Devil was a dry,
And caus'd that fatal Blow,
Twas he that made the Cellar ſink,
That he might drink below.

And ſome do ſay the Devil did it,
'Cauſe he would drink up all;
But I rather think the Pope was drunk,
And let the *Mitre* fall:
But *Roſe* now whither, *Faulcon* mew,
Whilſt *Sam* enjoys his Wiſhes;
The *Dolphin* too muſt caſt her Crown,
Wine was not made for Fiſhes.

That Sign a Tavern beſt becomes,
That ſhews who loves Wine beſt;
The *Mitre*'s then the only Sign,
For 'tis the Scholar's Creſt.
Then drink Sack *Sam*, and cheer thy Heart,
Be not diſmay'd at all;
For we will drink it up again,
Tho' our ſelves do catch a Fall.

We'll be thy Workmen Day and Night,
In ſpite of Bug-bear Proctors;
We drank like freſh Men all before,
But now we'll drink like Doctors.

A SONG.

To the Tune of the Blacksmith, Pag. 20.

I'LL sing you a Sonnet that ne'er was in Print,
'Tis truly and newly come out of the Mint,
I'll tell you before-hand you'll find nothing in't.
On *nothing* I think, and on *nothing* I write,
'Tis *nothing* I court, yet *nothing* I slight,
Nor care I a Pin if I get *nothing* by't.

Fire, Air, Earth and Water, Beasts, Birds, Fish and Me
Did start out of *nothing*, a Chaos, a Den;
And all things shall turn into nothing agen.
'Tis *nothing* sometimes that makes many things hit,
As when Fools amongst wise Men do silently sit;
A Fool that says *nothing* may pass for a Wit.

What one Man loves is another Man's loathing,
This blade loves a quick thing, that loves a new thing
And both do in the Conclusion love *nothing*.
Your Lad that makes Love to a delicate smooth thin
And thinking with Sighs to gain her and soothing,
Frequently makes such ado about *nothing*.

At last when his Patience and Purse is decay'd,
He may to the Bed of a Whore be betray'd,
But she that hath *nothing* must needs be a Maid.
Your slashing, and clashing, and flashing of Wit,
Doth start out of *nothing* but Fancy and Fit,
'Tis little or *nothing* to what hath been writ.

When first by the Ears we together did fall,
Then something got *nothing*, and *nothing* got all;
From *nothing* it came, and to *nothing* it shall.
That Party that seal'd to a Cov'nant in haste,
Tho' made our three Kingdoms & Churches lie wast
Their Project and all came to *nothing* at last.

The

They raiſed an Army of Horſe and of Foot,
To tumble down Monarchy Branches Root,
They thunder'd, and plunder'd, but *nothing* wou'd do't,
The Organ, the Altar, and Miniſters Cloathing,
In Presbyter *Jack* begot ſuch a loathing,
That he muſt needs raiſe a petty new *nothing*.

And when he had wrap'd us in ſanctify'd Cloathing,
Perjur'd the People by faithing and trothing,
At laſt he was catcht, and all came to *nothing*.
In ſeveral Factions we quarrel and brawl,
Diſpute and contend, and to fighting we fall,
I'll lay all to *nothing* that *nothing* wins all.

When War and Rebellion, and plundering grows,
The mendicant Man is the freeſt from Foes,
For he is moſt happy hath *nothing* to loſe.
Brave Cæſar and *Pompey*, and great *Alexander*,
Whom Armies did follow as Gooſe follow Gander,
Nothing can ſay to an Action of Slander.

The wiſeſt great Prince, were he never ſo ſtout,
Tho' he conquer'd the World, & gave Mankind the rout,
Did bring *nothing* in, nor ſhall bear *nothing* out.
Old *Noll* that aroſe to High-thing from Low-thing,
By brewing Rebellion, nicking and frothing,
In ſeven Years Space was both all things and *nothing*.

Dick (*Oliver*'s Heir) that pitiful ſlow thing,
Who once was inveſted with Purple Cloathing,
Stands for a Cypher, and that ſtands for *nothing*;
If King-killers bold are excluded from Bliſs,
Old *Bradſhaw* (that feels the Reward on't by this)
Had better been *nothing* than now what he is.

Blind Colonel *Hewſon* that lately did crawl,
To lofty Degree from a low Coblers Stall,
Did bring all to *nothing*, when All came to All.
Your Gallant that rants it in delicate cloathing,
Tho' lately he was but a pitiful low thing,
Pays Landlord, Draper, and Taylor with *Nothing*.
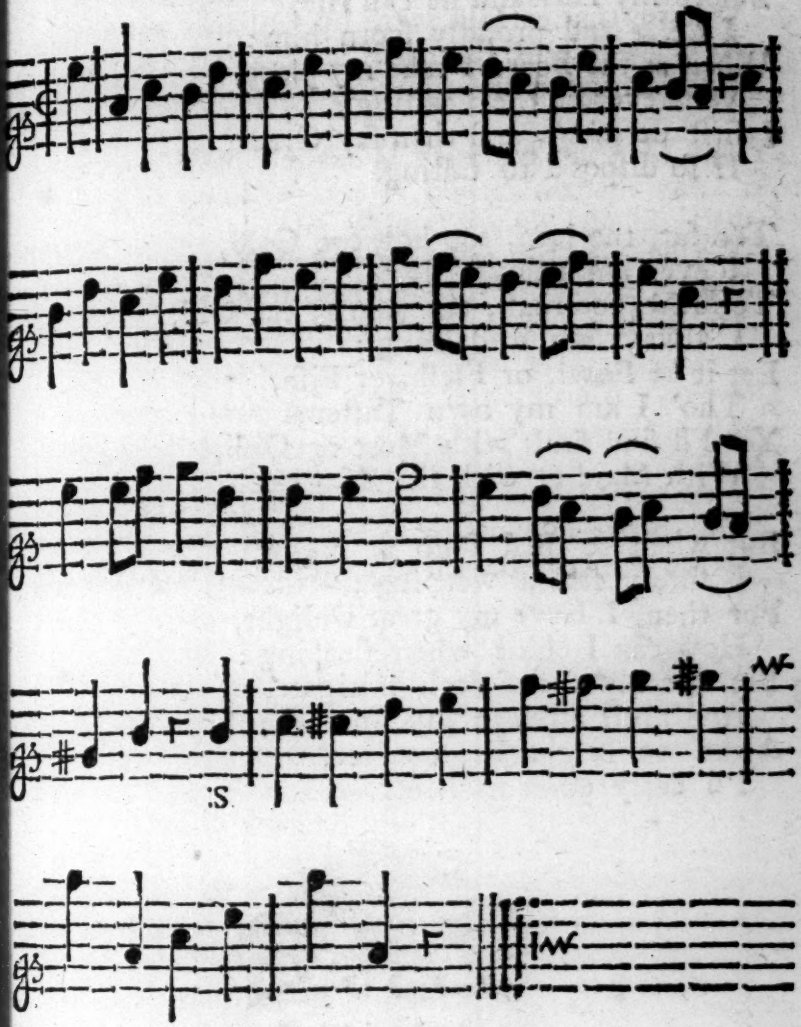
The

The nimble tongu'd Lawyer that pleads for his Pay,
When Death doth arreſt him and bear him away,
At the General Barr will have nothing to ſay.
Whores that in Silk were by Gallants embrac'd,
By a Rabble of Prentices lately were chas'd,
Thus courting and ſporting comes to *nothing* at laſt.

If any Man tax me with Weakneſs of Wit,
And ſay that on *nothing*, I *nothing* have writ;
I ſhall anſwer, *Ex nihilo nihil fit.*
Yet let his Diſcretion be never ſo tall,
This very Word *nothing* ſhall give it a fall,
For writing of *nothing* I comprehend all.

Let every Man give the Poet his due,
Cauſe then 'twas with him, as now it's with you,
He ſtudy'd it when he had *nothing* to do.
This very Word *nothing*, if took the right way,
May prove advantageous for what would you ſay,
If the Vintner ſhould cry there's *nothing* to pay.

The Scolding Wife: New Sett by Mr. Akeroyd.



SOme Men they do delight in Hounds,
And ſome in Hawks take Pleaſure;
Others joy in War and Wounds,
And thereby gain great Treaſure;
Some they do love on Sea to ſail,
Others rejoyce in Riding:
But all their Judgments do them fail,
There's no ſuch Joy as *Chiding*.

When
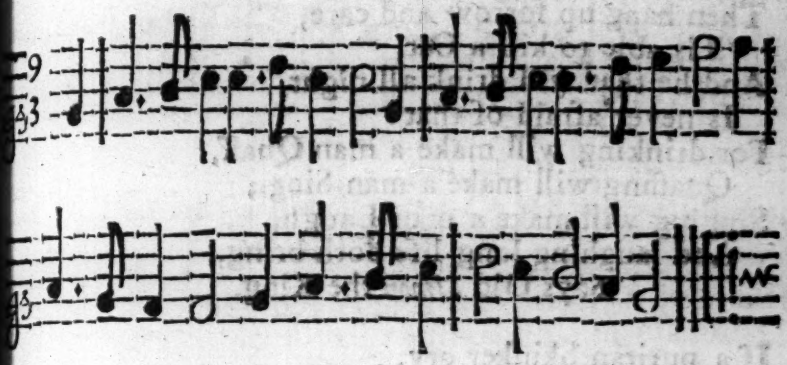
When ſoon as Day I open mine Eyes,
To entertain the Morning;
Before my Husband he can riſe,
I *Chide* and proudly ſcorn him:
When at the Board I take my place,
Whatever be the Feaſting;
I firſt do *Chide*, and then ſay Grace,
If ſo diſpos'd to taſting.

Too fat, too lean, too hot, too Cold,
I ever am complaining;
Too raw, too roaſt, too young, too Old,
I always am diſdaining:
Let it be Fowl, or Fleſh, or Fiſh,
Tho' I am my own Taſter;
Yet I'll find fault with Meat or Diſh,
With Maid or with the Maſter.

But when to Bed I go at Night,
I ſurely fall a weeping;
For then I leave my great Delight,
How can I chide when ſleeping:
Yet this my Grief doth mitigate,
And muſt aſſwage my Sorrow;
Altho' to Night be too late,
I'll early *Chide* to Morrow.



Old Simon *the King.*



IN a humour I was late,
As many good fellows be;
To think of no matters of State,
But ſeek for good Company:
That beſt contented me.
I travell'd up and down;
No Company I could find;
Till I came to the ſight of the Crown:
My Hoſteſs was ſick of the Mumps,
The Maid was ill at eaſe,
The Tapſter was drunk in his Dumps;
They were all of one diſeaſe,
Says Old *Simon* the King.
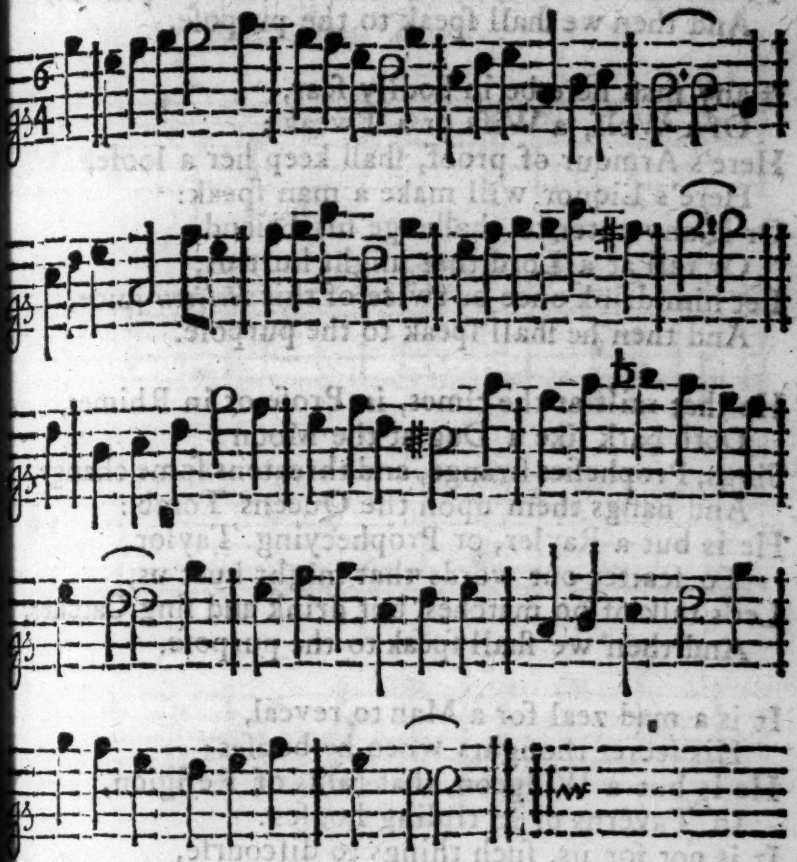
Conſidering in my mind,
And thus I began to think;
If a Man be full to the Throat,
And cannot take off his drink,
And if his drink will not down,
He may hang himſelf for ſhame;
So may the Tapſter at the Crown,
Whereupon this reaſon I frame;
Drink will make a Man Drunk,
And Drunk will make a Man dry;
Dry will make a Man ſick,
And ſick will make a Man Die,
Says Old *Simon* the King.

If a Man ſhould be drunk to night,
And laid in his grave to morrow:
Will you or any man ſay,
That he died of Care or Sorrow?
Then hang up ſorrow and care,
'Tis able to kill a Cat,
And he that will drink all night,
Is never afraid of that!
For drinking will make a man Quaff,
Quaffing will make a man Sing;
Singing will make a man Laugh,
And laughing long life doth bring,
Says Old *Simon* the King.

If a puritan Skinker cry,
Dear Brother it is a Sin,
To drink unleſs you be dry,
Then ſtraight this Tale I begin,
A Puritan left his Cann,
And took him to his Jugg,
And there he play'd the man,
As long as he could tugg:
But when that he was ſpy'd,
What did he ſwear or rail;
No, no truly, dear Brother he cry'd,
Indeed all fleſh is frail,
Says Old *Simon* the King.

So Fellows if you'll be drunk,
Of frailty it is a ſin,
Or for to keep a punk,
Or play at In and In;
For Drink and Dice and Drabs,
Are all of one condition,
And will breed want and Scabs,
In ſpite of the Phyſician:
Who ſo fears every Graſs,
Muſt never piſs in a Meadow,
And he that loves a pot and a Laſs,
Muſt never cry oh! my head oh!
Says Old *Simon* the King.

The Cautious Drinker: New ſet by Mr. Akeroyd.



MY Maſters and Friends, who ever intends,
To trouble this Room with Diſcourſe;
You that ſit by are as guilty as I,
Be your talk the better or worſe:
Now leſt you ſhould prate of Matters of State,
Or any thing elſe that might hurt us;
We rather will drink off our Cups to the brink,
And then we ſhall ſpeak to the purpoſe.

Suppoſe you ſpeak clean from the matter you mean,
That's not a Pin here or there;
Yet take this Advice, be both merry and wiſe,
Ye know not what Creatures be near:

Or ſuppoſe that ſome ſot, ſhould lurk in this pot,
To ſcatter out words that might hurt us;
To free that ſame doubt, we'll ſee all the pot out,
And then we ſhall ſpeak to the purpoſe.

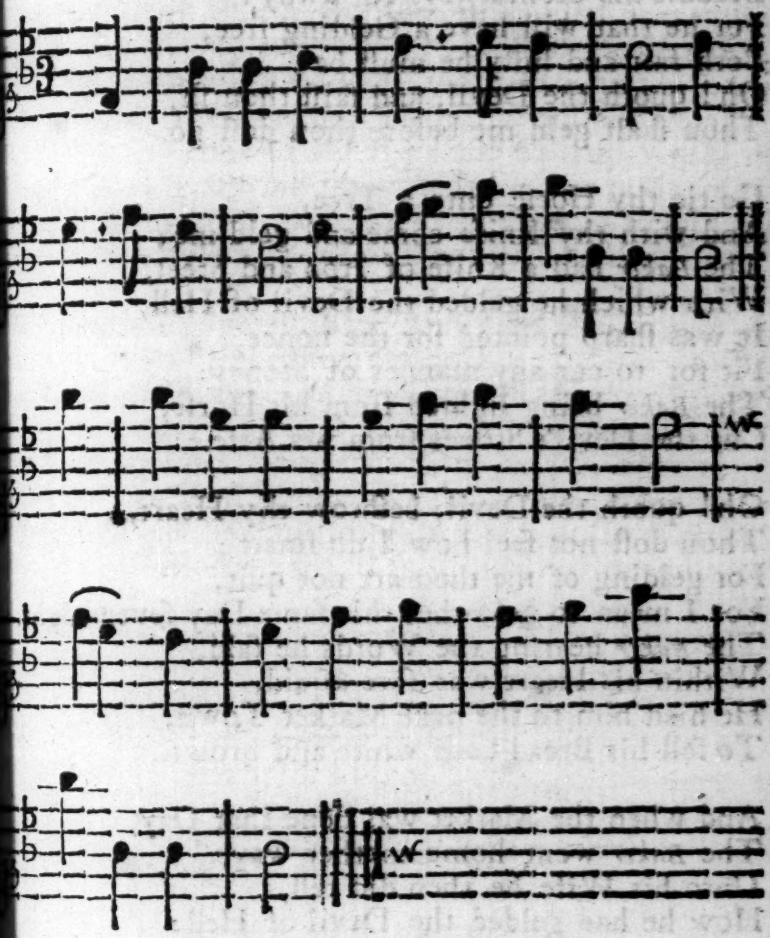
If any man here be in bodily fear,
Of a Wolf, a Wife or a Tweak;
Here's Armour of proof, ſhall keep her a looſe,
Here's Liquor will make a man ſpeak:
Or if any enter to challenge his Friend,
Or rail at a Lord that might hurt us,
Let him drink once or twice of this *Helicon* juice,
And then he ſhall ſpeak to the purpoſe.

He that rails at the times, in Proſe or in Rhimes,
Doth bark like a Dog at the Moon;
Sings, Propheſies ſtrange, and threatens ſome change,
And hangs them upon the Queens Tomb:
He is but a Rayler, or Prophecying Taylor,
To ſcatter out words that might hurt us,
Let's talk of no matches, but drink and ſing Catches,
And then we ſhall ſpeak to the purpoſe.

It is a mad zeal for a Man to reveal,
His ſecret thoughts when he bouſes;
He is but a Widgeon, that talks of Religion,
In Taverns or in tipling houſes:
It is not for us, ſuch things to diſcourſe,
Let's talk of nothing that might hurt us;
But let's begin a new health to our King,
And then we ſhall ſpeak to the purpoſe.

Amidſt of our bliſs 'twill not be a miſs,
To talk of our going home late;
If Conſtable Kite or a Piſ-pot at night,
Should chance to be ſplit on our pate:
It were all in vain to rage or complain,
Or ſcatter out words that might hurt us,
'Twere better to trudge home, to honeſt kind *Joan*,
And then we ſhall ſpeak to the purpoſe.

The Gelding of the Devil *by* Dick *the Baker of* Mansfield *Town.*



NOW liſten a while, and I will tell,
Of the Gelding of the Devil of Hell;
nd *Dick* the Baker of *Mansfield* Town,
o *Mancheſter* Market he was bound,
nd under a Grove of Willows clear,
his *Baker* rid on with a merry Cheer:
neath the Willows there was a Hill,
nd there he met the Devil of Hell.

Baker, quoth the Devil, tell me that,
How came thy Horſe ſo fair and fat?
In troth, quoth the *Baker*, and by my fay,
Becauſe his Stones were cut away:
For he that will have a Gelding free,
Both fair and luſty he muſt be:
Oh! quoth the Devil, and ſaiſt thou ſo,
Thou ſhalt geld me before thou doſt go.

Go tie thy Horſe unto a Tree,
And with thy Knife come and geld me;
The *Baker* had a Knife of Iron and Steel,
With which he gelded the Devil of Hell,
It was ſharp pointed for the nonce,
Fit for to cut any manner of Stones:
The *Baker* being lighted from his Horſe,
Cut the Devil's Stones from his Arſe.

Oh! quoth the Devil, beſhrow thy Heart,
Thou doſt not feel how I do ſmart;
For gelding of me thou art not quit,
For I mean to geld thee this ſame Day ſeven-night.
The *Baker* hearing the Words he ſaid,
Within his Heart was ſore afraid,
He hied him to the next Market Town,
To ſell his Bread both white and brown.

And when the Market was done that Day,
The *Baker* went home another way,
Unto his Wife he then did tell,
How he had gelded the Devil of Hell:
Nay, a wondrous Word I heard him ſay,
He would geld me the next Market Day;
Therefore Wife I ſtand in doubt,
I'd rather, quoth ſhe, thy *Knaves Eyes* were out.

I'd rather thou ſhould break thy Neck-bone,
Than for to loſe any manner of Stone,
For why, 'twill be a loathſome thing,
When every Woman ſhall call thee Gelding.

Thus they continu'd both in Fear.
Until the next Market Day drew near;
Well, quoth the good Wife, well I wot,
Go fetch me thy Doublet and thy Coat.

Thy Hoſe, thy Shoon and Cap alſo,
And I like a Man to the Market will go;
Then up ſhe got her all in haſt,
With all her Bread upon her Beaſt:
And when ſhe came to the Hill ſide,
There ſhe ſaw two Devils abide,
A little Devil and another,
Lay playing under the Hill ſide together.

Oh! quoth the Devil, without any fain,
Yonder comes the Baker again;
Beeſt thou well *Baker*, or beeſt thou woe,
I mean to geld thee before thou doſt go:
Theſe were the Words the Woman did ſay,
Good Sir, I was gelded but Yeſterday;
Oh! quoth the Devil, that I will ſee,
And he pluckt her Cloaths above her Knee.
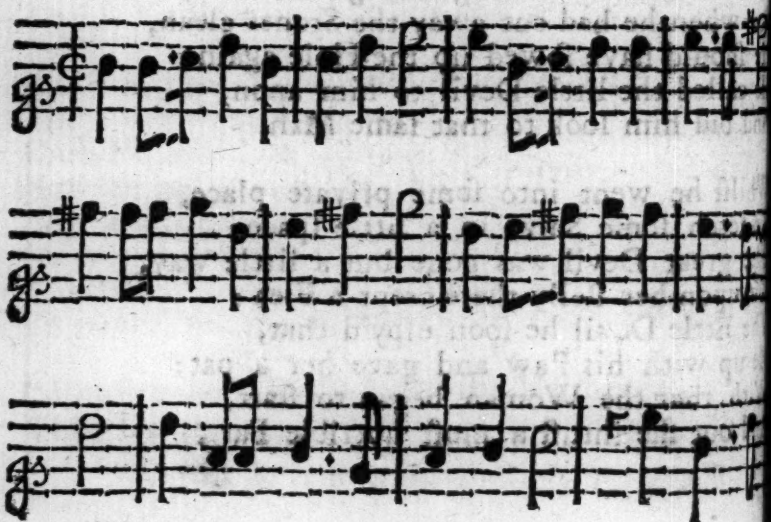
And looking upwards from the Ground,
There he ſpied a grievous Wound:
Oh! (quoth the Devil) what might he be?
For he was not cunning that gelded thee,
For when he had cut away the Stones clean,
He ſhould have ſowed up the Hole again;
He called the little Devil to him anon,
And bid him look to that ſame Man.
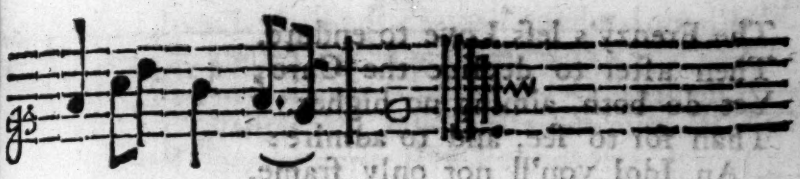
Whilſt he went into ſome private place,
To fetch ſome Salve in a little ſpace;
The great Devil was gone but a little way,
But upon her Belly there crept a Flea:
The little Devil he ſoon eſpy'd that,
He up with his Paw and gave her a pat:
With that the Woman began to ſtart,
And out ſhe thruſt a moſt horrible Fart.

Whoop! whoop! quoth the little Devil, come agai
For here's another hole broke, by my fay; [I pra
The great Devil he came running in haſt,
VVherein his Heart was ſore aghaſt:
Fough, quoth the Devil, thou art not ſound,
Thou ſtinkeſt ſo ſore above the Ground,
Thy Life Days ſure cannot be long,
Thy Breath it fumes ſo wond'rous ſtrong.

The Hole is cut ſo near the Bone,
There is no Salve can ſtick thereon,
And therefore, *Baker*, I ſtand in doubt,
That all thy Bowels will fall out;
Therefore *Baker*, hie thee away,
And in this place no longer ſtay.

To a Friend, who deſir'd no more than to admi the Mind, and the Beauty of Sylvia.





THO' *Sylvia*'s Eyes a Flame could raiſe,
More fit for Wonder than for Praiſe;
And tho' her Wit were clear and high,
That 'twere reſiſtleſs as her Eye:
Yet without Love, ſhe ſtill ſhall find,
I'm deaf to one, to th' other blind.

Thoſe Fools that think Beauty can prove,
A Cauſe ſufficient for their Love,
I wiſh they never may have more,
To try how Looks can cure their Sore:
'Tis ſuch the Sex ſo high have ſet,
They take it not for Gift, but Debt.

If Love were unto Sight confin'd,
The God of it would not be blind;
Nor would the Pleaſure of it be,
So often in Obſcurity:
No, to know Joys each Senſe hath right,
Equal at leaſt to that of Sight.

The Gods, who knew the nobleſt part
In Love, ſought not the Mind, but Heart;
And when hurt by the winged Boy,
What they admir'd they did enjoy;
Knowing a Kindneſs Love could prove,
The Hope, Reward, and Cure of Love.
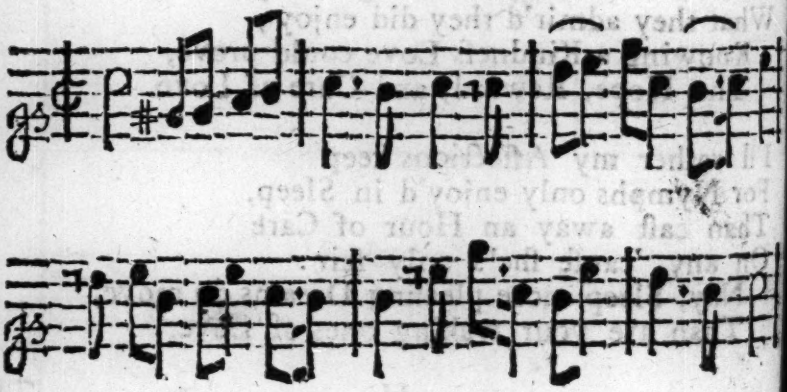
I'll rather my Affections keep
For Nymphs only enjoy'd in Sleep,
Than caſt away an Hour of Care
On any, 'cauſe ſhe's only fair:
Nay, Sleep more pleaſing Dreams do move,
Than are your waking ones of Love.
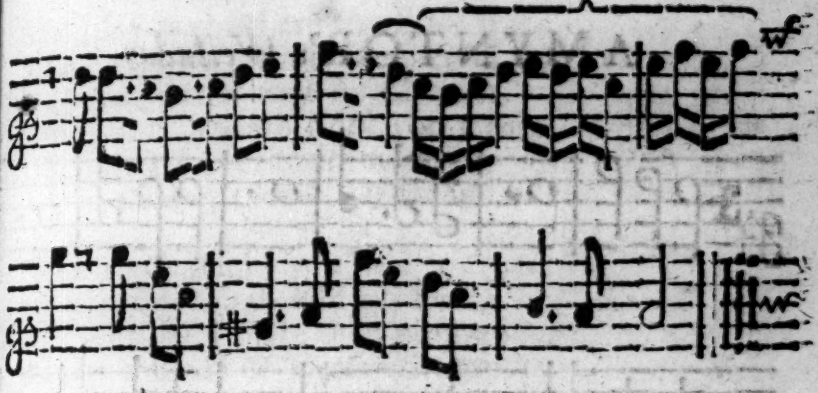
The Frenzy's leſs Love to endure,
Then after to decline the Cure;
Yet do both, aiming no higher
Than for to ſee, and to admire:
An Idol you'll not only frame,
But you will too adore the ſame.

Had there in *Sylvia* nothing ſhin'd,
But the unſeen Charms of her Mind;
You would have had the like Eſteem
For her, that I have ſtill for them:
If Fleſh and Blood your Flame inſpire,
Then make thoſe only your Deſire.

And Friend, that you may clearly prove,
'Tis not her Mind alone you love;
Let her 'twixt us her ſelf impart,
Give you her Mind, and me her Heart:
As little Cauſe then you will find
As I do now, to love her Mind.

Cælia's *Complaint.*
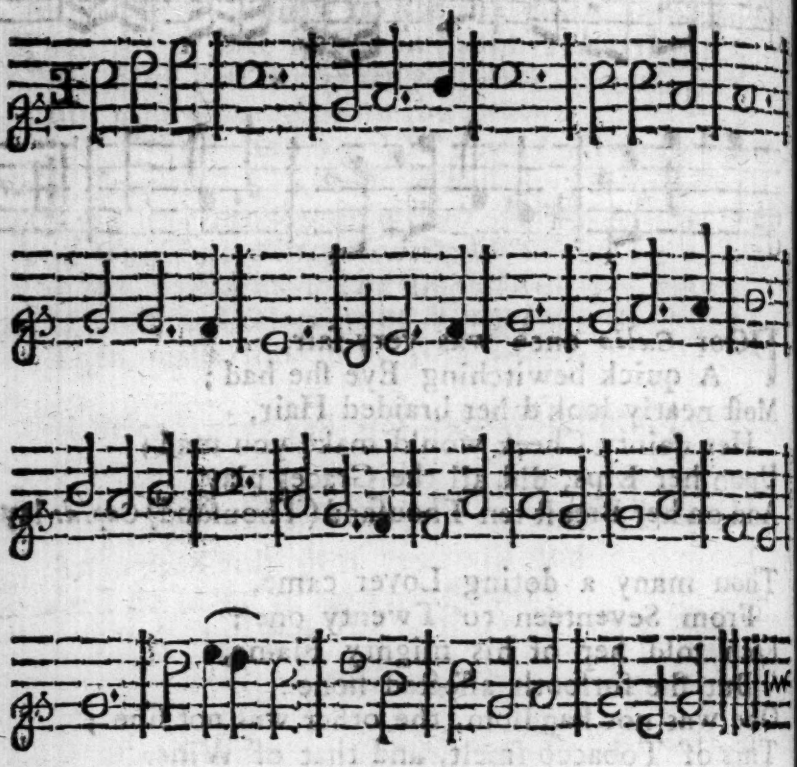




POor *Cælia* once was very fair,
A quick bewitching Eye ſhe had;
Moſt neatly look'd her braided Hair,
Her dainty Cheek would make you mad;
Upon her Lips, did all the Graces play,
And on her Breaſt ten Thouſand (Thouſand) *Cupids* lay.

Then many a doting Lover came,
From Seventeen to Twenty one;
Each told her of his mighty Flame,
But ſhe forſooth affected none:
One was not handſom, the other was not fine;
This of Tobacco ſmelt, and that of Wine.

But th' other Day it was my Fate,
To walk along that way alone,
I ſaw no Coach before her Gate,
But at her Door I heard her Mone;
She dropt a Tear, and ſighing ſeem'd to ſay,
Young Ladies marry, marry while you may.

AMYNTOR's *Welladay.*



Chloris now thou art fled away,
Amyntor's ſheep are gone aſtray;
And all the joy he took to ſee,
His pretty Lambs run after thee;
Is gone, is gone, and he alone,
Sings nothing now but welladay (welladay)
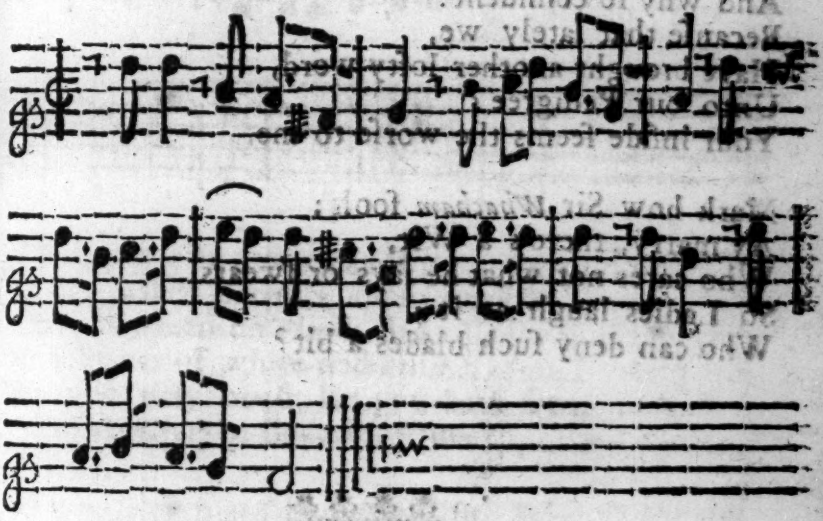
His Oaten Pipe that in thy praiſe,
Was wont to play ſuch round delays:
Is thrown away, and not a Swain,
Dares pipe, or ſing, within his plain;
'Tis death for any one to ſay,
One word to him, but welladay.

The

The May-pole where thy little feet,
So roundly did in measures meet,
Is broken down, and no Content,
Comes near *Amyntor* since you went,
All that I ever heard him say,
Was *Chloris*, *Chloris*, welladay.

Upon those Banks you us'd to tread,
He ever since hath laid his head;
And whisper'd there such pining woe;
As not a blade of Grass will grow:
O *Chloris*! *Chloris*! come away,
And hear *Amyntor*'s Welladay.

A Lady to a Young Courtier.



LOve thee! good Sooth, Not I,
I've something else to do;
Alas! you must go Learn to talk,
Before you Learn to woo;
Nay fie, stand, off, go too, go too.

Because

Becauſe you're in the faſhion,
And newly come to Court;
D'ye think your Cloaths are Orators,
T' invite unto the ſport?
Ha! ha! who will not jeer thee for't!
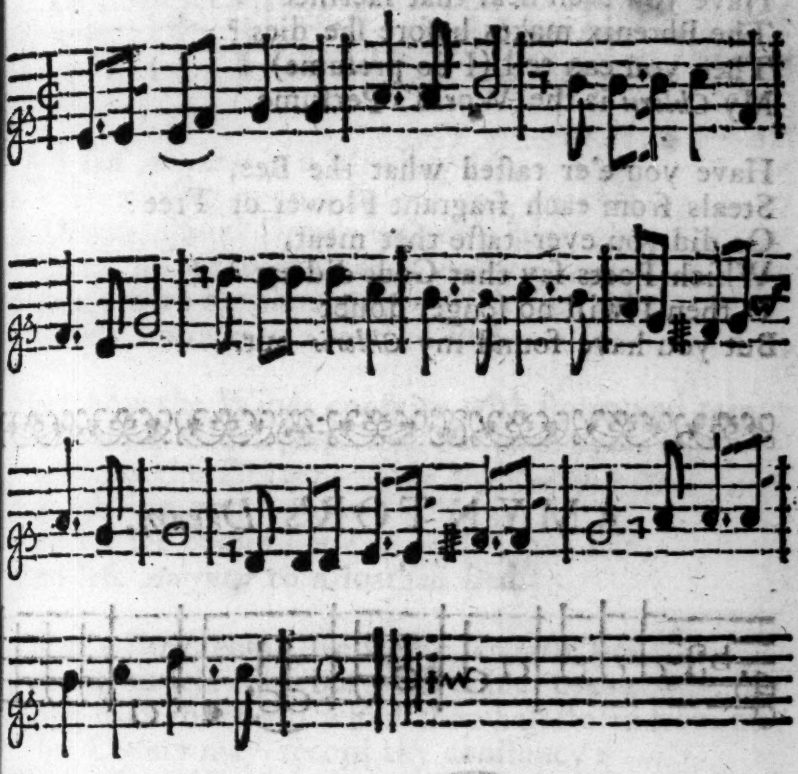
Ne'er look ſo ſweetly Youth,
Nor fiddle with your Band;
We know you trim your borrow'd Curls,
To ſhew your pretty hand:
But 'tis too young for to command.

Go practice how to jeer,
And think each word a Jeſt,
That's the Court Wit: Alas! you're out,
To think when finely dreſt,
You pleaſe me or the Ladies:

And why ſo confident!
Becauſe that lately we,
Have brought another lofty word,
Unto our Pedigree?
Your inſide ſeems the worſe to me.

Mark how Sir *Whacham* fools;
Ay marry, there's a Wit,
Who cares not what he ſays or ſwears,
So Ladies laugh at it;
Who can deny ſuch blades a bit?

A Description of CHLORIS.



HAve you e'er seen the Morning Sun,
From fair *Aurora*'s bosom run?
Or have you seen on *Flora*'s Bed,
The Essences of white and red?
Then you may boast, for you have seen,
My Fairer *Chloris*, Beauties Queen.
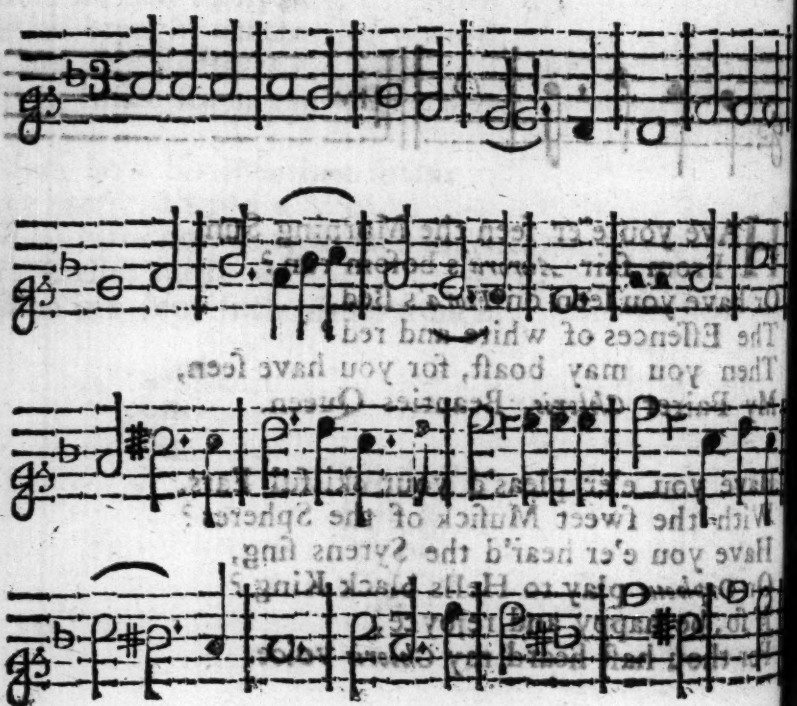
Have you e'er pleas'd your skilful Ears,
With the sweet Musick of the Spheres?
Have you e'er hear'd the Syrens sing,
Or *Orpheus* play to Hells black King?
If so, be happy and rejoyce,
For thou hast heard my *Chloris* voice.
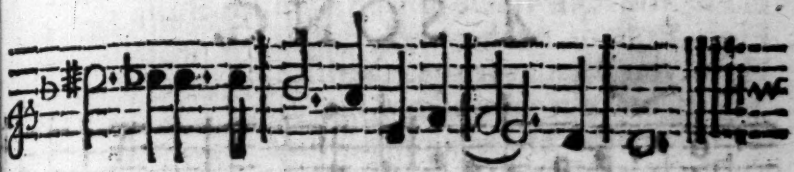
Have

Have you e'er ſmelt what Chymick Skill,
From Roſe or Amber doth diſtill?
Have you been near that ſacrifice
The Phœnix makes before ſhe dies?
Then you can tell (I do preſume)
My *Chloris* is the World's Perfume.

Have you e'er taſted what the Bee,
Steals from each fragrant Flower or Tree?
Or did you ever taſte that meat,
Which Poets ſay that Gods did eat?
O then I will no longer doubt
But you have found my *Chloris* out.

AMYNTOR's *Dream.*





AS ſad *Amyntor* in a Meadow lay,
Slumbring upon a bed of new made Hay,
A Dream, a fatal Dream unlock'd his Eyes,
Whereat he wakes, and thus *Amyntor* crys;
Chloris, where art thou *Chloris*? Oh! ſhe's fled,
And left *Amyntor* to a loathed Bed.

Hark how the Winds conſpire with ſtorm and rain,
To ſtop her courſe, and beat her back again:
Hark how the Heavens chide her in her way,
For robbing poor *Amyntor* of his joy:
And yet ſhe comes not *Chloris*, O! ſhe's fled,
And left *Amyntor* to a loathed Bed.
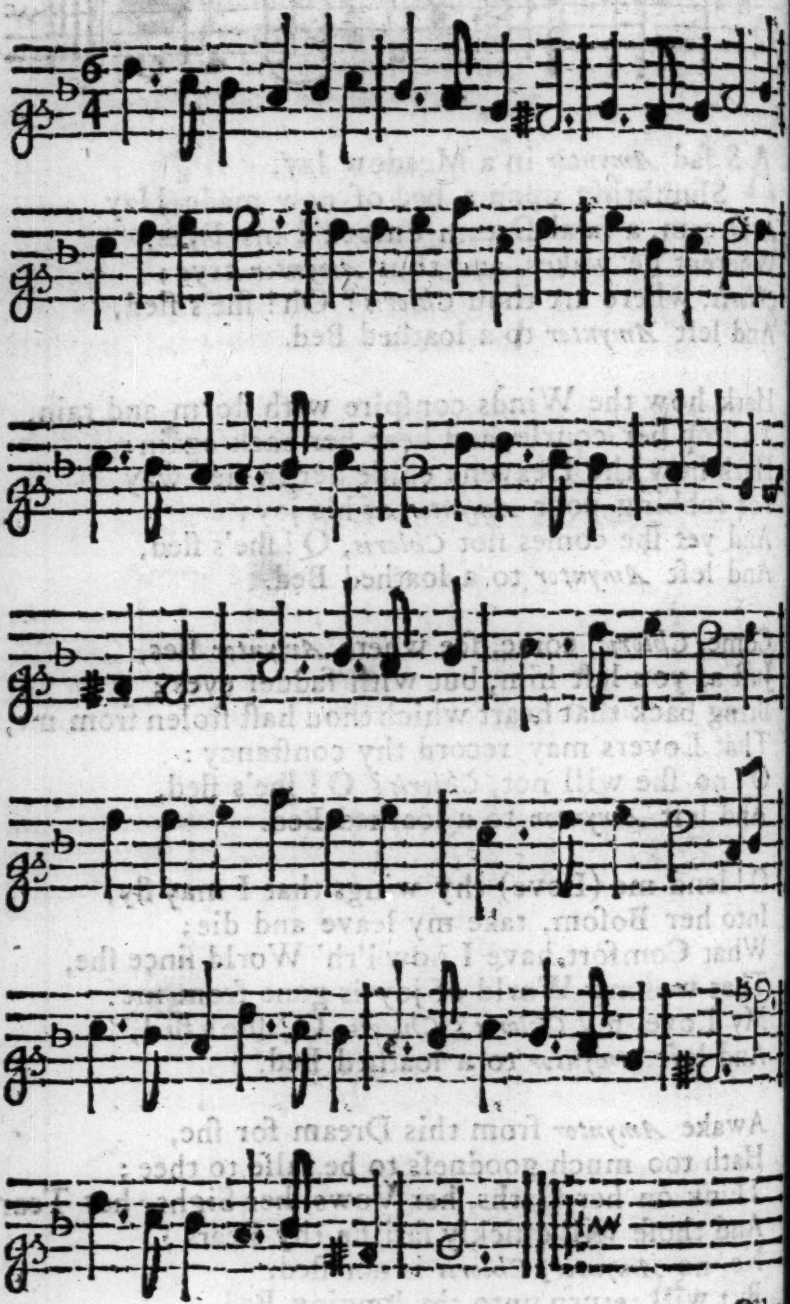
Come, *Chloris*, come, ſee where *Amyntor* lies,
Juſt as you left him, but with ſadder eyes;
Bring back that heart which thou haſt ſtolen from me,
That Lovers may record thy conſtancy:
O! no ſhe will not, *Chloris*? O! ſhe's fled,
And left *Amyntor* to a loathed Bed.

O! lend me (Love) thy wings that I may fly,
Into her Boſom, take my leave and die;
What Comfort have I now i'th' World ſince ſhe,
That was my World of joy is gone from me:
My Love, my *Chloris*? *Chloris*, O! ſhe's fled,
And left *Amyntor* to a loathed Bed.

Awake *Amyntor* from this Dream for ſhe,
Hath too much goodneſs to be falſe to thee;
Think on her Oaths, her Vows, her Sighs, her Tears,
And thoſe will quickly ſatisfie thy Fears:
No, no *Amyntor*, *Chloris* is not fled,
But will return unto thy longing Bed.

A

A SONG.
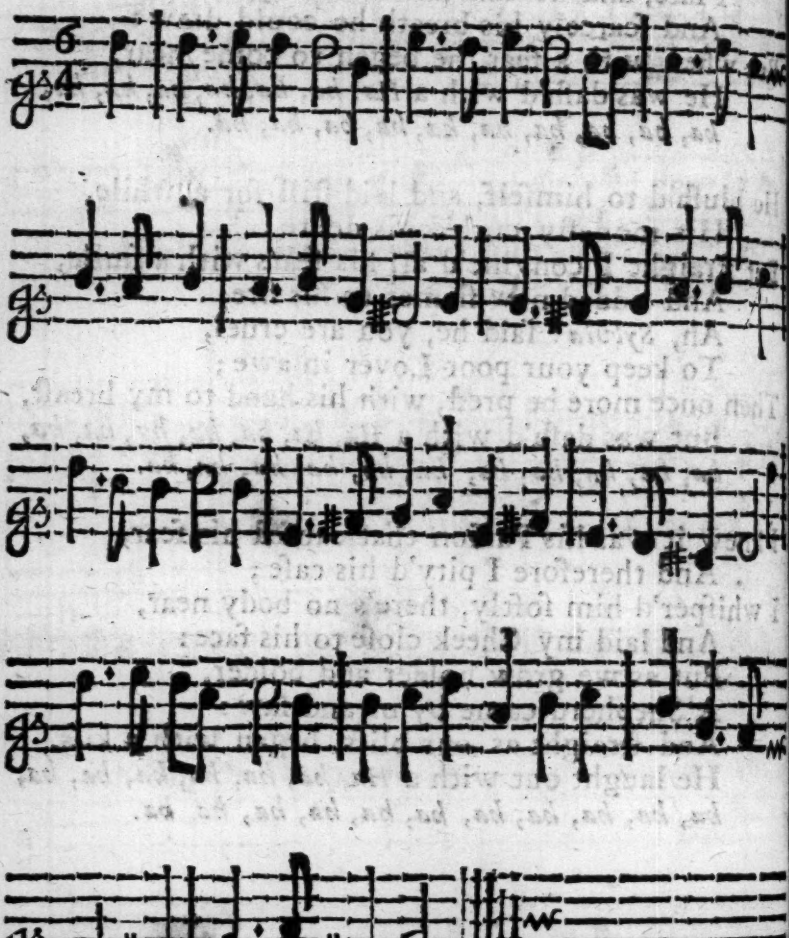


CAlm was the Ev'ning and clear was the Sky,
And the ſweet budding Flowers did ſpring;
When all alone went *Amyntor*, and I,
To hear the ſweet Nightingale ſing;
I ſate, and he laid him down by me
And ſcarcely his breath he could draw:
But when with a fear, he began to come near,
He was daſh'd with a *Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha.*

He bluſh'd to himſelf, and laid ſtill for a while,
His modeſty curb'd his deſire:
But ſtraight I convinc'd all his fears with a ſmile,
And added new flames to his fire,
Ah, *Sylvia*! ſaid he, you are cruel,
To keep your poor Lover in awe;
Then once more he preſt, with his hand to my breaſt,
But was daſh'd with a *Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha.*

I knew it was his Paſſion that cauſed his fear,
And therefore I pity'd his caſe;
I whiſper'd him ſoftly, there's no body near,
And laid my Cheek cloſe to his face:
But as we grow bolder and bolder,
A Shepherd came by us and ſaw:
And ſtraight as our bliſs, began with a kiſs,
He laught out with a *Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha.*

A SONG.



THUS all our lives long we're Frolick and gay,
And inſtead of Court Revels we merrily Play
At Trap, and Kettles, and Barley-break run,
At Goff, and at Stool-ball, and when we have done
Theſe innocent Sports, we Laugh and lie down,
And to each pretty Laſs we give a green Gown.
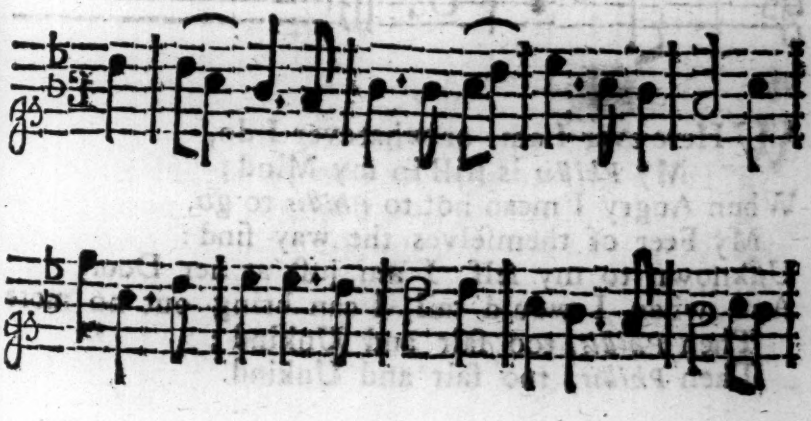
We
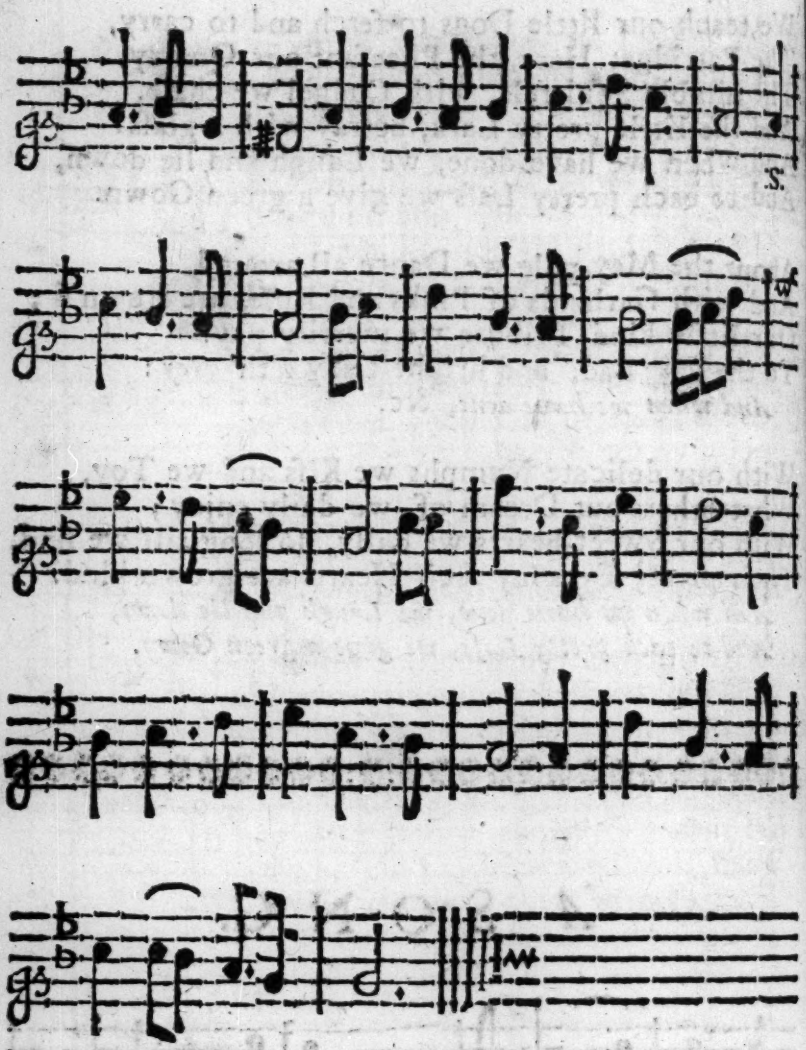
We teach our little Dogs to fetch and to carry,
The Patridge, Hare, the Pheaſant our Quarry,
The nimble Squirrels, with Cudgel we chaſe,
And the little pretty Lark, betray with a glaſs:
And when we have done, we Laugh and lie down,
And to each pretty Laſs we give a green Gown.

About the May-pole we Dance all around,
And with Garlands of Pinks and Roſes are crown'd;
Our little kind Tribute we merrily pay,
To the gay Lad, and bright Lady o'th' *May*:
And when we have done, &c.

With our delicate Nymphs we Kiſs and we Toy,
What others but Dream of, we daily enjoy;
With our Sweet-hearts we dally, ſo long till we find,
Their pretty Eyes ſay their Hearts are grown kind:
And when we have done, we Laugh and lie down,
And to each pretty Laſs, we give a green Gown.

A SONG.





WHere ever I am, or whatever I do,
My *Phillis* is ſtill in my Mind;
When Angry I mean not to *Phillis* to go,
My Feet of themſelves the way find:
Unknown to my ſelf, I am juſt at her Door,
And when I would rail, I can bring out no more
Then *Phillis*, too fair and Unkind:
Then *Phillis*, too fair and Unkind.
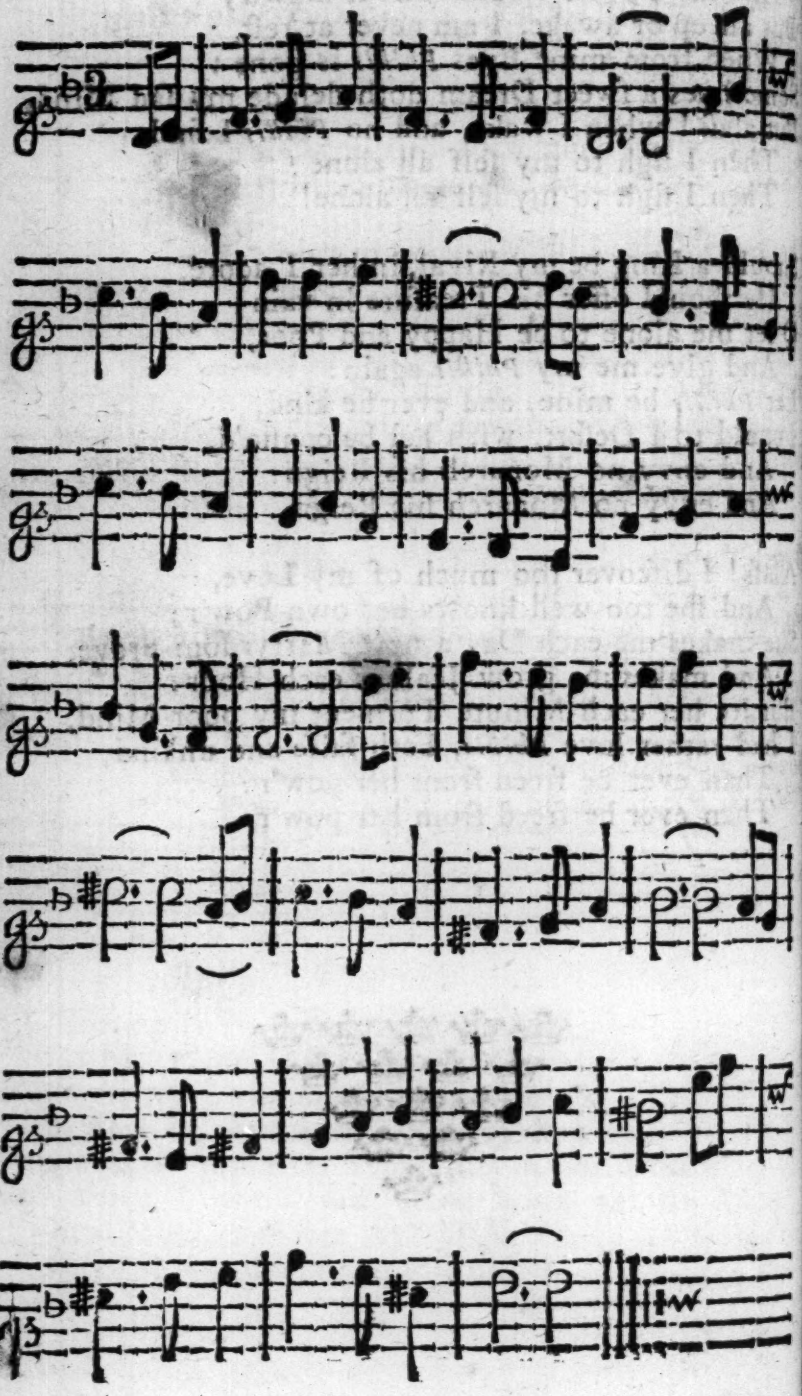
When

When *Phillis* I ſee, my Heart burns in my Breaſt,
And the Love I would ſtifle is ſhown;
But aſleep or awake, I am never at reſt,
When from mine Eyes *Phillis* is gone:
Sometimes a ſweet Dream doth delude my ſad Mind,
But alaſs! when I wake, and no *Phillis* I find,
Then I ſigh to my ſelf all alone!
Then I ſigh to my ſelf all alone!

Should a King be my Rival, in her I adore,
He ſhould offer his Treaſure in vain;
O let me alone to be Happy and Poor,
And give me my *Phillis* again:
Let *Phillis* be mine, and ever be kind,
I could to a Deſart, with her be confin'd,
And envy no Monarch his Reign:
And envy no Monarch his Reign.

Alaſs! I diſcover too much of my Love,
And ſhe too well knows her own Pow'r;
She makes me each Day a new Martyrdom prove,
And makes me grow Jealous each Hour:
But let her each Minute Torment my poor Mind,
I had rather love *Phillis*, both falſe and unkind,
Than ever be freed from her pow'r:
Than ever be freed from her pow'r.

A SONG.
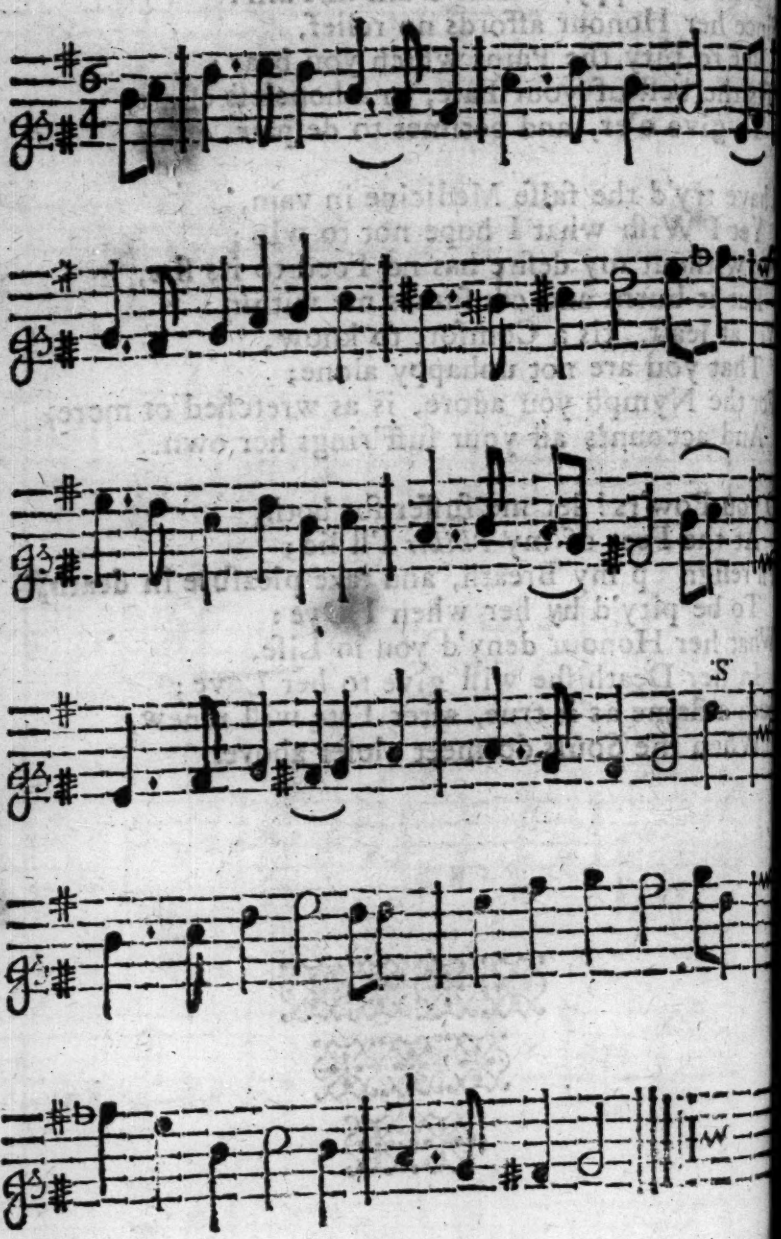


HOW unhappy a Lover am I,
Whilſt I ſigh for my *Phillis* in vain;
All my hopes of Delight, are another Man's right,
Who is Happy, whilſt I am in Pain:
Since her Honour affords no relief,
But to pity the Pains which you bear;
'Tis the beſt of your Fate, in a hopeleſs eſtate,
To give o'er, and betimes to deſpair.

I have try'd the falſe Medicine in vain,
Yet I Wiſh what I hope not to win;
For without my deſire has no Food to its fire,
But it burns and conſumes me within:
Yet at leaſt, 'tis a Comfort to know,
That you are not unhappy alone;
For the Nymph you adore, is as wretched or more,
And accounts all your ſuff'rings her own.

O you Pow'rs! let me ſuffer for both,
At the Feet of my *Phillis* I'll lie;
I'll reſign up my Breath, and take pleaſure in death,
To be pity'd by her when I Dye:
What her Honour deny'd you in Life,
In her Death ſhe will give to her Love;
Such a flame as is true, after Fate will renew,
When the Souls do meet cloſer above.

A SONG.
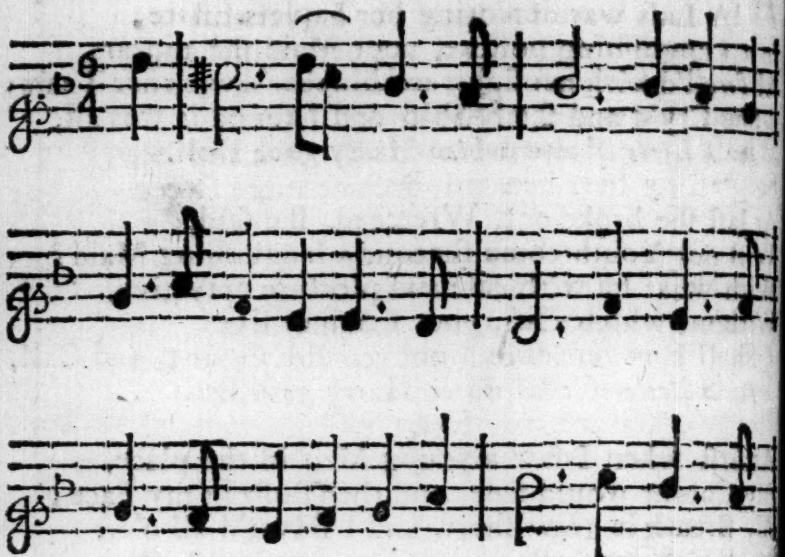


AS I walk'd in the Woods one Ev'ning of late,
A Laſs was deploring her hapleſs Eſtate;
In a Languiſhing poſture, poor Maid ſhe appears,
All ſwell'd with her ſighs, and blubber'd with her Tears:
She Cry'd and ſhe Sobb'd, and I found it was all,
For a little of that which Harry *gave* Doll.

At laſt ſhe broke out, Wretched, ſhe ſaid,
Will not Youth come ſuccour a languiſhing Maid?
With what he with eaſe and pleaſure may give,
Without which alaſs, poor I cannot live!
Shall I never leave Sighing, and Crying, and Call,
For a little of that which Harry *gave* Doll.

At firſt when I ſaw a young Man in the place,
My Colour would fade, and then flush in my Face;
My Breath it grew ſhort, and I ſhiver'd all o'er,
My Breaſt never Popp'd up and down ſo before:
I ſcarce knew for what, but now I find it was all,
For a little of that which Harry *gave* Doll.

A SONG.



BEneath a Mirtle ſhade,
Which Love for none but Lovers made,
I ſlept, and ſtraight my Love before me brought,
Phillis the Object of my waking thought:
Undreſt ſhe came, my Flames to meet,
Whilſt Love ſtrew'd Flow'rs beneath her Feet,
So preſt by her, became, became more ſweet.
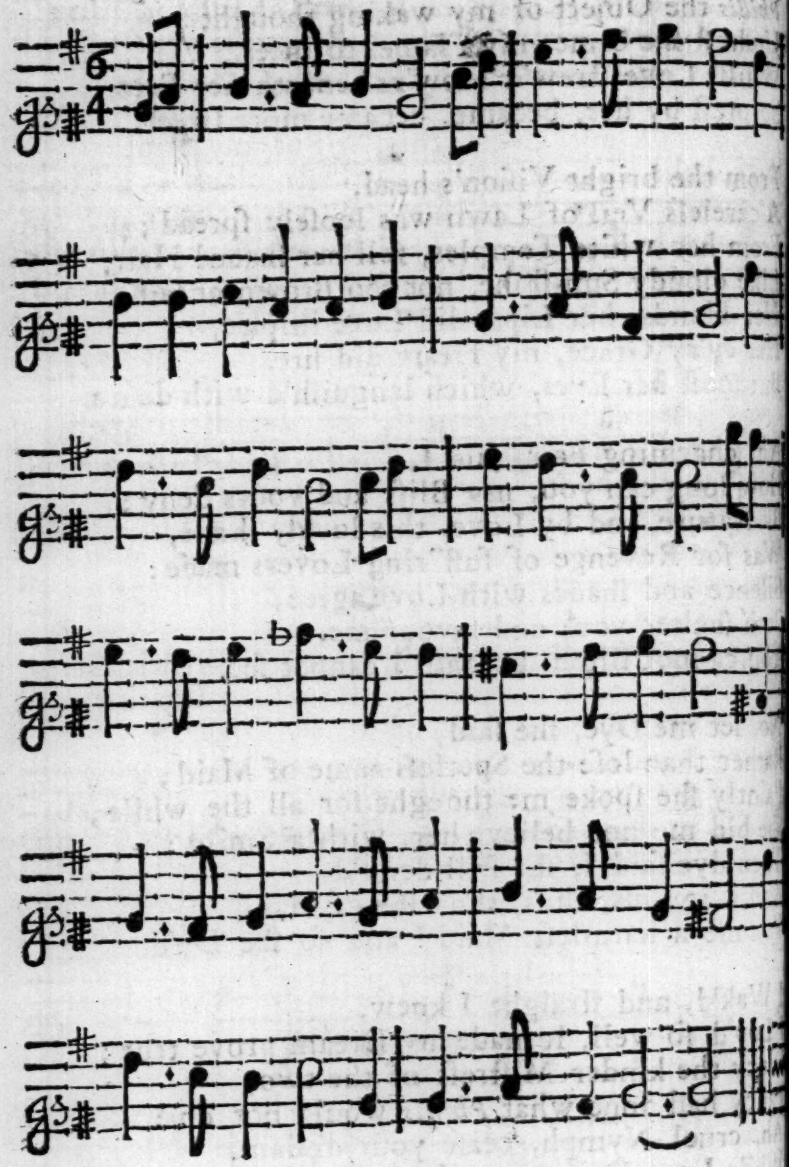
From the bright Viſion's head,
A careleſs Veil of Lawn was looſely ſpread;
From her white Temples, fell her ſhaded Hair,
Like cloudy Sun-ſhine, not too Brown or fair:
Her Hands, her Lips, did Love inſpire,
Her ev'ry Grace, my Heart did fire,
But moſt her Eyes, which languiſh'd with deſire.

Ah, charming Fair, ſaid I,
How long can you, my Bliſs and yours deny;
By Nature and by Love, this lovely ſhade,
Was for Revenge of ſuff'ring Lovers made:
Silence and ſhades with Love agree,
Both ſhelter you, and favour me,
You cannot Bluſh, becauſe I cannot ſee.

No, let me Dye, ſhe ſaid,
Rather than loſe the Spotleſs name of Maid;
Faintly ſhe ſpoke me-thought for all the while,
She bid me not believe her, with a Smile:
Then dye ſaid I, ſhe ſtill deny'd,
And is it thus, thus, thus ſhe cry'd,
You uſe a harmleſs Maid? and ſo ſhe Dy'd.

I Wak'd, and ſtraight I knew,
I Lov'd ſo well, it made my Dream prove true;
Fancy the kinder Miſtreſs of the two,
Fancy had done what *Phillis* would not do:
Ah, cruel Nymph, ceaſe your diſdain,
While I can Dream you ſcorn in vain,
Aſleep, or waking you muſt eaſe my pain.

A SONG.
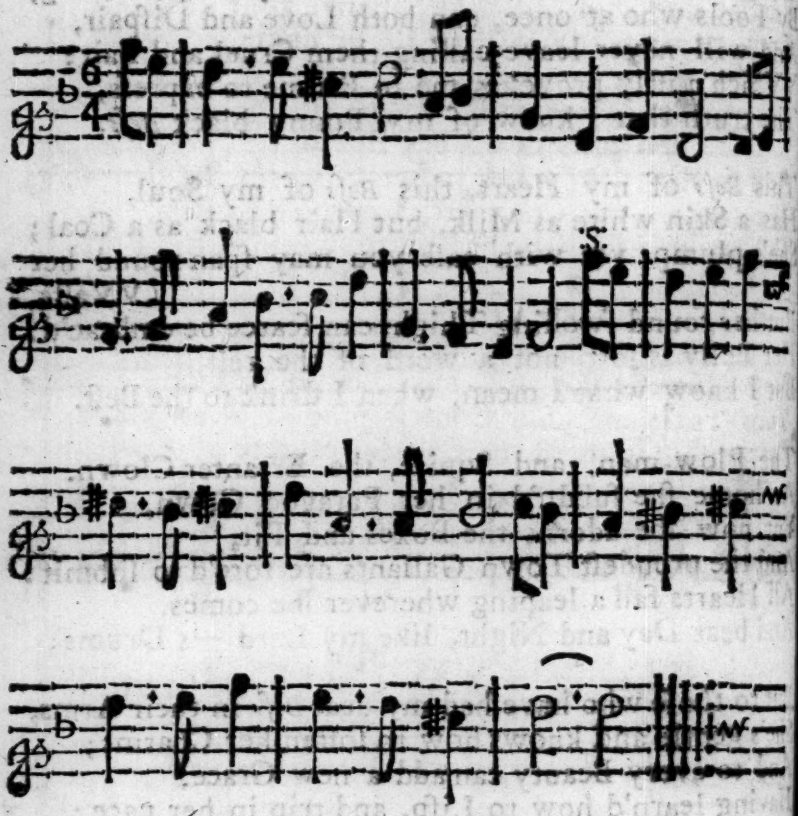


METhinks the poor Town has been troubled too long,
With *Phillis* and *Chloris* in every Song;
By Fools who at once, can both Love and Diſpair,
And will never leave calling them Cruel and Fair:
VVhich juſtly provokes me in Rhime to expreſs,
The truth that I know of my Bonny black *Beſs*.

This *Beſs* of my Heart, this *Beſs* of my Soul,
Has a Skin white as Milk, but Hair black as a Coal;
She's plump, yet with eaſe you may ſpan round her VVaſte,
But her round ſwelling Thighs can ſcarce be embrac'd:
Her Belly is ſoft, not a word of the reſt,
But I know what I mean, when I drink to the Beſt.

The Plow-man, and Squire, the Erranter Clown.
At home ſhe ſubdu'd in her Paragon Gown,
But now ſhe adorns the Boxes and Pit,
And the proudeſt Town Gallants are forç'd to ſubmit:
All Hearts fall a leaping wherever ſhe comes,
And beat Day and Night, like my Lord —s Drums;

But to thoſe who have had my dear *Beſs* in their Arms,
She's gentle and knows how to ſoften her Charms;
And to every Beauty can add a new Grace,
Having learn'd how to Liſp, and trip in her pace:
And with Head on one ſide, and a languiſhing Eye,
To Kill us with looking, as if ſhe would Dye.

A SONG.



O The time that is paſt,
When ſhe held me ſo faſt,
And declar'd that her Honour no longer could laſt;
When no light but her languiſhing Eyes did appear,
To prevent all excuſes of Bluſhes and Fear.

When ſhe ſigh'd and unlac'd,
With ſuch Trembling and haſt,
As if ſhe had long'd to be cloſer Imbrac'd;
My Lips the ſweet pleaſure of Kiſſes enjoy'd,
While my Mind was in ſearch of hid Treaſure imploy'd.
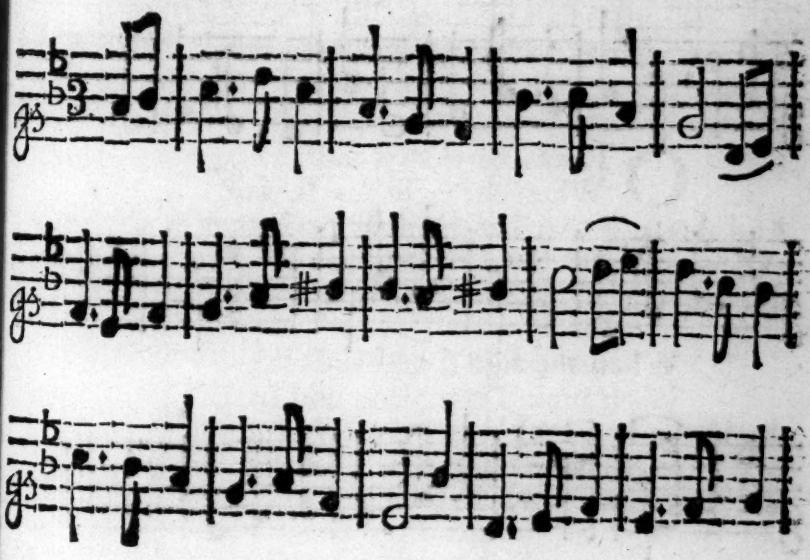
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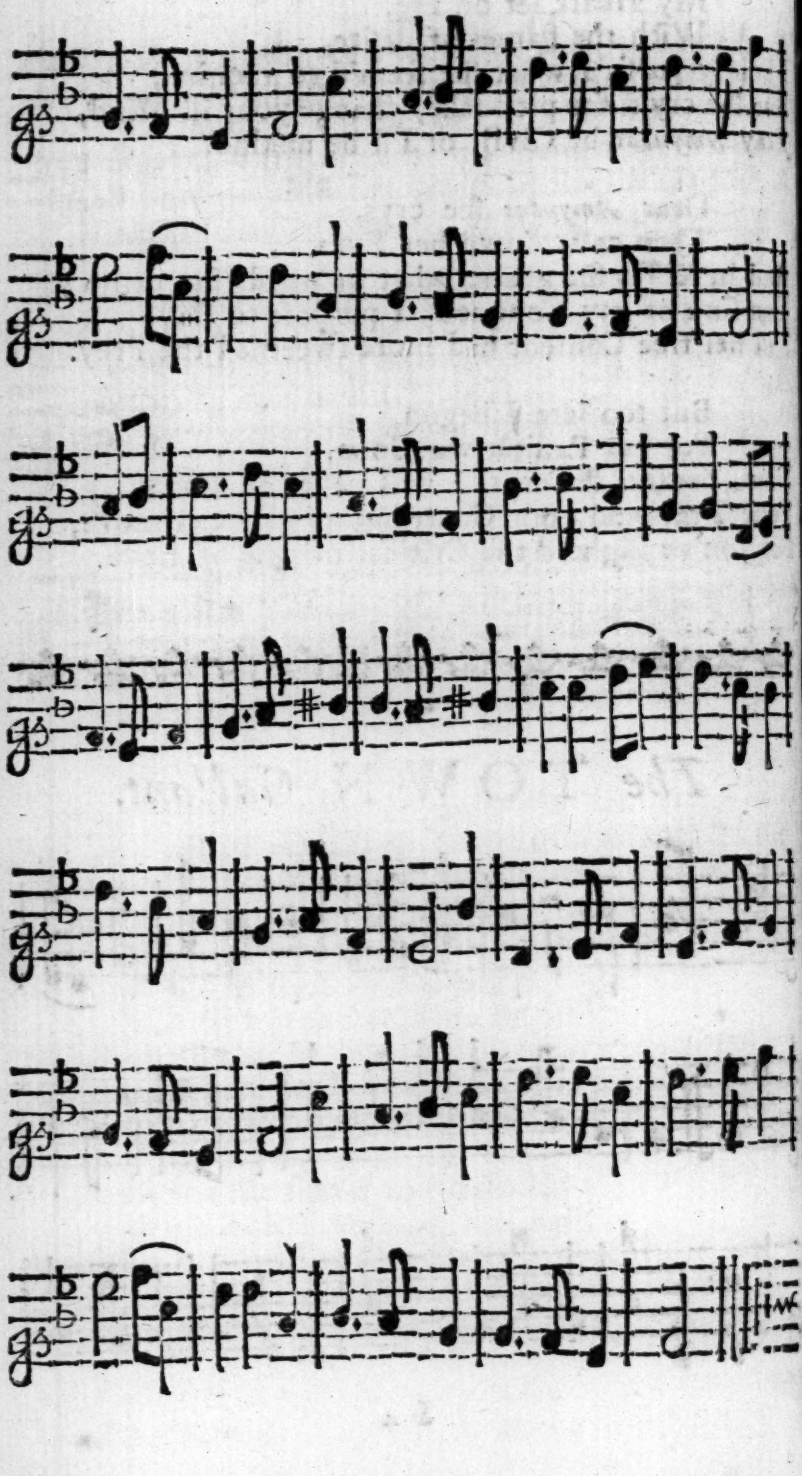
My Heart ſet on fire,
With the flames of deſire,
I boldly purſu'd what ſhe ſeem'd to require;
But ſhe cry'd for pity-ſake, change your ill Mind,
Pray *Amyntas* be Civil, or I'll be unkind.

Dear *Amyntas* ſhe crys,
Then caſts down her Eyes,
And in Kiſſes ſhe gives, what in words ſhe denys;
Too ſure of my Conqueſt, I purpoſe to ſtay,
Till her free Conſent had more ſweetned the Prey.

But too late I begun,
For her Paſſion was done,
Now *Amyntas* ſhe crys, I will never be won;
Your Tears and your Courtſhip no pity can move,
For you've ſlighted the Critical minute of Love.

The TOWN *Gallant.*





LET us drink and be merry, Dance, Joke, & Rejoice,
With Claret and Sherry, Theorbo and Voice;
The changeable World to our Joy is unjuſt,
All Treaſure's uncertain, then down with your duſt:
In Frolicks diſpoſe your Pounds Shillings and Pence,
For we ſhall be nothing a Hundred years hence.

We'll Kiſs and be free with *Moll*, *Betty*, and *Nelly*,
Have Oyſters and Lobſters, and Maids by the Belly,
Fiſh Dinners will make a Laſs ſpring like a Flea,
Dame *Venus* (Love's Goddeſs) was born of the Sea:
With *Bacchus* and with her we'll tickle the ſence,
For we ſhall be paſt it a Hundred years hence.
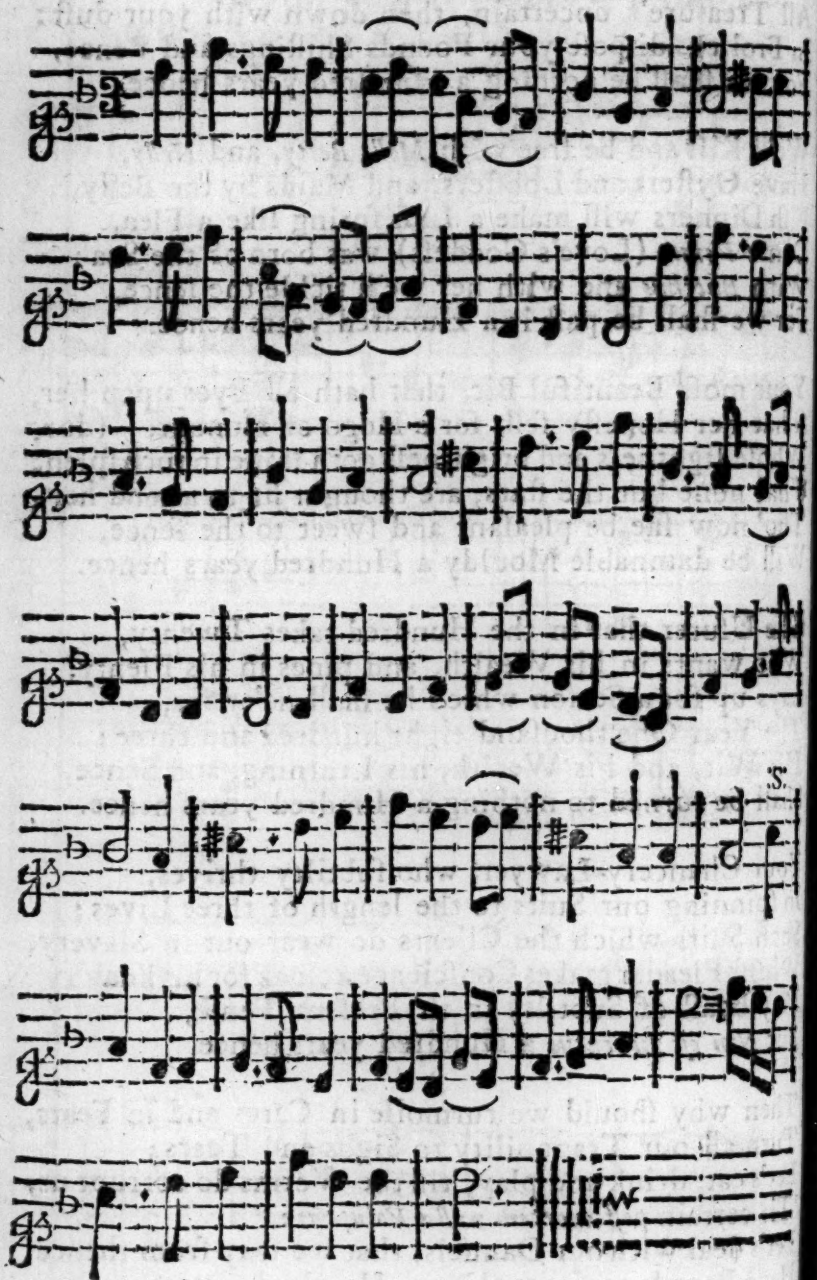
Your moſt Beautiful Bit, that hath all Eyes upon her,
That her Honeſty ſells for a Hogo of Honour; (dor,
Whoſe lightneſs and brightneſs doth ſhine in ſuch ſplen-
That none but the ſtars, are thought fit to attend her:
Tho' now ſhe be pleaſant and ſweet to the ſence,
Will be damnable Mouldy a Hundred years hence.

The Uſurer that in the Hundred takes Twenty,
Who wants in his Wealth, and pines in his Plenty,
Lays up for a Seaſon which he ſhall ne'er ſee,
The Year One thouſand eight hundred and three:
His Wit, and his Wealth, his Learning, and Sence,
Shall be turned to nothing a Hundred years hence.

Your Chancery-Lawyer, who ſubtilty thrives,
In ſpinning our Suits to the length of three Lives;
Such Suits which the Clients do wear out in Slavery,
Whilſt Pleader makes Conſcience a cloak for his knav'ry:
May boaſt of Subtilty in th' Preſent Tenſe,
But *Non eſt Inventus* a Hundred years hence.

Then why ſhould we turmoile in Cares and in Fears,
Turn all our Tranquility to Sighs and Tears;
Let's eat, drink and play, 'till the Worms do corrupt us,
'Tis certain *poſt mortem nulla Voluptas*:
Let's deal with our Damſels, that we may from thence,
Have Broods to ſucceed us a Hundred years hence.

DORINDA *Lamenting the loss of her* AMYNTAS.
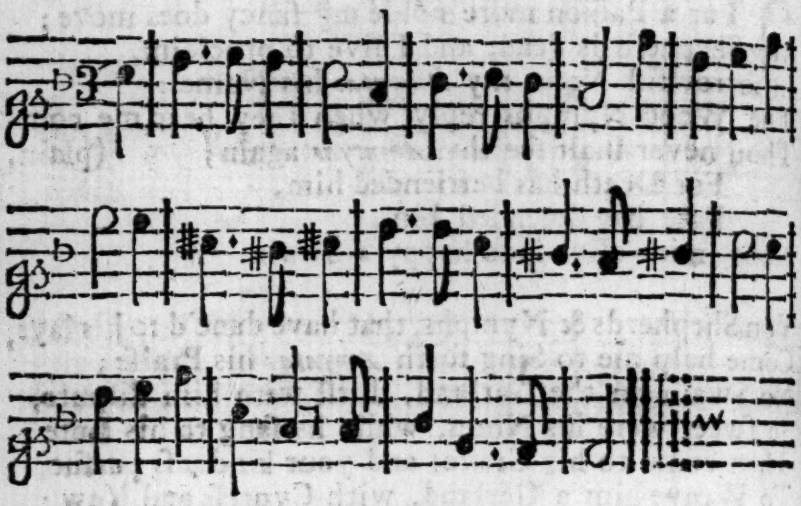


A Dieu to the Pleaſures and Follies of Love,
For a Paſſion more noble my fancy does move;
My Shepherd is dead, and I live to proclaim,
In ſorrowful Notes my *Amyntas* his Name:
The Wood-Nymphs reply when they hear me com-plain,
Thou never ſhalt ſee thy *Amntyas* again;
For Death has befriended him,
Fate has defended him,
None, none alive is ſo happy a Swain.

You Shepherds & Nymphs, that have danc'd to his lays,
Come help me to Sing forth *Amyntas* his Praiſe;
No Swain for the Garland, durſt with him diſpute,
So ſweet were his Notes, while he ſang to his Lute:
Then come to his Grave, and your kindneſs purſue,
To Weave him a Garland, with Cypreſs and Yew;
For Life hath forſaken him,
Death hath o'ertaken him,
No Swain again will be ever ſo true.

Then leave me alone to my wretched eſtate,
I loſt him too ſoon, and I lov'd him too late;
You Ecchoes, and Fountains, my witneſſes prove,
How deeply I Sigh for the loſs of my Love:
And now of our *Pan*, whom we chiefly adore,
This favour I never will ceaſe to Implore;
That now I may go above,
And there enjoy my Love,
Then, then I never will part with him more.

A SONG.
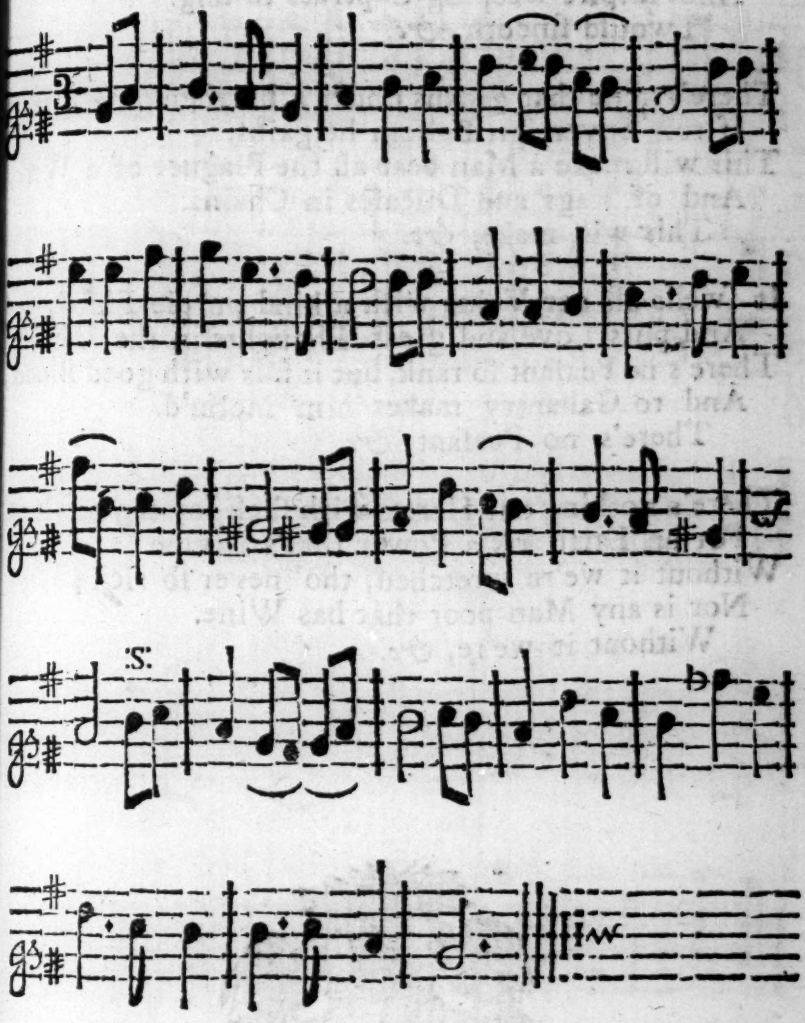


LET's Love and let's Laugh,
Let's Dance and let's Sing;
While ſhrill Ecchoes ring;
Our Wiſhes agree,
And from Care we are free,
Then who is ſo Happy, ſo happy as we?

We'll preſs the ſoft Graſs,
Each Swain with his Laſs,
And follow the Chaſe;
When weary we be,
We'll ſleep under a Tree,
Then who is ſo Happy, &c.

By Flatt'ry or Fraud,
No Shepherds betray'd,
Or Cheats the fond Maid;
No falſe ſubtle Knee,
To deceive us we ſee,
Then who is ſo Happy, &c.

We envy no Pow'r,
They cannot be poor,
That wiſh for no more;
Some Richer may be,
And of higher degree,
And none are ſo Happy, ſo happy as we.

A SONG.



LET the daring Advent'rers be toſs'd on the Main,
And for Riches no Danger decline;
Tho' with hazard the Spoils of both *Indies* they gain,
They can bring us no Treaſure like Wine:
Tho' with Hazard the Spoils of both *Indies* they gain,
They can bring us no Treaſure like Wine.

Enough

Enough of ſuch Wealth would a *Beggar* enrich,
And ſupply great wants in a King:
'Twould ſmooth off the Griefs in a comfortleſs Wretch,
And inſpire weeping Captives to ſing.
'Twould ſmooth, *&c.*
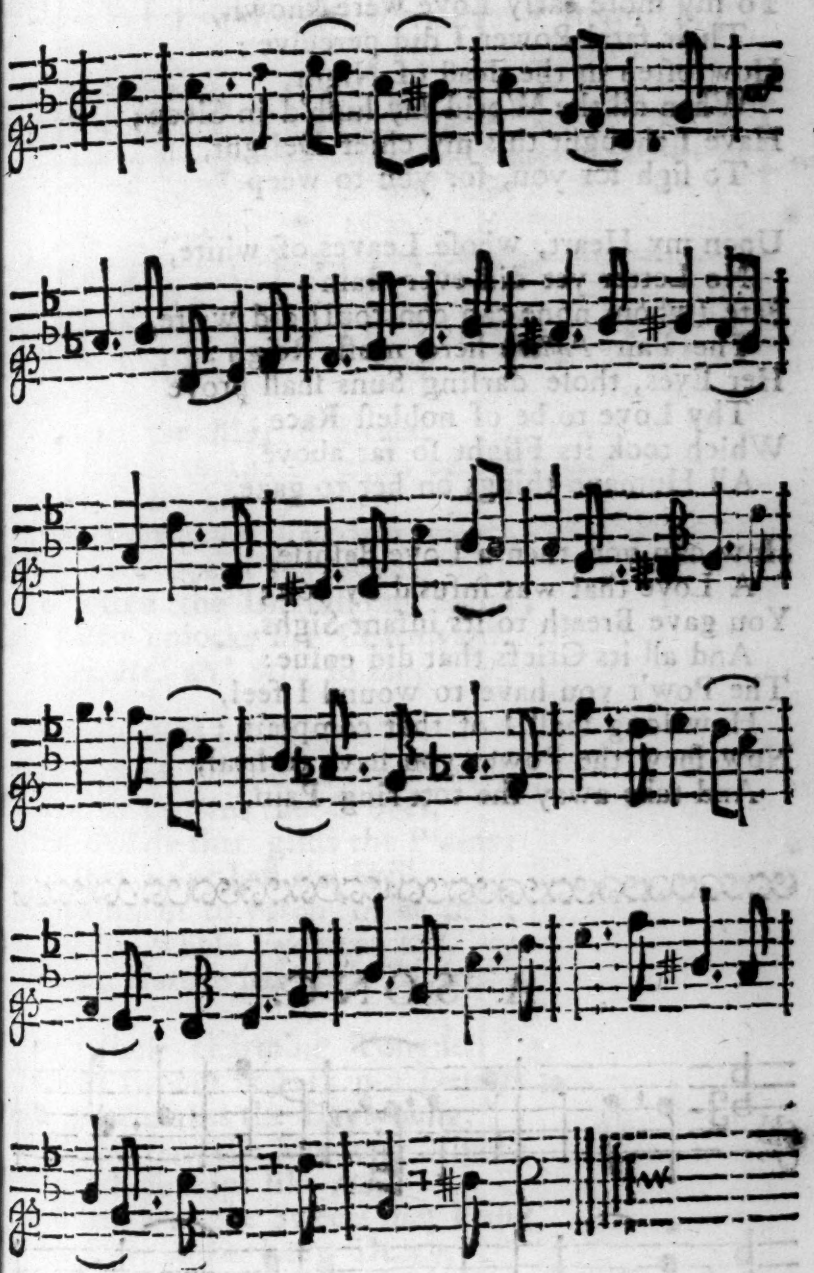
There's none that groans under a burthenſome Life,
If this Sovereign Balſom he gains,
This will make a Man bear all the Plagues of a Wife,
And of Rags and Diſeaſes in Chains.
This will make, *&c.*

It ſwells all our Veins with a kind purple Flood,
And puts Love and great Thoughts in the Mind:
There's no Peaſant ſo rank, but it fills with good Blood,
And to Gallantry makes him inclin'd.
There's no Peaſant, *&c.*

There's nothing our Hearts with ſuch Joy can bewitch,
For on Earth 'tis a Power that's Divine:
Without it we're wretched, tho' never ſo rich;
Nor is any Man poor that has Wine.
Without it we're, *&c.*



A SONG.
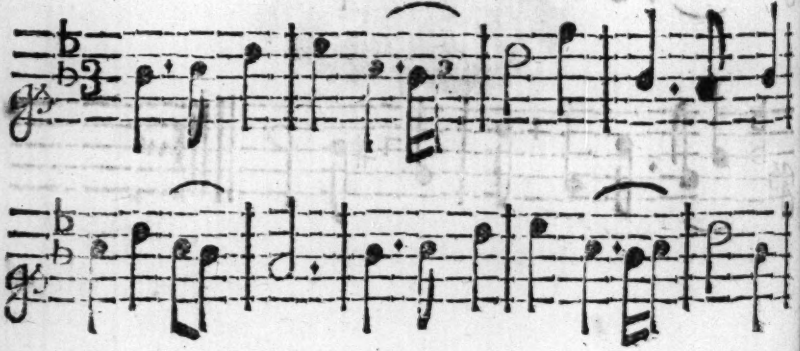


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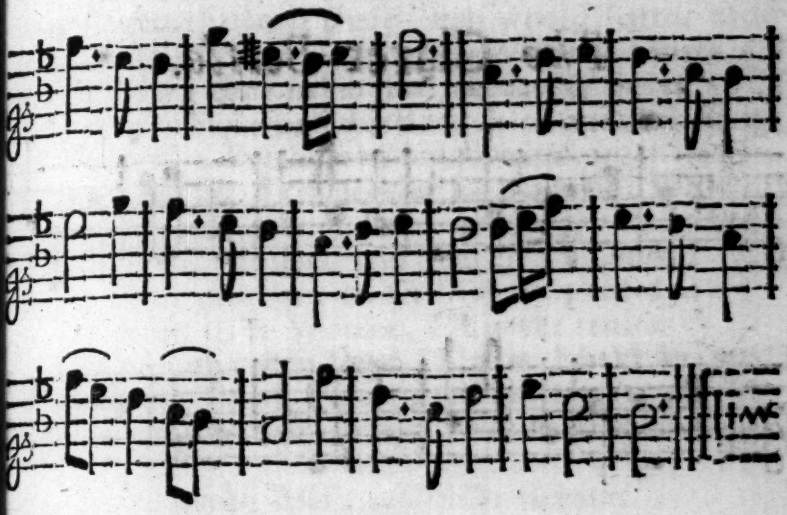
Paſtora's Beauties when unblown,
E'er yet the tender Budd did cleave,
To my more early Love were known,
Their fatal Power I did perceive:
How often in the dead of Night,
When all the World lay huſh'd in Sleep;
Have I thought this my chief Delight,
To ſigh for you, for you to weep.

Upon my Heart, whoſe Leaves of white,
No Letter yet did ever ſtain:
Fate (whom none can controul) did write,
The Fair *Paſtora* here muſt Reign:
Her Eyes, thoſe darling Suns ſhall prove
Thy Love to be of nobleſt Race;
Which took its Flight ſo far above,
All Humane things on her to gaze.

How can you then a Love deſpiſe,
A Love that was infus'd by you;
You gave Breath to its infant Sighs,
And all its Griefs that did enſue:
The Pow'r you have to wound I feel,
How long ſhall I of that complain;
Now ſhew the Power you have to heal,
And take away the tott'ring Pain.

A SONG.
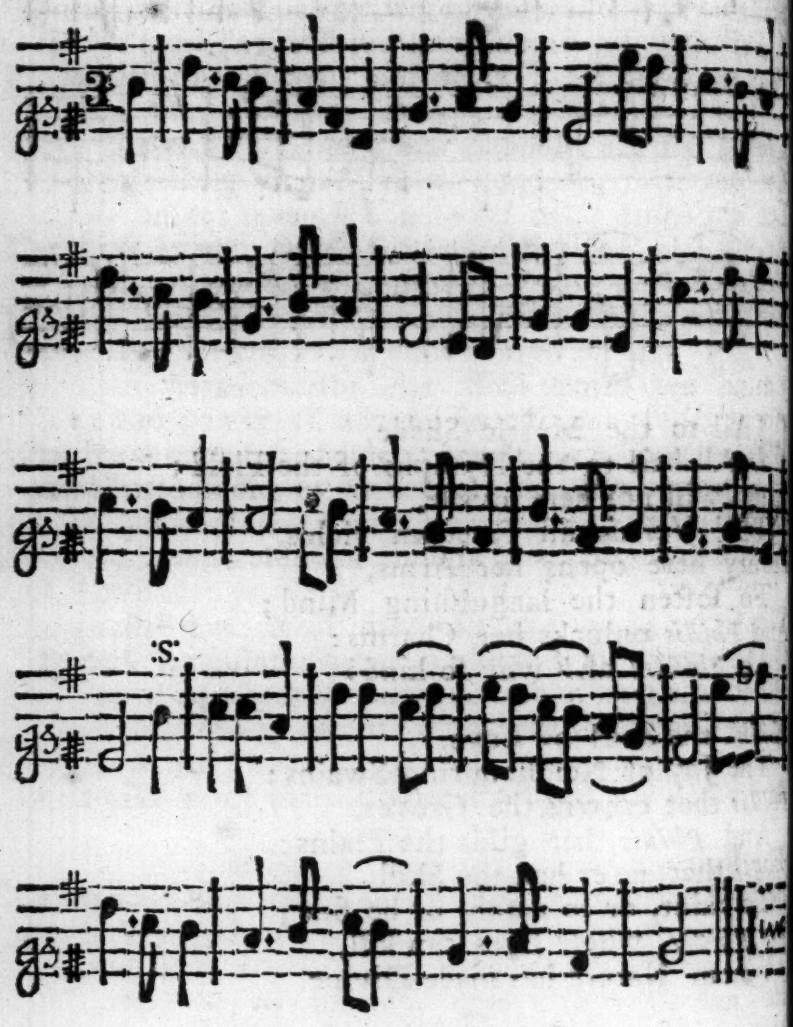




HAil to the Myrtle Shade,
All hail to the Nymphs of the Field:
Kings will not here invade,
Tho' Vertue all Freedom yields,
Beauty here opens her Arms,
To ſoften the languiſhing Mind;
And *Phillis* unlocks her Charms:
Ah *Phillis!* ah! why ſo kind?

Phillis, the Soul of Love,
The Joy of Neighbouring Swains:
Phillis that crowns the Groves,
And *Phillis* that gilds the Plains:
Phillis that ne'er had the Skill,
To paint, or to patch, or be fine;
Yet *Phillis*, whoſe Eyes can kill,
Whom Nature has made Divine.

Phillis, whoſe charming Tongue,
Makes Labour and Pain a Delight;
Phillis that makes the Day young,
And ſhortens the live-long Night:
Phillis, whoſe Lips like *May*,
Still laugh at the Sweets they bring,
Where Love never knew Decay,
But ſets with eternal Spring.

The

The Claret *Bottle.*



A Pox of the fooling and plotting of late,
What a Pother and Stir has it kept in the State?
Let the Rabble run mad with Suſpicions and Fears;
Let 'em ſcuffle and jarr till they go by the Ears:
Their Grievances never ſhall trouble my Pate,
So I can enjoy my dear Bottle at Quiet.

What

[Eaſe,
What Coxcombs were thoſe, who would barter their
And their Necks for a Toy, a thin Wafer and Maſs?
At Old *Tyburn* they never had needed to ſwing,
Had they been but true Subjects to drink and their King:
A Friend and a Bottle is all my Deſign,
H'as no room for Treaſon that's top full of Wine.

I mind not the Menders and Makers of Laws,
Let 'em ſit or prorogue as his Majeſty pleaſes;
Let 'em damn us to Woolen, I'll never repine
At my Lodging when Dead, ſo alive I have Wine:
Yet oft in my Drink I can hardly forbear,
To curſe 'em for making my Claret ſo dear.
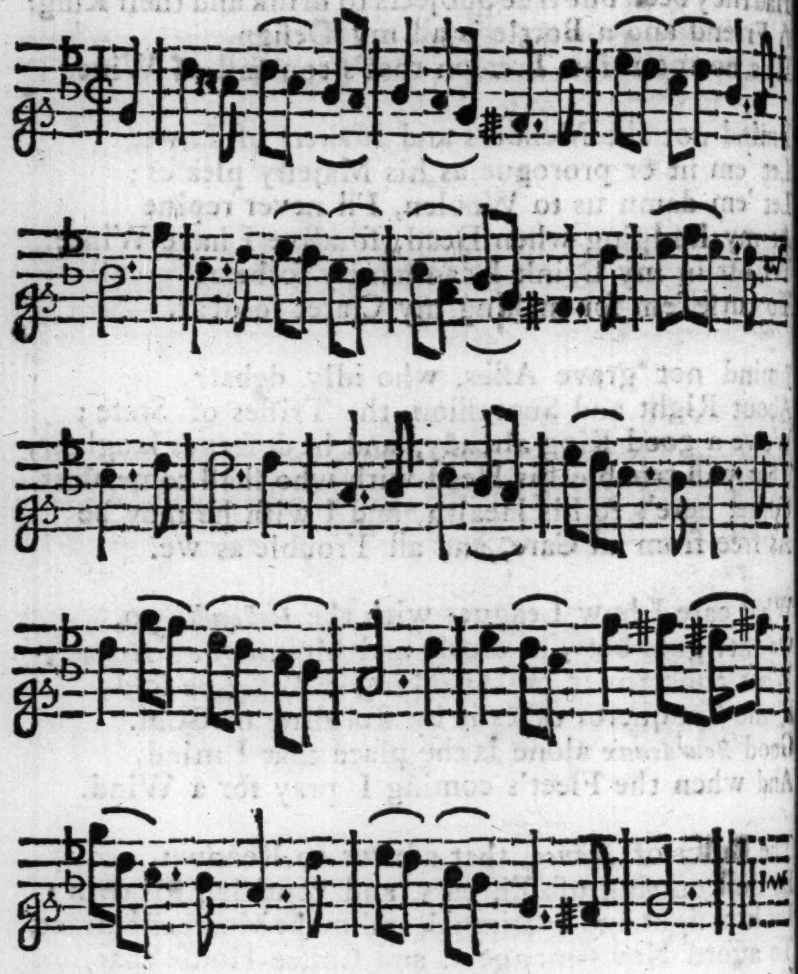
I mind not grave Aſſes, who idly debate,
About Right and Succeſſion, the Trifles of State;
We've a good King already, and he deſerves laughter,
That will trouble his Head with who ſhall come after.
Come, here's to his Health, and I wiſh he may be
As free from all Care, and all Trouble as we.

What care I how Leagues with the *Hollander* go,
Or Intrigues betwixt *Sidney* and Mounſieur *d'Avaux*;
What concerns it my Drinking if *Caſſal* be ſold,
If the Conqueror takes it by ſtorming or Gold.
Good *Bourdeaux* alone is the place that I mind,
And when the Fleet's coming I pray for a Wind.

The Bully of *France*, that aſpires to Renown,
By dull cutting of Throats, and vent'ring his own;
Let him fight and be damn'd, and make Matches & treat,
To afford News-mongers, and Coffee-Houſe that,
He's but a brave Wretch, whilſt I am more free,
More ſafe, and a thouſand times happier than he.

Come he or the Pope, or the Devil to boot;
Or come Fagot and Stake, I care not a Groat;
Never think that in *Smithfield* I Porters will beat,
No, I ſwear Mr. *Fox*, pray excuſe me for that;
I'll drink in Defiance of Gibbet and Halter,
This is the Profeſſion that never will alter.

A SONG.
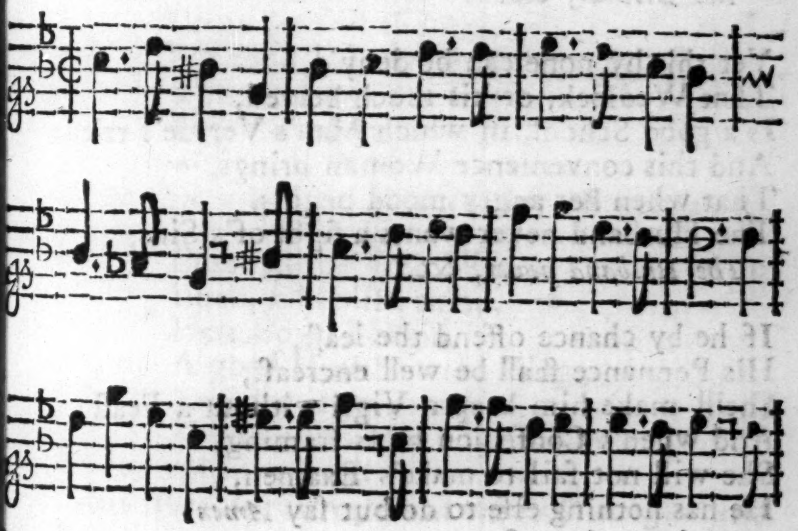


RAnging the Plain one Summers night,
To paſs a vacant hour,
I fortunately chanc'd to light,
On lovely *Phillis* Bow'r,
The Nymph adorn'd with thouſand Charms,
In expectation ſate,
To meet thoſe Joys in *Strephon*'s Arms,
Which Tongue cannot relate.
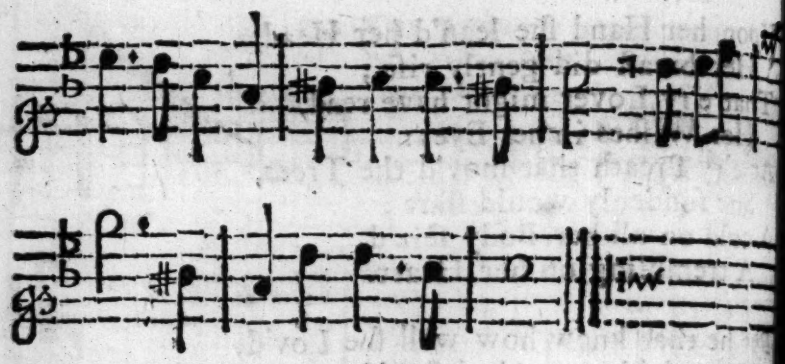
Up-

Upon her Hand ſhe lean'd her Head,
  Her breaſt did gently riſe;
That e'ry Lover might have read,
  Her Wiſhes in her Eyes:
At e'ry Breath that mov'd the Trees,
  She ſuddenly would ſtart;
A cold on all her Body ſeiz'd,
  A trembling on her Heart.

But he that knew how well ſhe Lov'd,
  Beyond his hour had ſtay'd;
And both with Fear and Anger mov'd,
  The melancholly Maid:
Ye Gods, ſhe ſaid, how oft he ſwore,
  He would be here by One;
But now alas! 'tis Six and more,
  And yet he is not come.

On *MARRIAGE.*
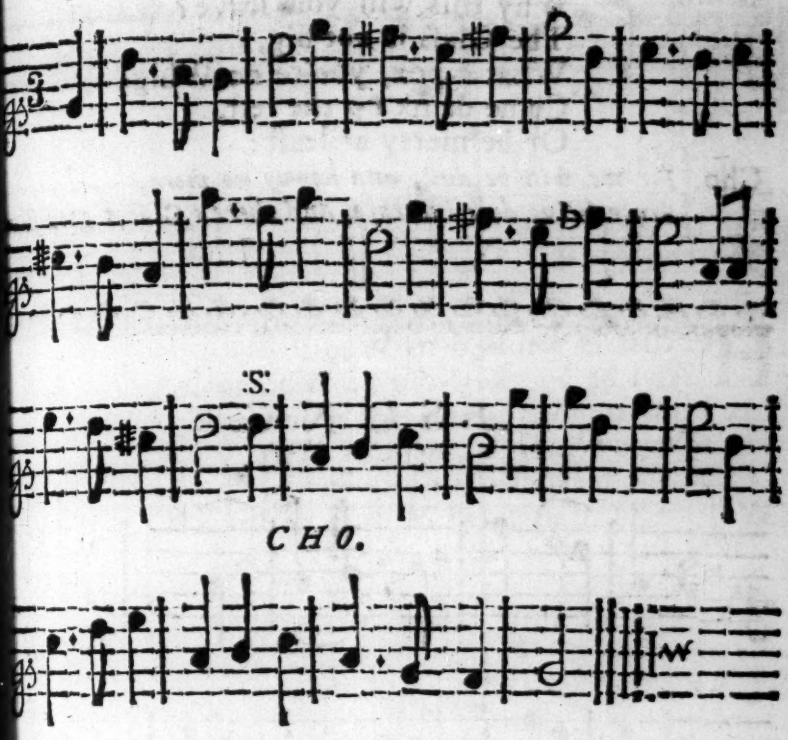




HE that is reſolv'd to Wed,
And be by the Noſe by Woman led,
Let him conſider't well e'er he be ſped;
For that Jew'd Inſtrument, a Wife,
If that ſhe be enclin'd to ſtrife,
Will find a Man ſhrill Muſick all his life,
Will find a Man, &c.

If he approach her when ſhe's vext,
Nearer than the Parſon does his Text,
He's ſure to have enough of what comes next;
And by our Grammar Rules we ſee,
Two different Genders can't agree,
Nor without Soleſcims connected be,
Nor without, &c.

Yet this by none can be deny'd,
That Wedlock, or 'tis much belyed,
Is a good School, in which Man's Vertue's tried:
And this convenience Woman brings,
That when her angry mood begins,
The Husband never wants a ſight of's Sins,
The Husband never, &c.

If he by chance offend the leaſt,
His Pennance ſhall be well encreaſt,
She'll make him keep a Vigil without a Feaſt;
And when's Confeſſion he is framing,
She will not fail to make's Examen,
He has nothing elſe to do but ſay *Amen*.
He has nothing, &c.

A SONG.



A Curſe on all Cares,
And popular Fears,
Come let's to the *Bell*,
For their Wine there drinks well;
There take of our Glaſs,
Nay it ſhall not one paſs:
Cho. *For we will be dull, and heavy no more,*
Since Wine does increaſe, and there's Claret good ſtore.
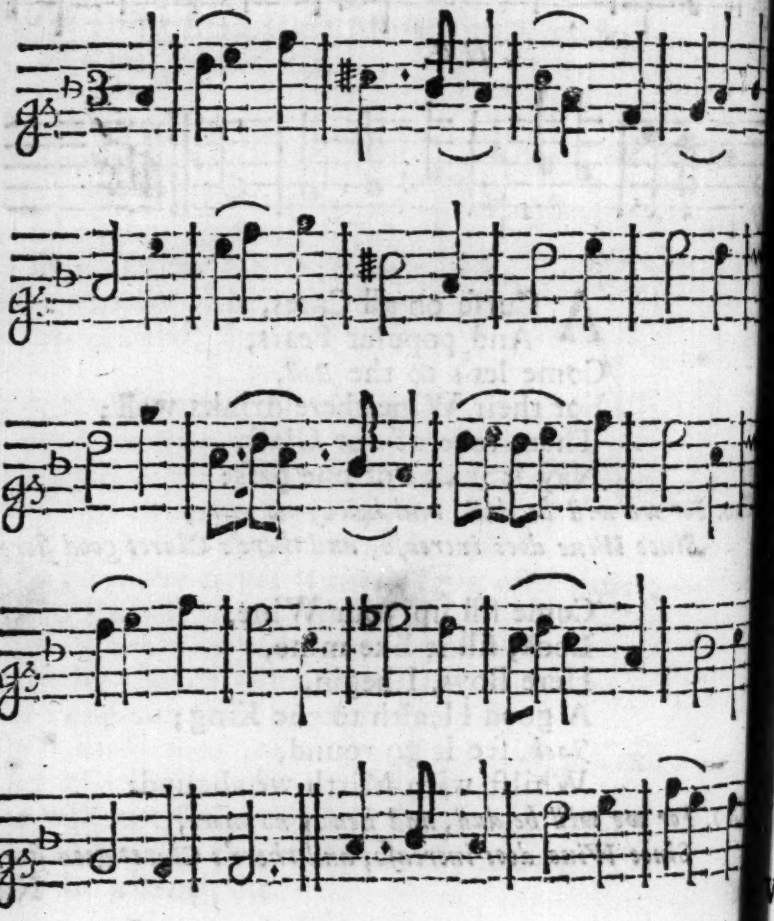
Come fill up your Wine,
Look, fill it like mine,
Here Boys, I begin,
A good Health to the King;
Jack, ſee it go round,
Whilſt with Mirth we abound:
Cho. *For we will be dull, and heavy no more,*
Since Wine does increaſe, and there's Claret good ſtore.
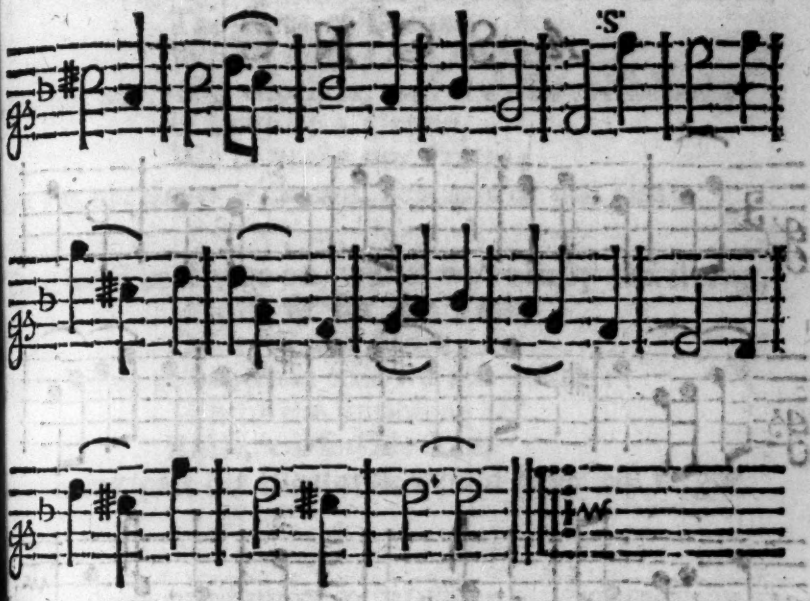
Nay

Nay, don't us deceive,
Why this will you leave?
The Glaſs is not big,
What-a-pox, you're no Whig;
Come drink up the reſt,
Or be merry at leaſt:

Cho. *For we will be dull, and heavy no more,*
Since Wine does increaſe, and there's Claret good ſtore

A SONG.
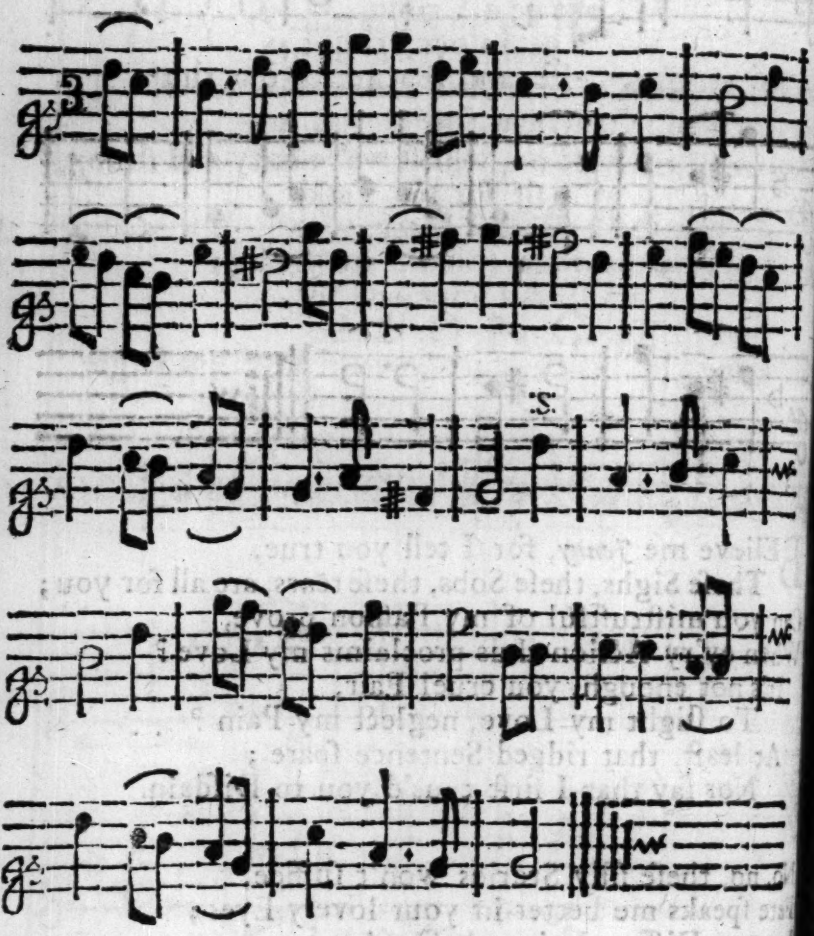




BElieve me *Jenny*, for I tell you true,
These Sighs, these Sobs, these tears, are all for you;
Can you miſtruſtful of my Paſſion prove,
When ev'ry Action thus proclaims my Love?
It's not enough, you cruel Fair,
To ſlight my Love, neglect my Pain?
At leaſt, that ridged Sentence ſpare;
Nor ſay that I firſt caus'd you to Diſdain.

No, no, theſe ſilly Steries won't ſuffice,
Fate ſpeaks me better in your lovely Eyes;
Let not Diſſimulation, baſer Art,
Stifle the buſie Paſſion of your Heart:
Yet, let the Candor of your Mind,
Now with your Beauty equal prove;
Which I believe ne'er yet deſign'd,
The Death of me, and Murder of my Love.

A SONG.
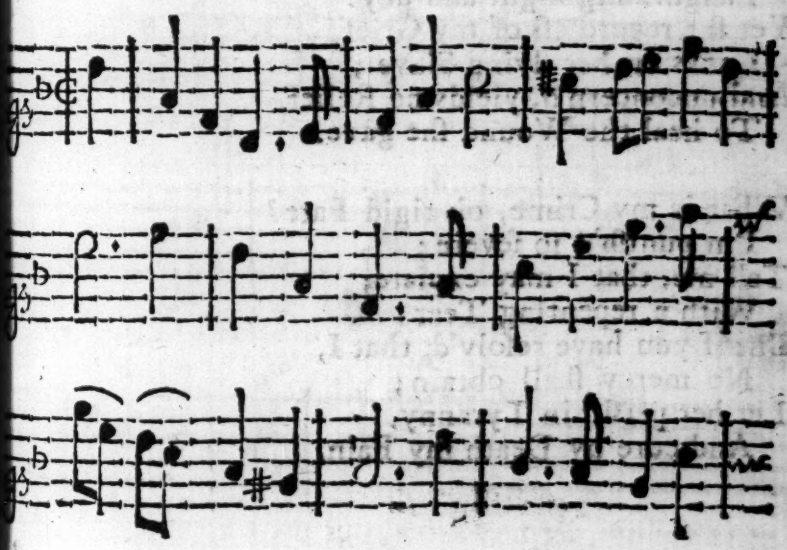


A Pox of dull Mortals of the grave and preciſe,
Who paſt the Delight,
We enjoy each Night,
Give Counſel, inſtruct us, to be counted more wiſe:
When Nature excites,
And Beauty invites,
Let us follow, let us follow, our own appetites.
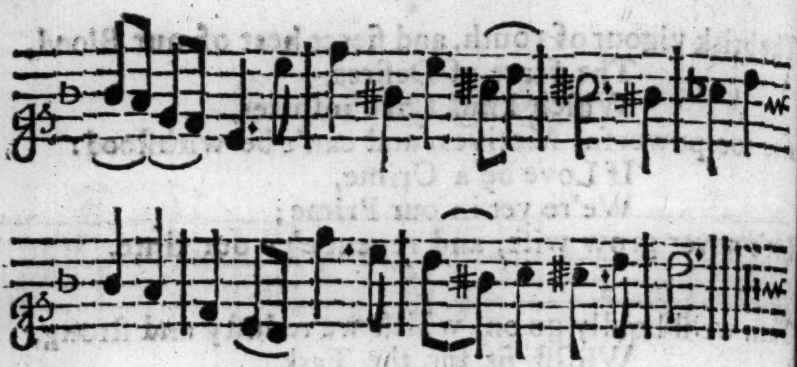
The

The brisk vigour of youth, and fierce heat of our Blood,
The force of Desires,
Which kind Love inspires,
Are too powerful Motives, and can't be withstood:
If Love be a Crime,
We're yet in our Prime;
Let's never grow wise, and repent e'er our time.

Then we'll boldly go on, whilst we're lusty and strong,
Whilst fit for the Task,
Of a Vizard Mask,
And still be as happy as still we are young:
Whilst the impotent Sot,
Rails, curses his Lot,
And being past his Pleasures, would have 'em forgot.

A SONG.
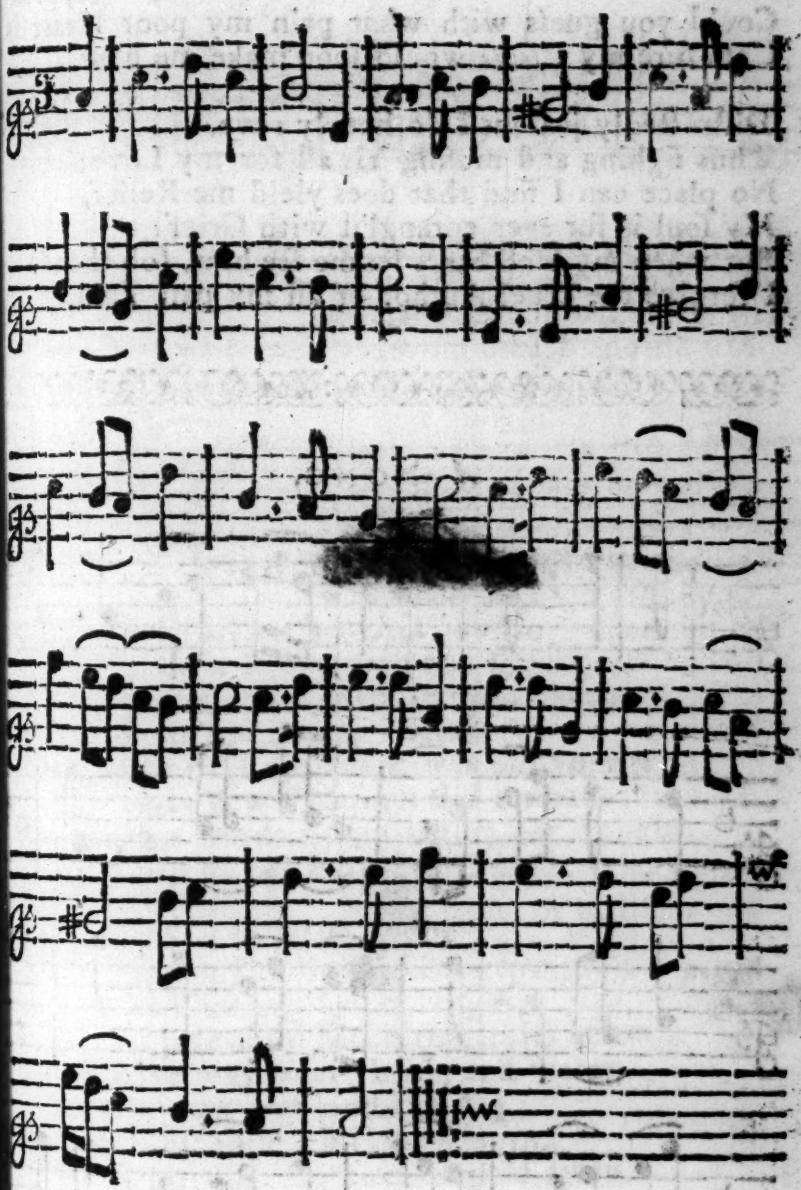




YE happy Swains, whoſe Nymphs are kind,
Teach me the Art of Love:
That I the like ſucceſs may find,
My Shepherdeſs to move:
Long have I ſtrove to win her Heart,
But yet alas! in vain;
For ſhe ſtill acts one cruel part,
Of Rigour and Diſdain.

Whilſt in my Breaſt a Flame moſt pure,
Conſumes my Life away;
Ten thouſand Tortures I endure,
Languiſhing night and day:
Yet ſhe regardleſs of my Grief,
Looks on her dying Slave;
And unconcern'd, yields no Relief,
To heal the Wound ſhe gave.

What is my Crime, oh rigid Fate?
I'm puniſh'd ſo ſevere;
Tell me, that I may expiate;
With a repenting Tear:
But if you have reſolv'd, that I,
No mercy ſhall obtain;
Let her perſiſt in Tyranny,
And cure by Death my Pain.
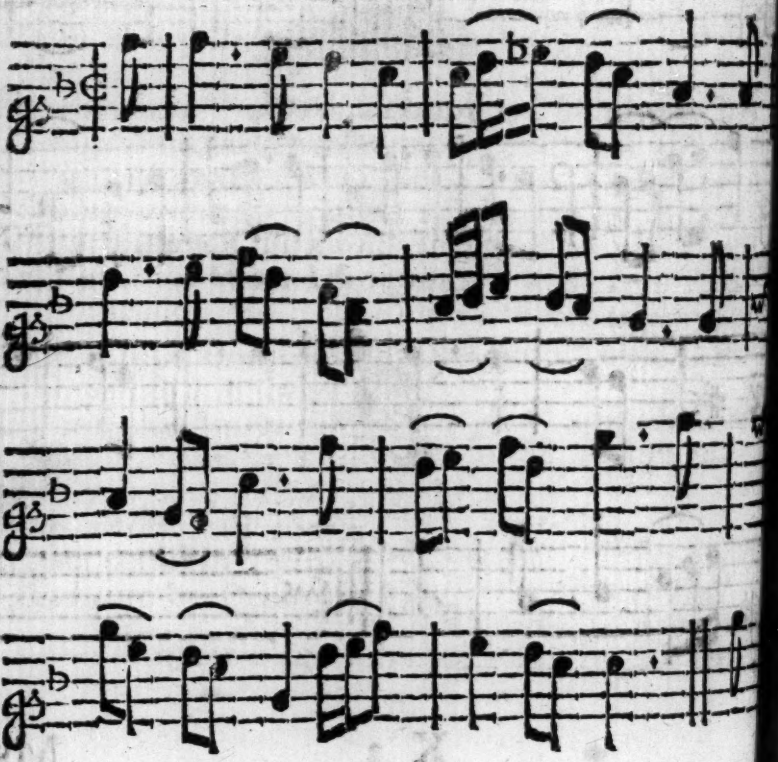
A SONG.
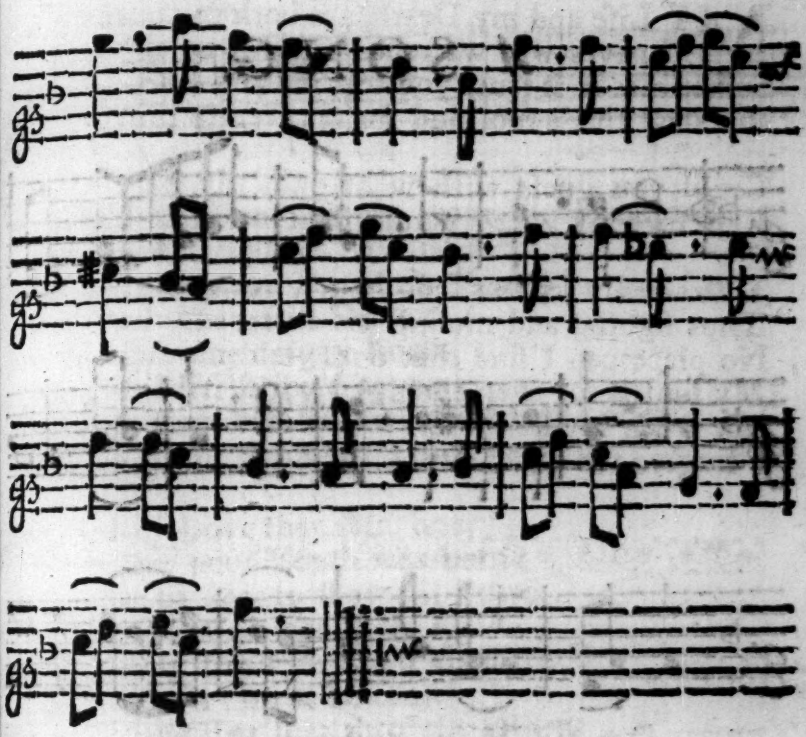


MY Life and my Death, are both in your pow'r,
I never was wretched 'till this cruel hour;
Sometimes it is true, you tell me you love,
But alas! that's too kind for me ever to prove:
Could you gueſs with what pain my poor Heart is (oppreſt,
I am ſure my *Alexis* would ſoon make me bleſt.

Diſtractedly jealous I do hourly rove,
Thus ſighing and muſing 'tis all for my Love;
No place can I find that does yield me Relief,
My ſoul is for ever entangl'd with Grief:
But when my kind Stars let me ſee him, (oh then!)
I forgive the cruel Author of all my paſt Pain.

A SONG.
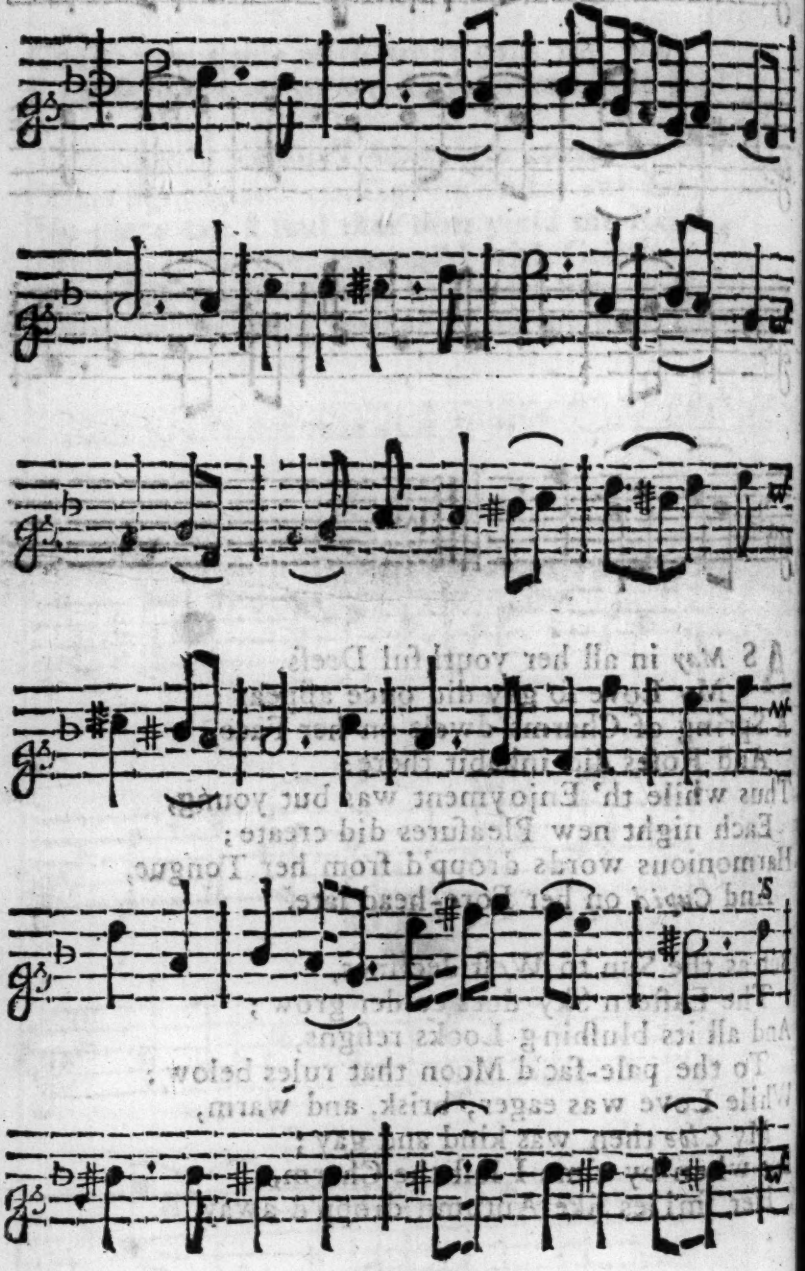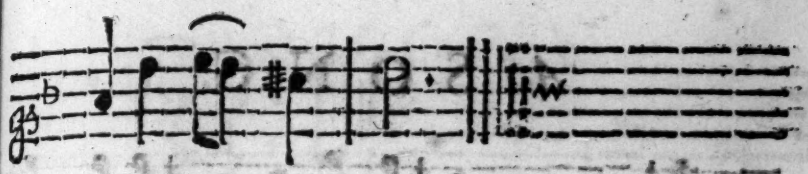




AS *May* in all her youthful Dreſs,
My Love ſo gay did once appear;
A Spring of Charms dwelt on her Face,
And Roſes did inhabit there:
Thus while th' Enjoyment was but young,
Each night new Pleaſures did create;
Harmonious words dropp'd from her Tongue,
And *Cupid* on her Fore-head ſate.

But as the Sun to Weſt declines,
The Eaſtern Sky does colder grow;
And all its bluſhing Looks reſigns,
To the pale-fac'd Moon that rules below:
While Love was eager, brisk, and warm,
My *Cloe* then was kind and gay;
But when by time I loſt the Charm,
Her ſmiles like Autumn dropp'd away.

A SONG.
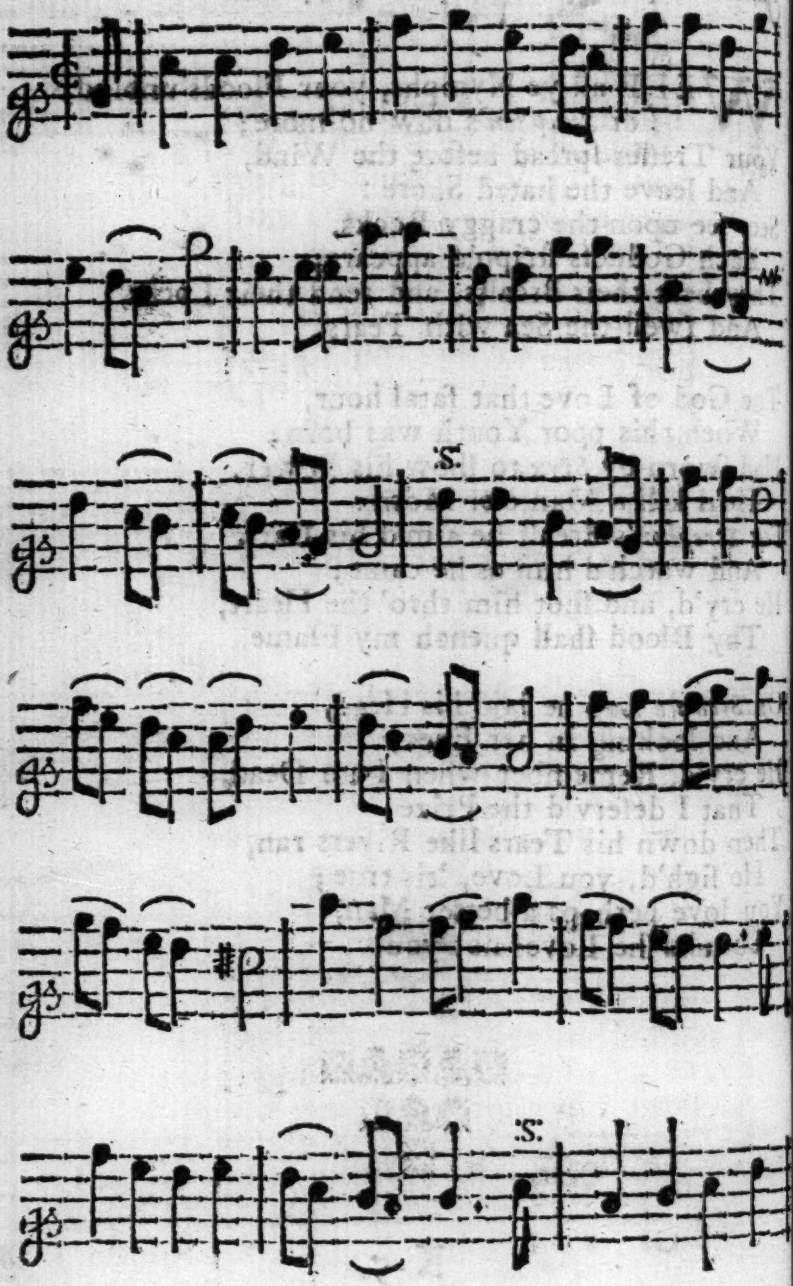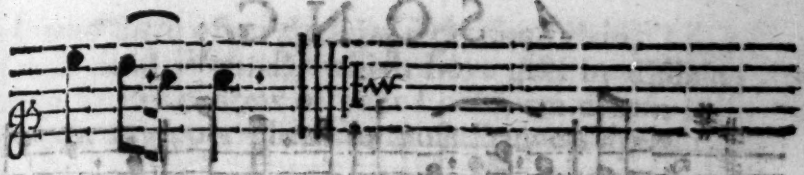




WEEP all ye Nymphs, your Floods unbind,
For *Strephon*'s now no more;
Your Treſſes ſpread before the Wind,
And leave the hated Shore:
See, ſee upon the craggy Rocks,
Each Goddeſs ſtripp'd appears;
They beat their Breaſts, and rend their Locks,
And ſwell the Sea with Tears.

The God of Love that fatal hour,
When this poor Youth was born;
Had ſworn by *Styx* to ſhow his Power,
He'd kill a Man e'er Morn:
For *Strephon*'s Breaſt he aim'd his Dart.
And watch'd him as he came;
He cry'd, and ſhot him thro' the Heart,
Thy Blood ſhall quench my Flame.

On *Stella*'s Lap he laid his Head,
And looking in her Eyes;
He cry'd, Remember when I am Dead,
That I deſerv'd the Prize:
Then down his Tears like Rivers ran,
He ſigh'd, you Love, 'tis true;
You love perhaps a better Man,
But ah! he Loves not you.

A SONG.
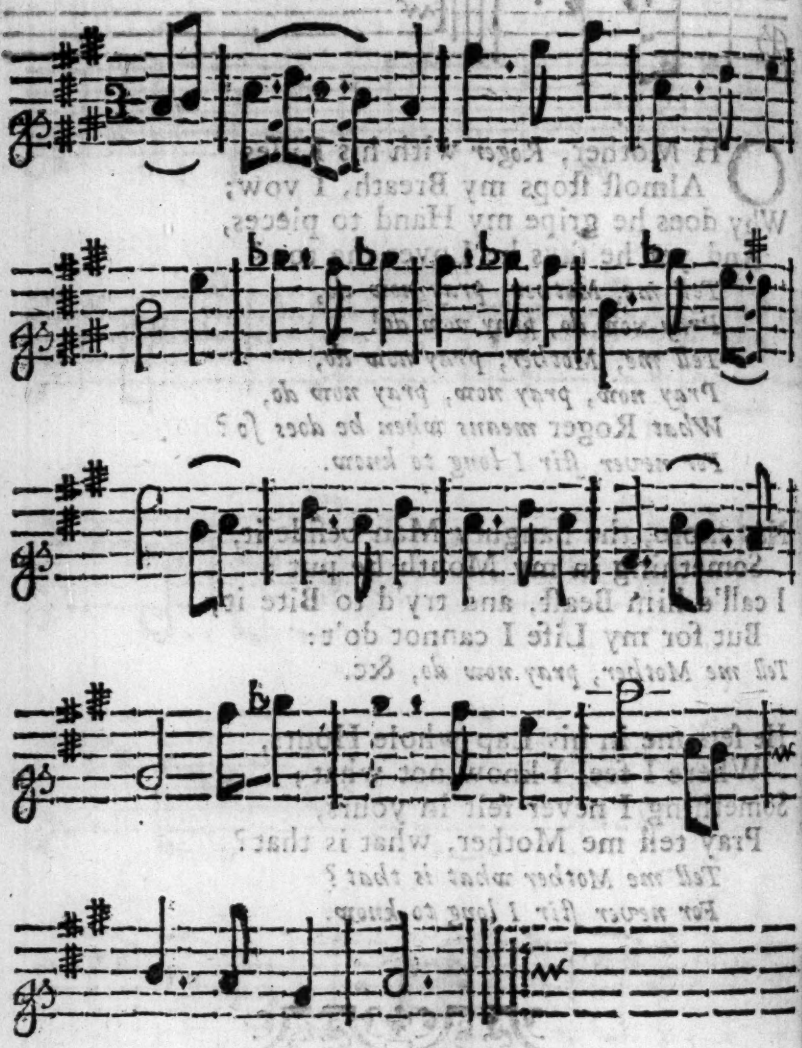




OH Mother, *Roger* with his Kiſſes
Almoſt ſtops my Breath, I vow;
Why does he gripe my Hand to pieces,
And yet he ſays he Loves me too?
Tell me, Mother, pray now do,
Pray now do, pray now do!
Tell me, Mother, pray now do,
Pray now, pray now, pray now do,
What Roger *means when he does ſo?*
For never ſtir I long to know.

Nay more, the naughty Man beſide it,
Something in my Mouth he put;
I call'd him Beaſt, and try'd to Bite it,
But for my Life I cannot do't:
Tell me Mother, pray now do, &c.

He ſets me in his Lap whole Hours,
Where I feel I know not what;
Something I never felt in yours,
Pray tell me Mother, what is that?
Tell me Mother what is that?
For never ſtir I long to know.

A SONG.
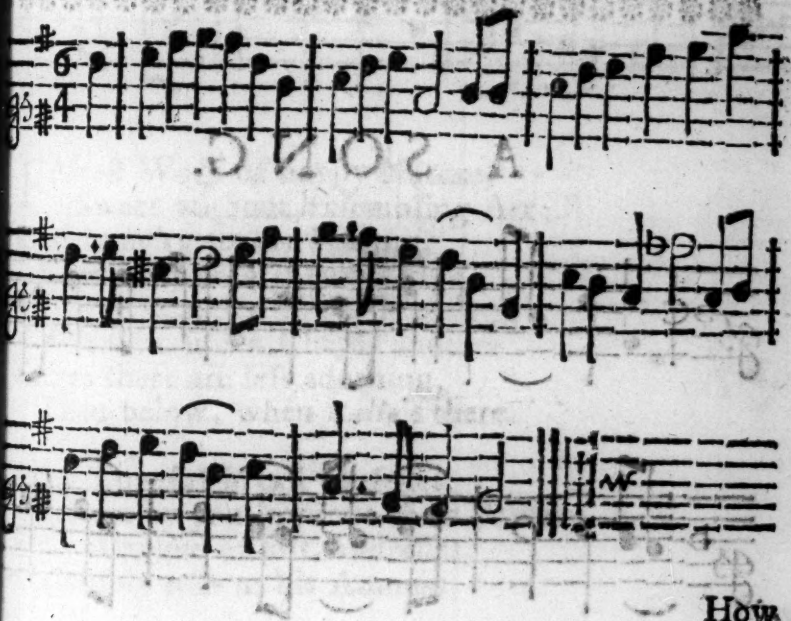


YOur Gameſter, provok'd by his Loſs may forſwear,
And rayl againſt Play, yet can never forbear;
Deluded with Hopes, what is loſt may be won,
In Paſſion plays on, 'till at laſt he's undone.

So I, who have often declaim'd the fond Pain,
Of thoſe fatal Wounds, which Love gets by diſdain;
Seduc'd by the charms of your Looks, am drawn in,
To expoſe my poor Heart to thoſe Dangers agen.

Clariſſa, I live on the hopes of my Love,
Which flatters me ſo, that you kinder will prove;
In ſome lucky Minute I hope to enjoy thee,
And rout all your Forces in Arms to deſtroy me.

My Fortune I hope is reſerv'd for this caſt,
To make me a ſaver for all my Life paſt;
Be lucky this once, Dice! 'tis all I implore,
I'll gladly tye up then, and tempt you no more.

A SONG.



How
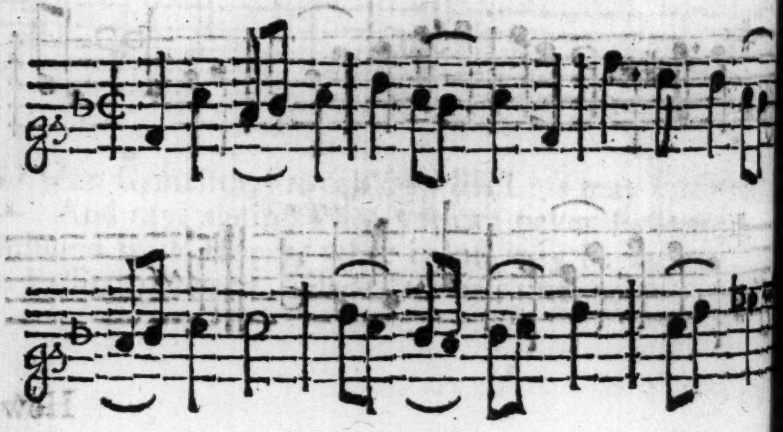
HOW lovely's a Woman before she's Enjoy'd,
When the spirits are strong, & the Fancy not cloy'd
We admire every Part, tho' never so plain,
Which when throughly possest, we quickly disdain.
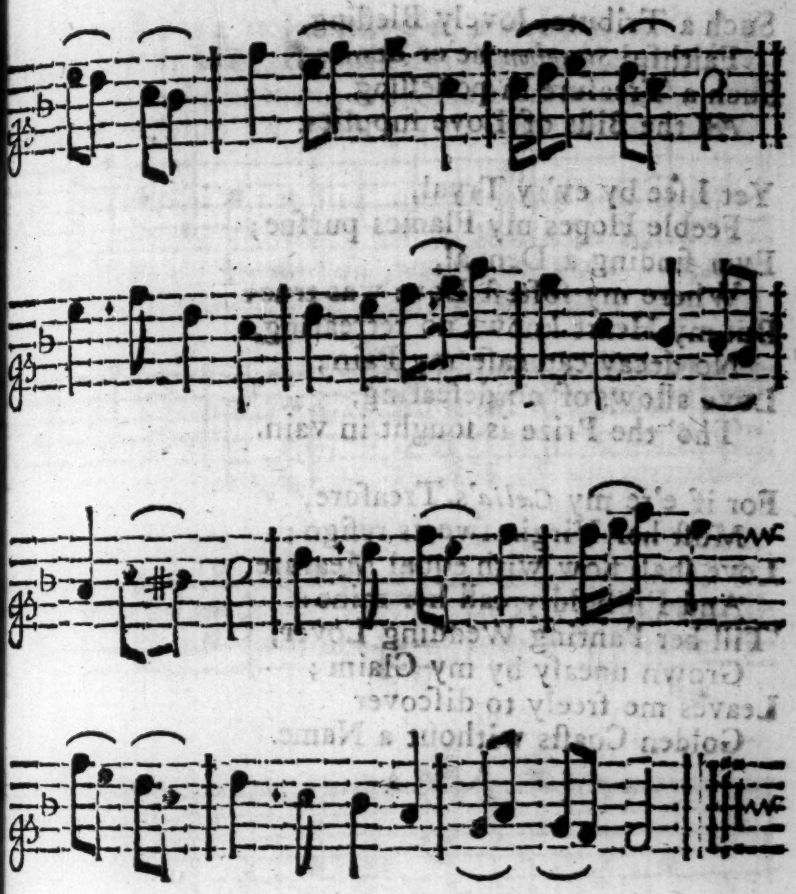
So Drinking we love too, just at the same rate,
For when we are at it, we Foolishly prate;
What Acts we have done, and set up for a Wit,
But next Morning's Pains, our Pleasure do quit.

But Music's a Pleasure, that tires not so soon,
'Tis Pleasant in Morning, 'tis welcome at Noon;
'Tis Charming at Night, to sing Catches in Parts,
It diverts our dull Hours, and rejoices our Hearts.

But Music alone, without Women and Wine,
Will govern but dully, tho' never so fine;
Therefore by consent, we'll enjoy them all three,
Wine and Music for you, and the Woman for me.

A SONG.





FAireſt Work of happy Nature,
Sweet without diſſembling Art;
Kind in ev'ry tender Feature,
Cruel only in a Heart:
View the Beauties of the Morning,
Where no ſullen Clouds appear;
Graces there are leſs adorning,
Than below, when *Cælia*'s there.

Ev'ry Tuneful Breaſt confeſſes,
Sounds by you improve their Power;
Ev'ry Tongue in ſoft Addreſſes,
Humbly tells us his Amour:
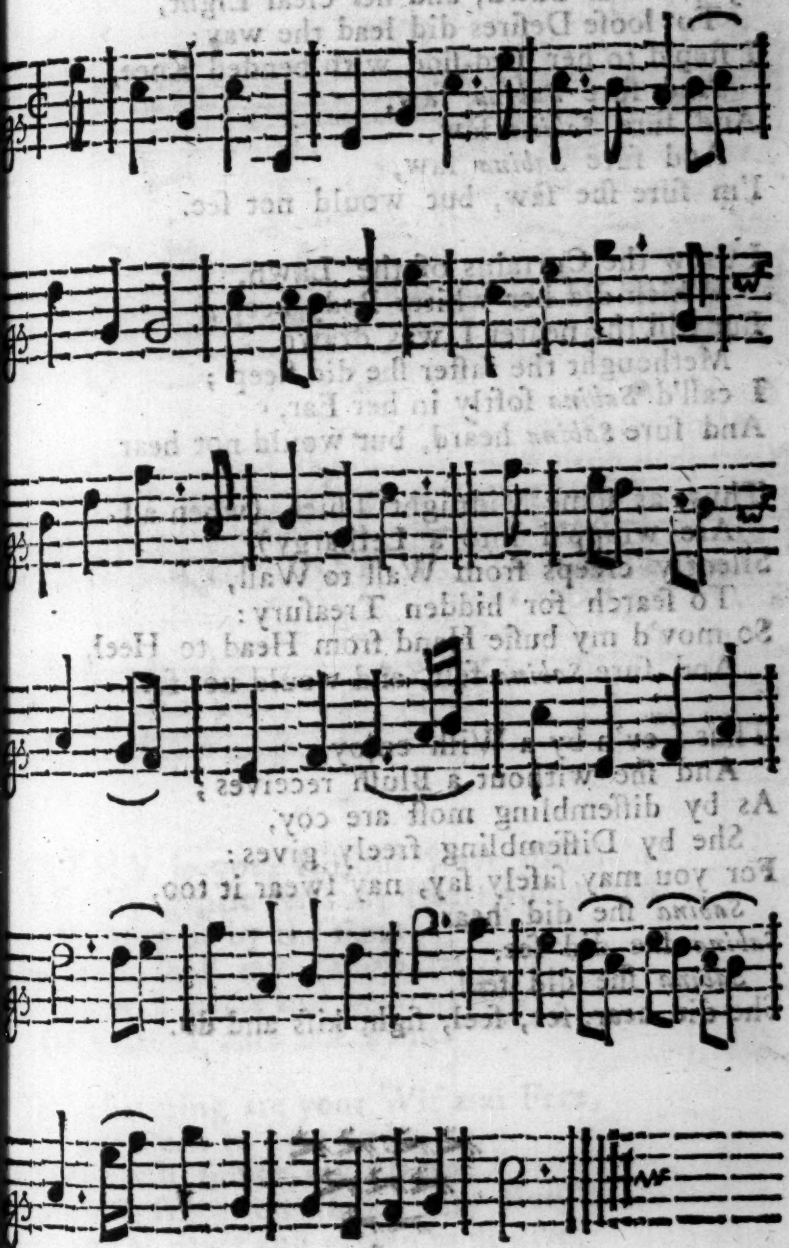
Such

Such a Tribute, lovely Bleſſing,
Faithful *Strephon* ne'er denies;
Such a Treaſure in poſſeſſing,
All the Bills of Love ſupplies.

Yet I ſee by ev'ry Tryal,
Feeble Hopes my Flames purſue;
Ever finding a Denyal,
Where my ſofteſt Love was true:
But my Heart knows no retreating,
No decay can eaſe my Pain;
Love allows of no defeating,
Tho' the Prize is ſought in vain.

For if e're my *Cælia*'s Treaſure,
Muſt her Virgin ſweets reſign;
Love ſhall flow with equal Meaſure,
And I'll boldly call her mine:
'Till her Panting Wedding Lover,
Grown uneaſy by my Claim;
Leaves me freely to diſcover
Golden Coaſts without a Name.

A SONG.
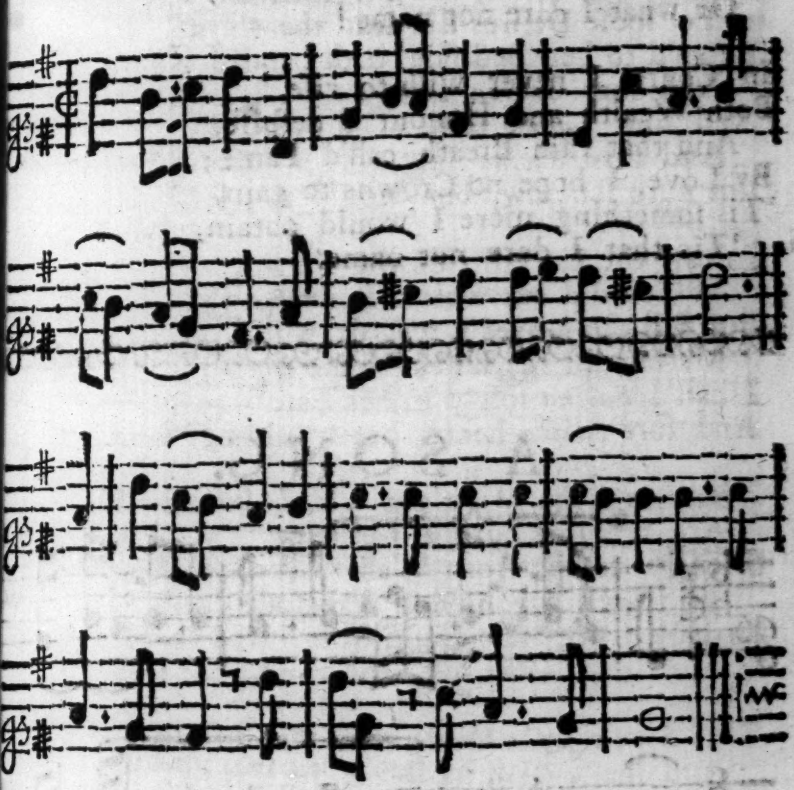


Sabina in the dead of Night,
In reſtleſs Slumbers wiſhing lay,
Cynthia was Bawd, and her clear Light,
To looſe Deſires did lead the way:
I ſtep'd to her Bed-ſide with bended Knee,
And ſure *Sabina* ſaw,
And ſure *Sabina* ſaw,
And ſure *Sabina* ſaw,
I'm ſure ſhe ſaw, but would not ſee.

I drew the Curtains of the Lawn,
Which did her whiter Body keep;
But ſtill the nearer I was drawn,
Methought the faſter ſhe did ſleep;
I call'd *Sabina* ſoftly in her Ear,
And ſure *Sabina* heard, but would not hear.

Thus, as ſome Midnight Thief, (when all
Are wrapp'd into a Lethargy),
Silently creeps from Wall to Wall,
To ſearch for hidden Treaſury:
So mov'd my buſie Hand from Head to Heel,
And ſure *Sabina* felt, and would not feel.

Thus I ev'n by a Wiſh enjoy,
And ſhe without a Bluſh receives;
As by diſſembling moſt are coy,
She by Diſſembling freely gives:
For you may ſafely ſay, nay ſwear it too,
Sabina ſhe did hear,
Sabina ſhe did ſee,
Sabina ſhe did feel,
She did hear, ſee, feel, ſigh, kiſs and do.

A SONG.



WHY is your faithful Slave disdain'd?
By gentle Arts my Heart you gain'd!
Oh, keep it by the same!
For ever shall my Passion last,
If you will make me once possest,
Of what I dare not name.
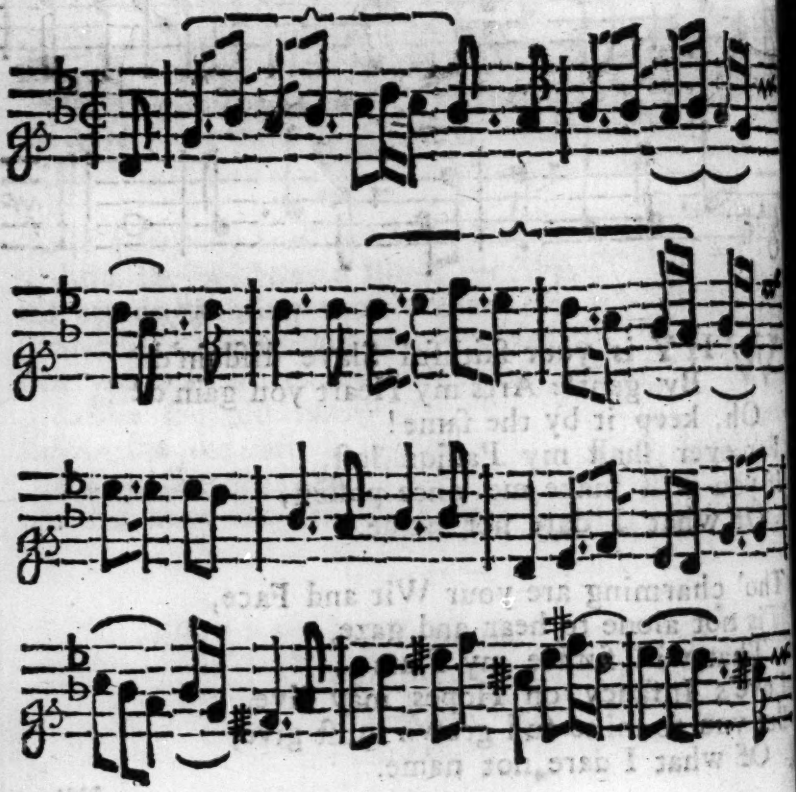
Tho' charming are your Wit and Face,
'Tis not alone to hear and gaze,
That will suffice my Flame;
Love's Infancy on Hopes may live,
But you to mine full grown must give,
Of what I dare not name.
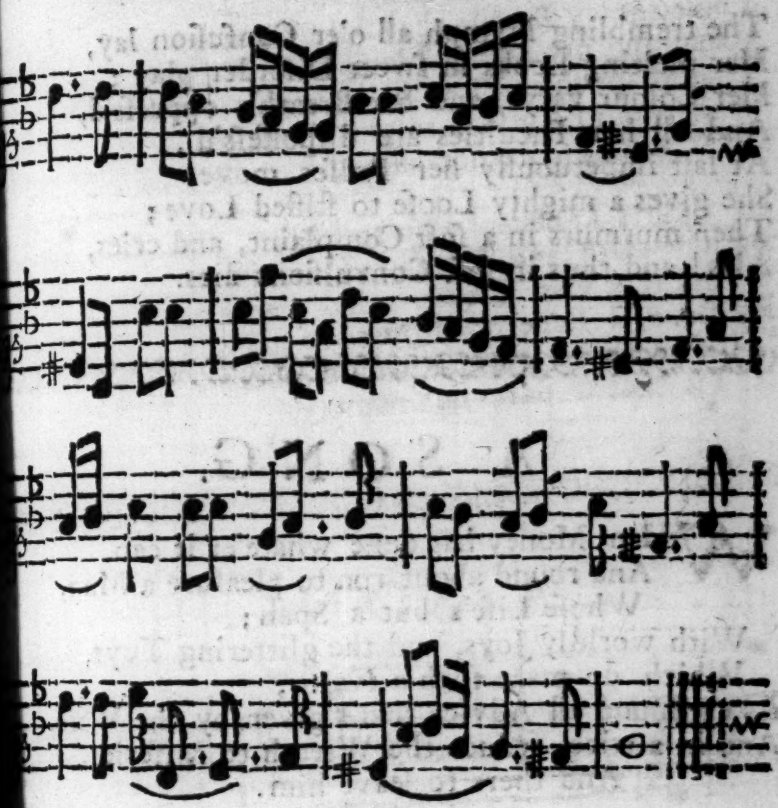
When

When I behold your Lips, your Eyes,
Thoſe ſnowy Breaſts that fall and riſe,
  Fanning my raging Flame;
That Shape ſo made to be imbrac't,
What would I give I might but taſte,
  Of what I dare not name!

In Courts I never wiſh to riſe,
Both Wealth and Honour I deſpiſe,
  And that vain Breath call'd Fame;
By Love, I hope no Crowns to gain,
'Tis ſomething more I would obtain,
  'Tis that I dare not name.

A SONG.





A Gentle Breeze from the *Lavinian* Sea,
Was gliding o'er the Coaſt of *Sicily*;
hen lull'd with ſoft Repoſe, a proſtrate Maid,
pon her bended Arm had rais'd her Head:
er Soul was all tranquile and ſmooth with Reſt,
ke the harmonious Slumbers of the Bleſt.
rapp'd up in Silence, innocent ſhe lay,
nd preſs'd the Flow'rs with Touch as ſoft as they.

y thoughts in gentleſs Sounds ſhe did impart,
ighten'd by all the Graces of that Art;
nd as I ſung, I graſp'd her yielding Thighs,
ill broken Accents faulter'd into Sighs:
iſs'd and wiſh'd, and forag'd all her ſtore,
t wallowing in the Pleaſure, I was poor;
kind Relief my Agonies could eaſe,
roan'd, and curs'd Religious Cruelties.

The

The trembling Nymph all o'er Confuſion lay,
Her melting Looks in ſweet Diſorder play;
Her Colour varys, and her Breath's oppreſs'd,
And all her Faculties are diſpoſſeſs'd,
At laſt impetuouſly her Pulſes move,
She gives a mighty Looſe to ſtifled Love;
Then murmurs in a ſoft Complaint, and cries,
Alas! and thus in ſoft Convulſions dies.
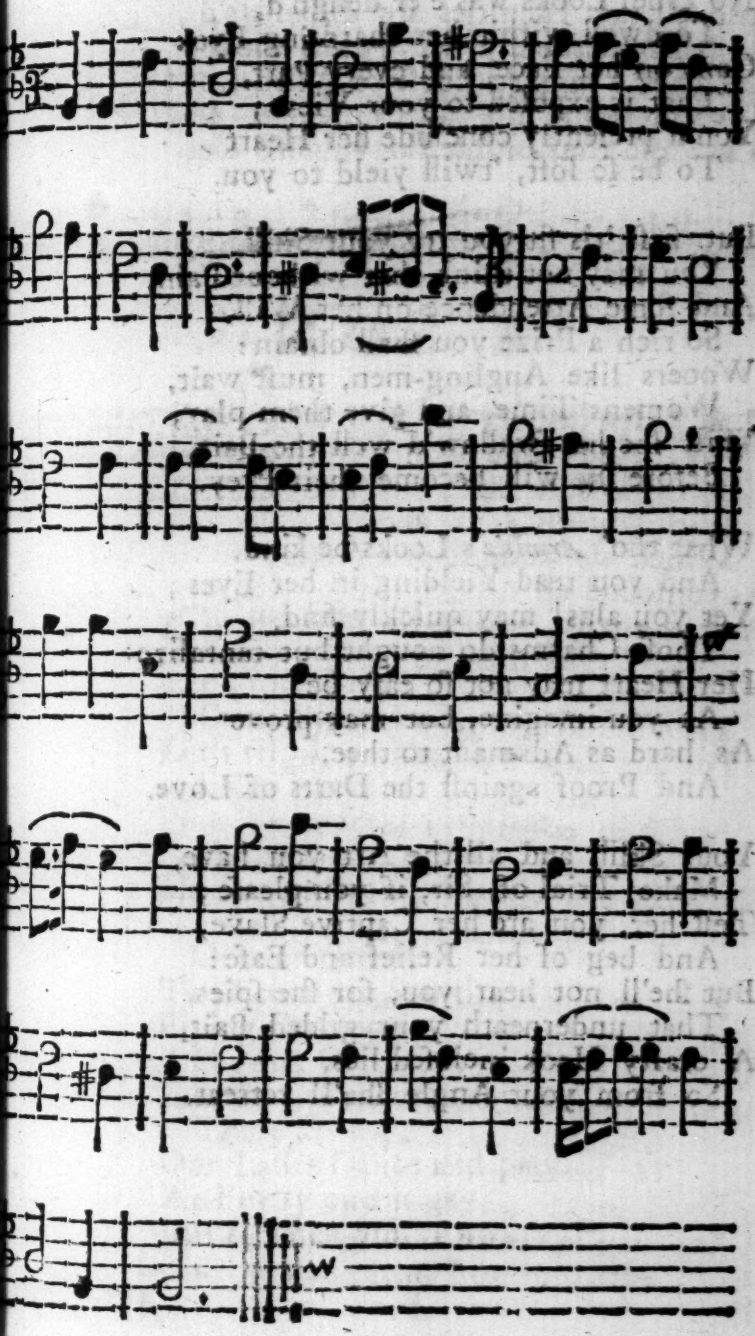
A SONG.

WHen Money has done whate'er it can,
And round about run to pleaſure a Man,
Whoſe Life's but a Span;
With worldly Joys, and the glittering Toys,
Which do make ſuch a Noiſe;
As confound all Advice that's given by the Wiſe,
And in a trice, reduce the Wretch to Miſeries,
And there to leave him.

Then the World which before,
For his ſtore did adore him,
Strait ſeems afraid of one decay'd,
And him upbraid of the Wealth,
Which each by's Trade did before deceive him;
But when the Mortal ſees his own undoing,
Finds his Acquaintance and Friends are all a going.

Then he ſighs and moans,
And then he pines and groans;
At laſt he Craves, his Friends deny,
At which he raves, and ſwears he'll die;
And thus he cries,
He ne'er was wiſe,
Until in Miſery he dies;
And thus the wretched Spendthrift lies,
Fare him well for evermore, *Amen.*

A SONG.
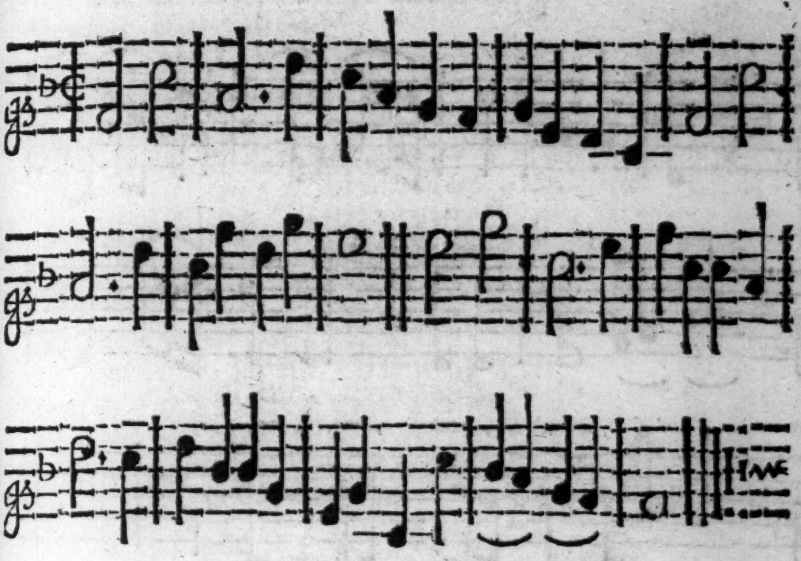


PRetty *Armida* will be kind,
When at her Feet you proſtrate lie;
No cruel Looks was e'er deſign'd,
To dwell within her charming Eye:
Gaze on her Face, and every Part,
That is expoſed to your View;
You'll preſently conclude her Heart
To be ſo ſoft, 'twill yield to you.

But firſt 'tis fit you try your Skill,
You may not think that without Pain,
And ſome Attendance on her Will,
So rich a Prize you ſhall obtain:
Wooers like Angling-men, muſt wait,
Womens Time, and give them play,
'Till ſhe has ſwallow'd well the Bait,
Before ſhe will become their Prey.

What tho' *Armida*'s Looks be kind,
And you read Yielding in her Eyes;
Yet you alas! may quickly find,
Thoſe Charms do nought but tantalize:
Her Heart may not ſo eaſy be
As you imagine, but may prove
As hard as Adamant to thee,
And Proof againſt the Darts of Love.

Your Skill, and all the Art you have,
Make Trial of, Sir, if you pleaſe;
Tell her, you are her Captive Slave,
And beg of her Relief and Eaſe:
But ſhe'll not hear you, for ſhe ſpies,
That underneath your gilded Bait,
A crafty Hook incloſed lies,
So from your Angle ſhe'll retreat.
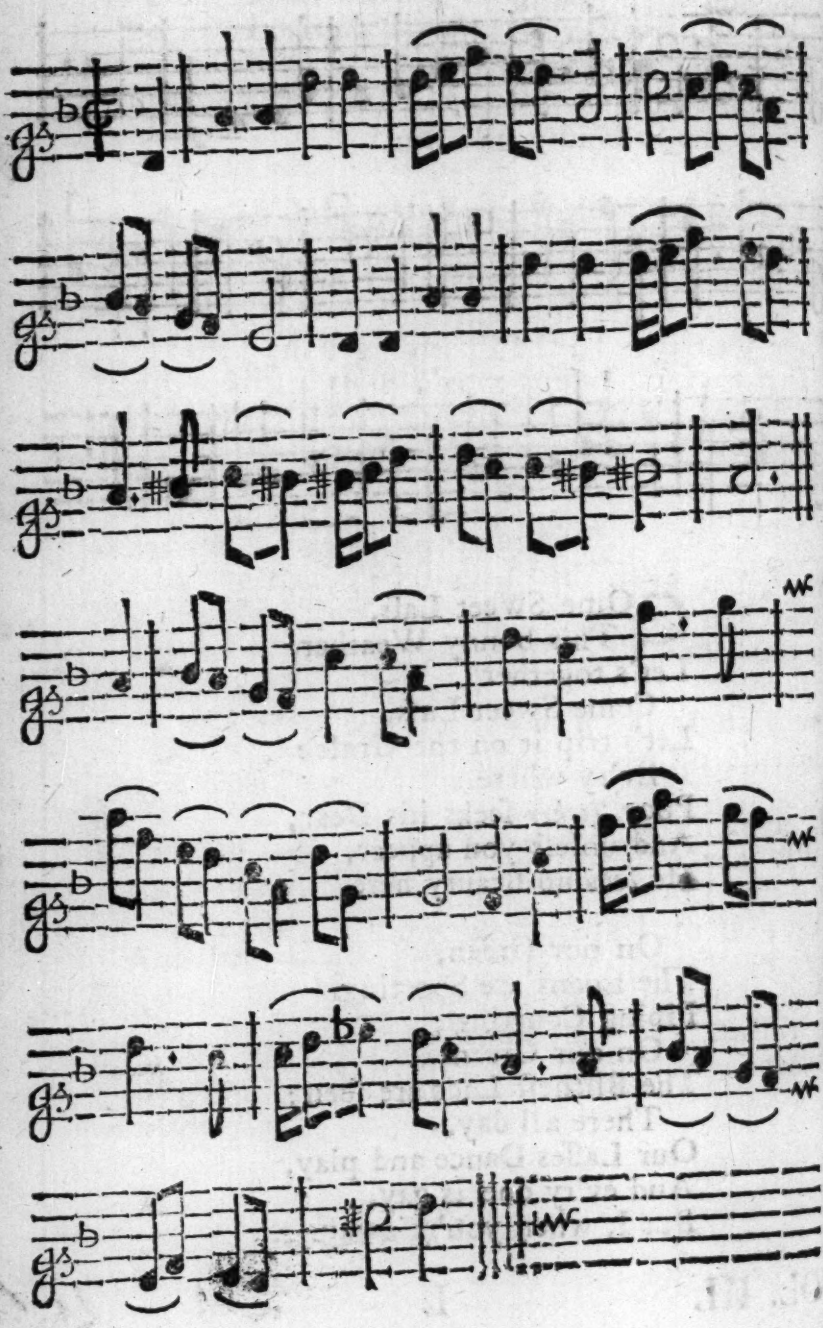
A SONG.



COme Sweet Laſs,
This bonny Weather,
Let's together:
Come Sweet Laſs,
Let's trip it on the Graſs:
Ev'ry where,
Poor *Jockey* ſeeks his Dear,
And unleſs you appear,
He ſees no Beauty here.

On our Green,
The Loons are Sporting,
Piping Courting;
On our Green,
The Blitheſt Lads are ſeen:
There all day,
Our Laſſes Dance and play,
And ev'ry one is gay,
But I, when you're away.

A SONG.
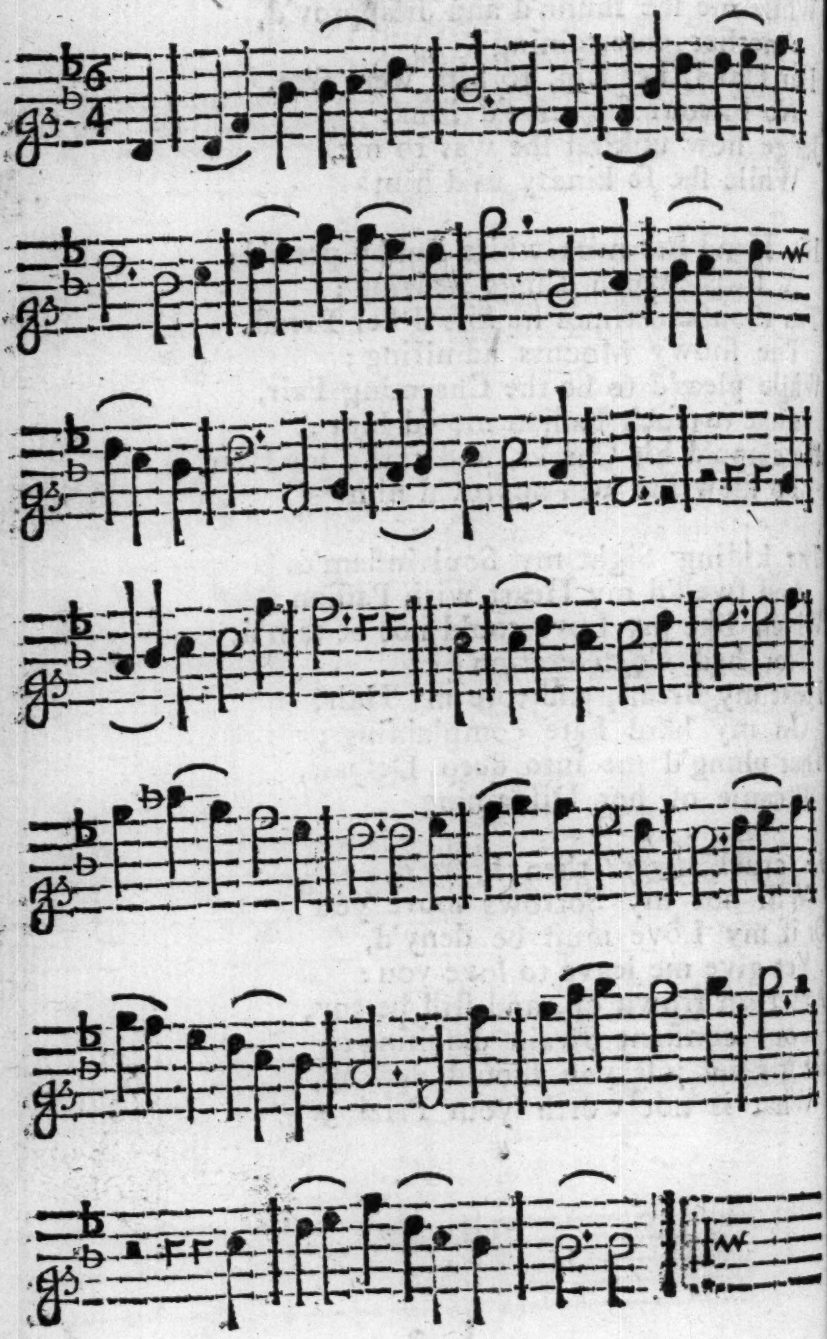


I Saw the Laſs whom dear I lov'd,
Long ſighing and complaining,
While me ſhe ſhunn'd and diſapprov'd,
Another entertaining:
Her Hand, her Lip, to him were free,
No Favour ſhe refus'd him;
Judge how unkind ſhe was to me,
While ſhe ſo kindly us'd him!

His Hand her milk-white Bubby preſs'd;
A Bliſs worth Kings deſiring;
Ten thouſand times he kiſs'd her Breaſt,
The ſnowy Mounts admiring;
While pleas'd to be the Charming Fair,
That to ſuch Paſſion mov'd him;
She clapp'd his Cheeks, and curl'd his Hair,
To ſhew ſhe well approv'd him.

The killing Sight my Soul inflam'd,
And ſwell'd my Heart with Paſſion;
Which like my Love could not be tam'd,
Nor had Conſideration:
I beat my Breaſt, and tore my Hair,
On my hard Fate complaining;
That plung'd me into deep Deſpair,
Becauſe of her Diſdaining.

Ah, cruel *Moggy!* then I cry'd,
Will not my Sorrows move you
Or if my Love muſt be deny'd,
Yet give me leave to love you:
And then frown on, and ſtill be coy,
Your conſtant Swain deſpiſing;
For 'tis but juſt you ſhould deſtroy,
What is not worth your Prizing.

A SONG.
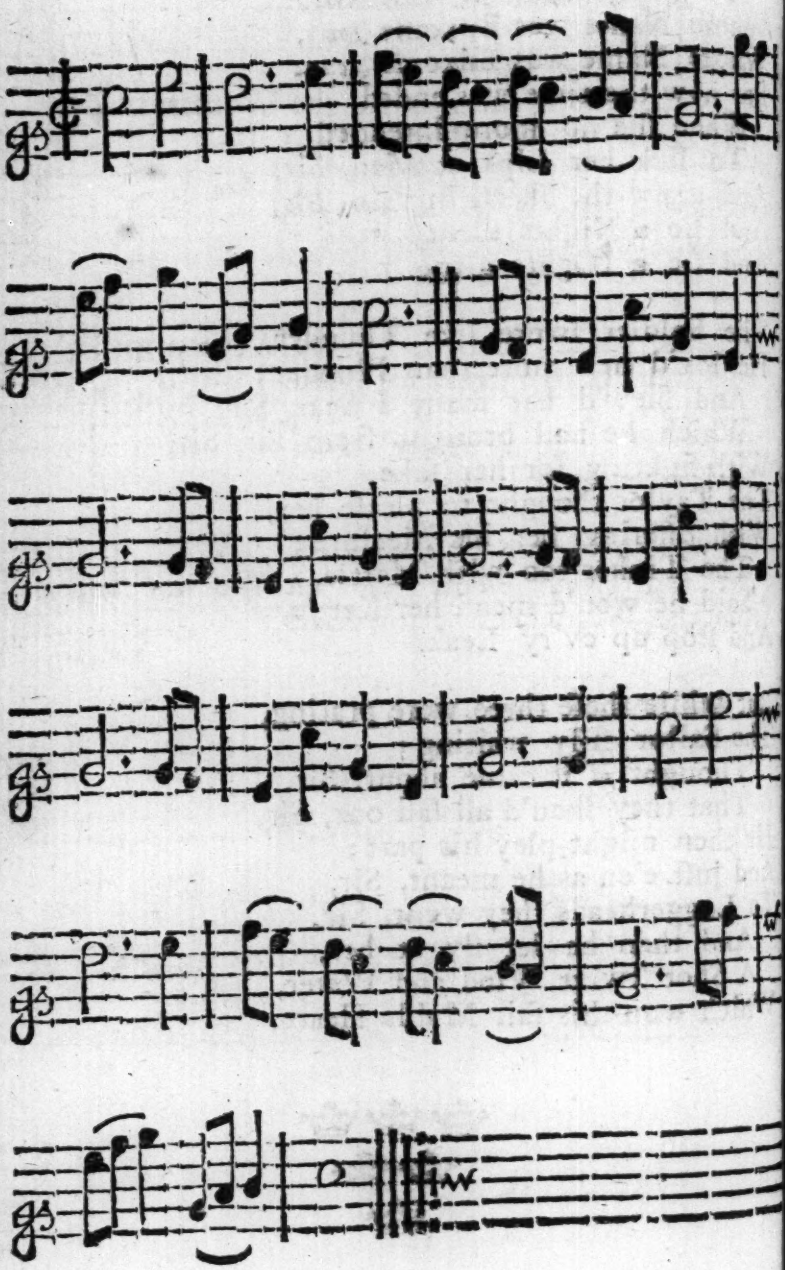


A Soldier and a Sailor, a Tinker and a Taylor,
Had once a doubtful Strife, Sir,
To make a Maid a Wife, Sir,
Whoſe Name was Buxome *Joan*,
Whoſe Name was Buxome *Joan*:
For now the time was ended,
When ſhe no more intended
To lick her Lips at Man, Sir,
And gnaw the Sheets in vain, Sir,
And lie a Nights alone,
And lie a Nights alone.

The Soldier ſwore like Thunder,
He lov'd her more than Plunder;
And ſhew'd her many a Scar, Sir,
Which he had brought from far, Sir,
With fighting for her ſake;
The Taylor thought to pleaſe her,
With offering her his Meaſure;
The Tinker too with Mettle,
Said he wou'd mend her Kettle,
And ſtop up ev'ry Leak.

But while theſe three were prating,
The Sailor ſlily waiting;
Thought if it came about, Sir,
That they ſhou'd all fall out, Sir,
He then might play his part;
And juſt e'en as he meant, Sir,
To Loggerheads they went, Sir,
And then he let fly at her,
A Shot 'twixt Wind and Water,
Which won this fair Maids Heart.

A SONG.
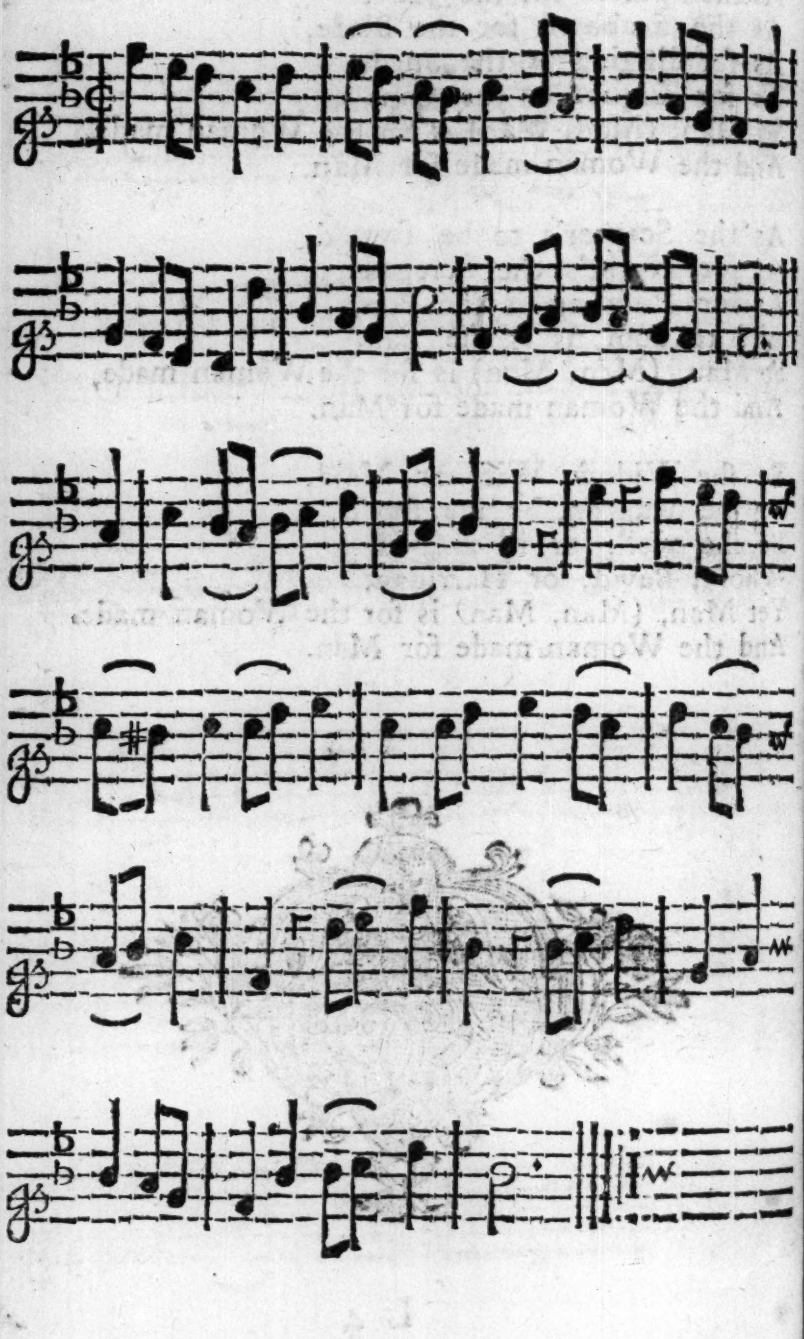


MAN, (Man, Man) is for the Woman made,
And the Woman made for Man;
As the Spur is for the Jade,
As the Scabbard for the Blade,
As for digging is the Spade,
As for Liquor is the Can,
So Man, (Man, Man) is for the Woman made,
And the Woman made for Man.

As the Scepter's to be ſway'd,
As for Night's the Serenade,
As for Pudding is the Pan,
And to cool us is the Fan,
So Man, (Man, Man) is for the Woman made,
And the Woman made for Man.

Be ſhe Widow, Wife or Maid,
Be ſhe wanton, be ſhe ſtay'd,
Be ſhe well, or ill array'd,
Whore, Bawd, or Harridan,
Yet Man, (Man, Man) is for the Woman made,
And the Woman made for Man.
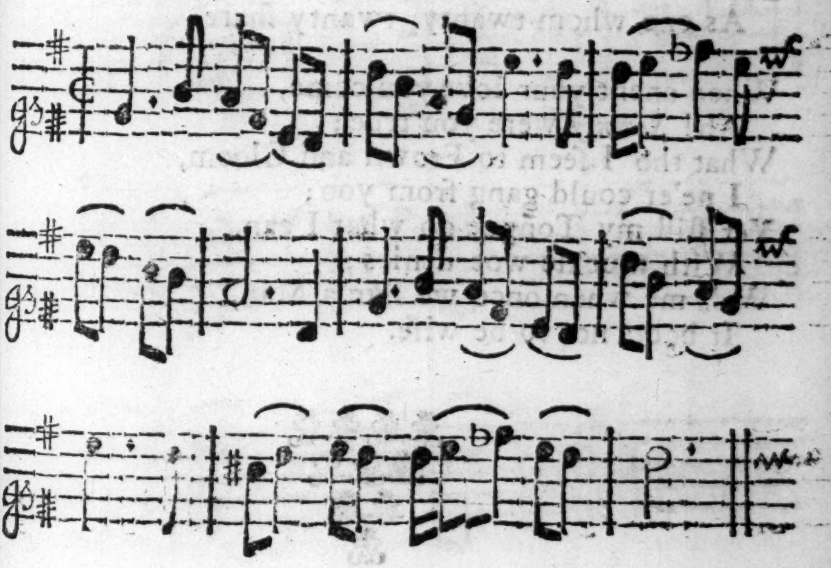
A SONG.
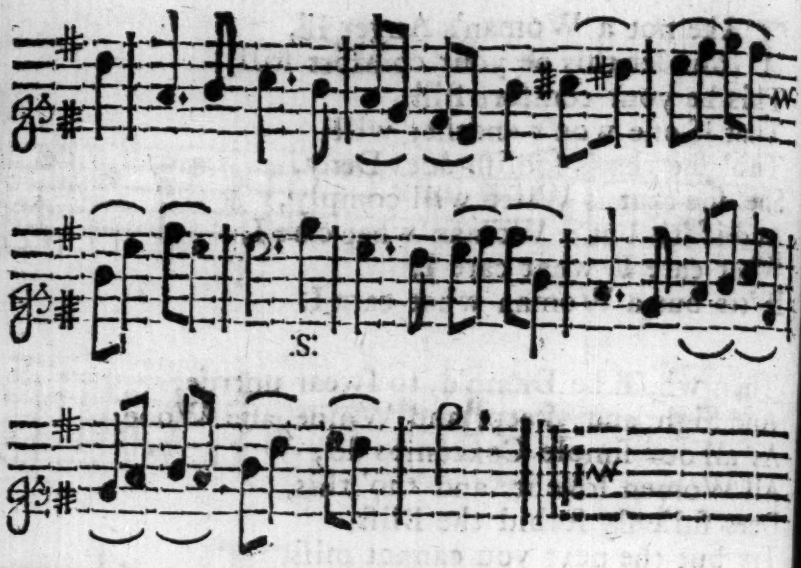


TAke not a Woman's Anger ill,
But let this be your comfort ſtill,
This be your comfort ſtill,
That if one won't another will:
Tho' ſhe that's fooliſh does Deny,
She, ſhe that is Wiſer will comply,
And if 'tis but a Woman what care I,
What care I, what care I,
If 'tis but a Woman what care I.

Then who'd be Damn'd, to ſwear untrue,
And Sigh, and Weep, and Whine, and Wooe,
As all our ſimple Coxcombs do;
All Women love it, and tho' this,
Does ſullenly forbid the Bliſs,
Try but the next you cannot miſs.

A SONG.
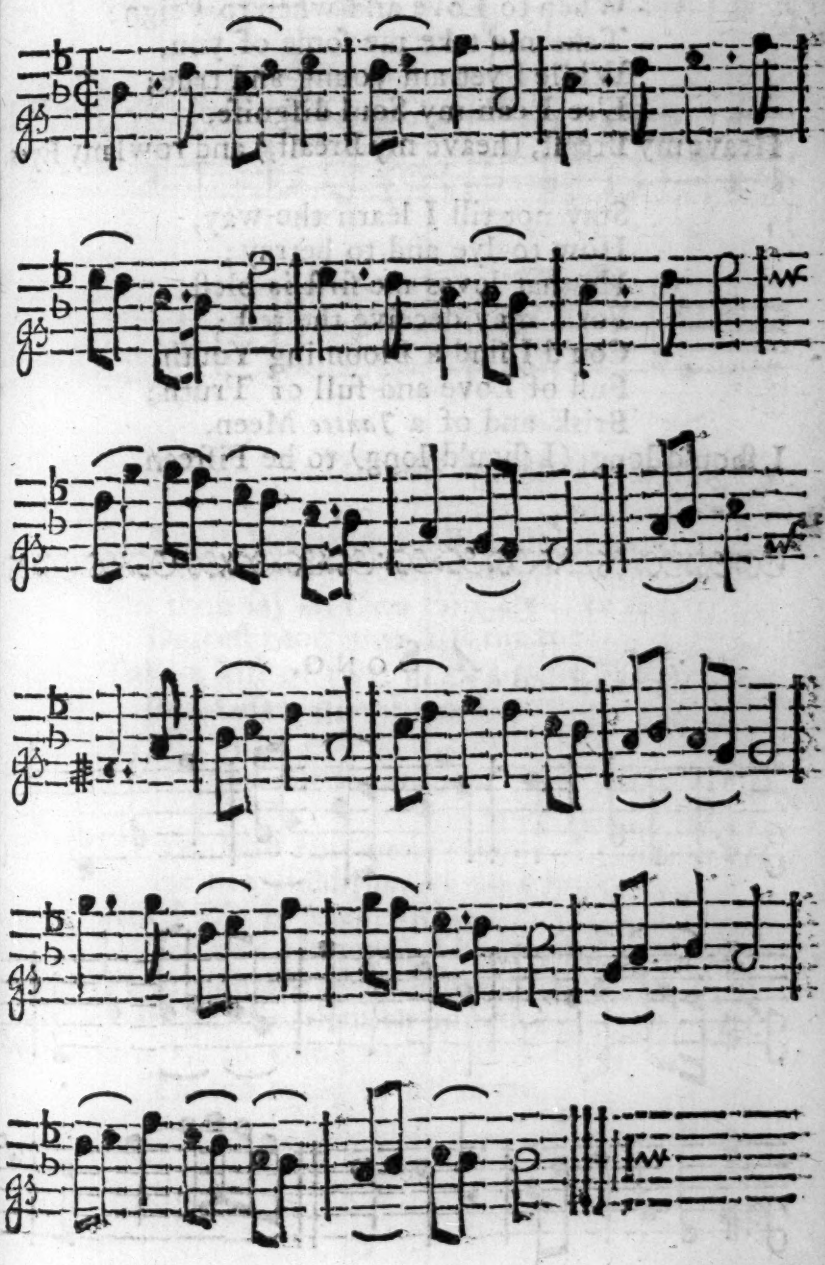




Sawney is a Bonny, Bonny Lad,
But *Sawney* Kenns it well;
And *Sawney* might a Boon have had,
But *Sawney* loves to tell:
He Weens that I mun love him ſoon,
Gin Lovers now are rare;
But I'de as lif have none,
As one whom twanty, twanty ſhare.

When anent your love you come,
Ah! *Sawney* were you true;
What tho' I ſeem to Frown and Gloom,
I ne'er could gang from you;
Yet ſtill my Tongue do what I can,
With muckle woe denies;
Wa's me when once we like a Man,
It boots not to be wiſe.

A SONG.
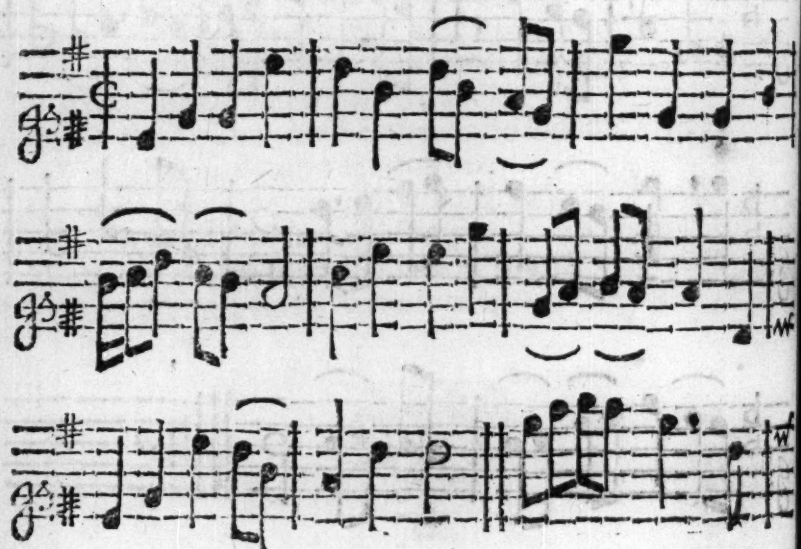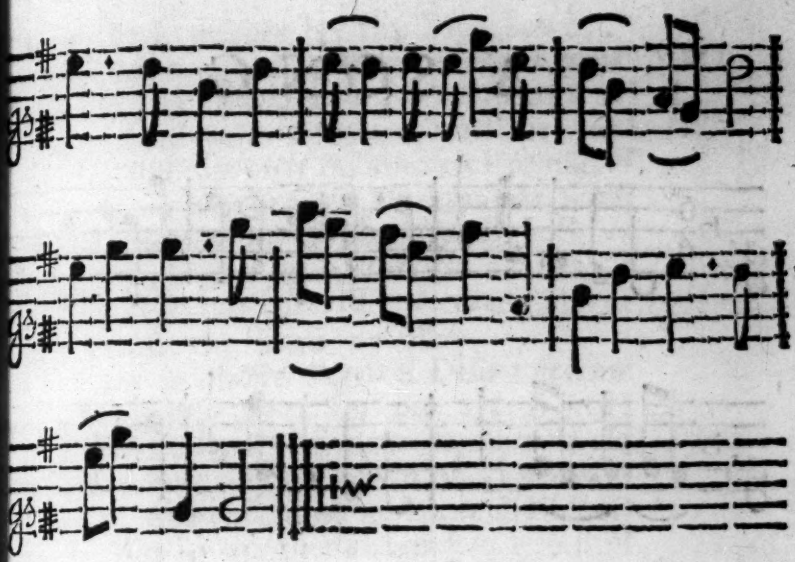


Young;

YOung I am and unskill'd,
How to make a Lover yield;
How to keep or how to gain,
When to Love and when to Feign:
Take me take me ſome of you,
While I yet am young and true;
E're I can my Soul diſguiſe,
Heave my Breaſt, (heave my Breaſt,) and rowl my Eyes.

Stay not till I learn the way,
How to lye and to betray;
He that loves me firſt is bleſt,
For I may deceive the reſt:
Cou'd I find a Blooming Youth,
Full of Love and full of Truth;
Brisk and of a *Jantee* Meen,
I ſhou'd long, (I ſhou'd long) to be Fifteen.

A SONG.
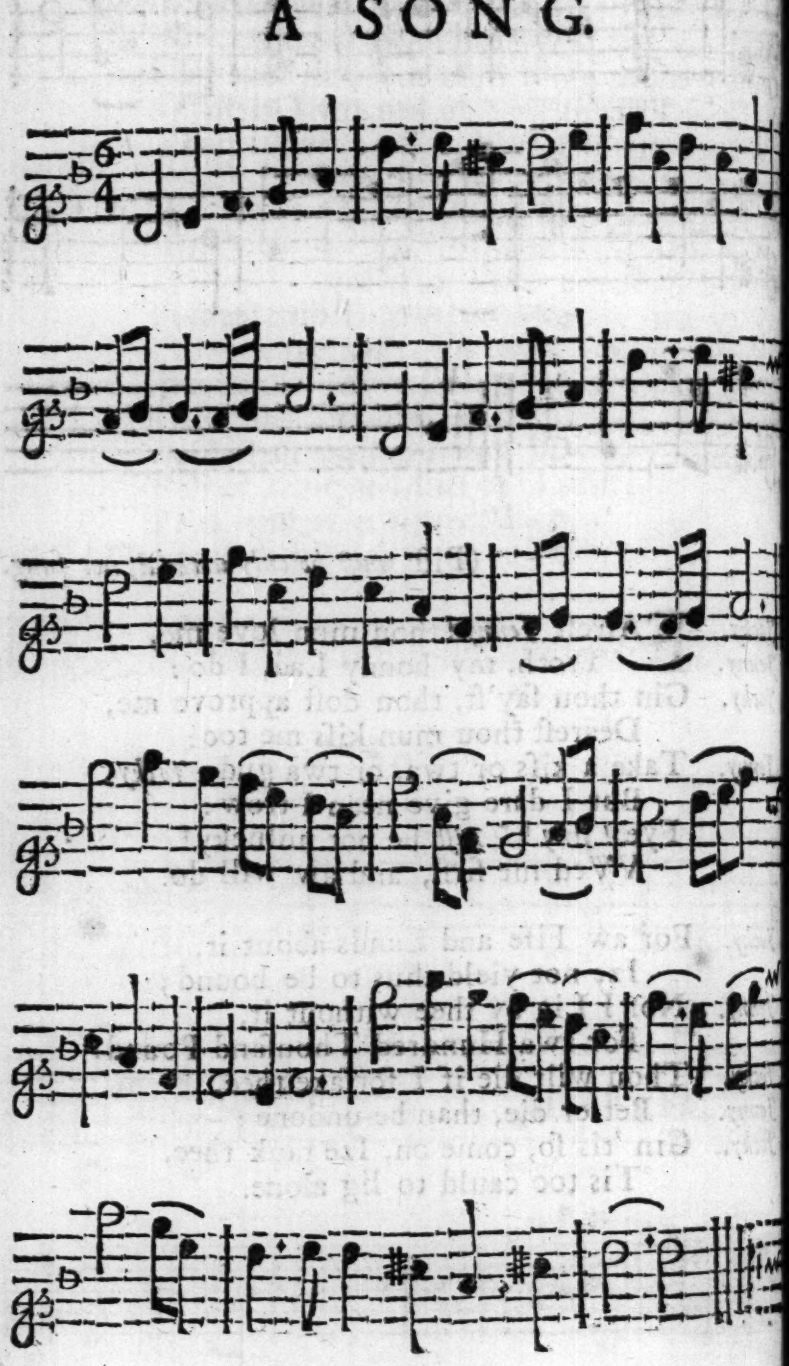




(Piſh *muſt be only utter'd, not ſung.*

Jocky. FAireſt *Jenny*! thou mun love me,
Jenny. Troth, my bonny Lad, I do:
Jocky. Gin thou ſay'ſt, thou doſt approve me,
Deareſt thou mun kiſs me too:
Jenny. Take a kiſs or twa, or twa gude *Jocky*,
But I dare give nean I trow:
Fye! nay! * *Piſh* be not unlucky!
VVed me firſt, and aw will do.

Jocky. For aw Fife and Lands about it,
Ize not yield thus to be bound;
Jenny. Nor I Lig by thee without it,
For twa Hundred Thouſand Pound:
Jocky. Thou wilt die if I forſake thee,
Jenny. Better die, than be undone;
Jocky. Gin 'tis ſo, come on, Ize tauk thee,
'Tis too cauld to lig alone.
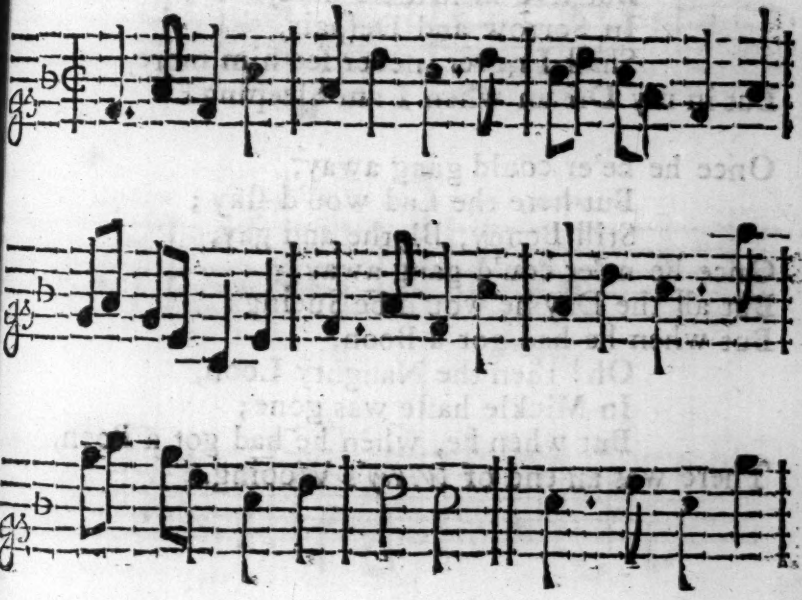
A SONG.
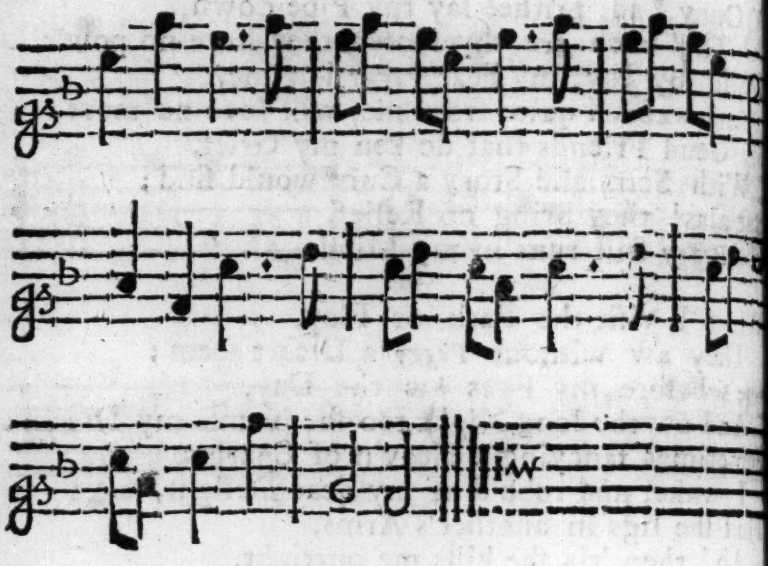


BOnny Lad, prithee lay thy Pipe down,
Tho' blith are thy Notes, they have no pow'r,
Whilſt my Joy, my dear *Peggy* is gone,
And wedded quite from me, will love no more:
My Geud Friends that do ken my Grief,
With Song and Story a Cure would find;
But alas! they bring no Relief,
For *Peggy* ſtill runs in my Mind.

When I viſit the Park or Play,
They aw without *Peggy* a Deſart ſeem;
She's before my Eyes aw the Day,
And aw the long Night too ſhe haunts my Dream:
Sometimes fancying a Heav'n of Charms,
I wake, and robb'd of my dear Delight,
Find ſhe ligs in another's Arms,
Ah! then 'tis ſhe kills me outright.

A SONG.
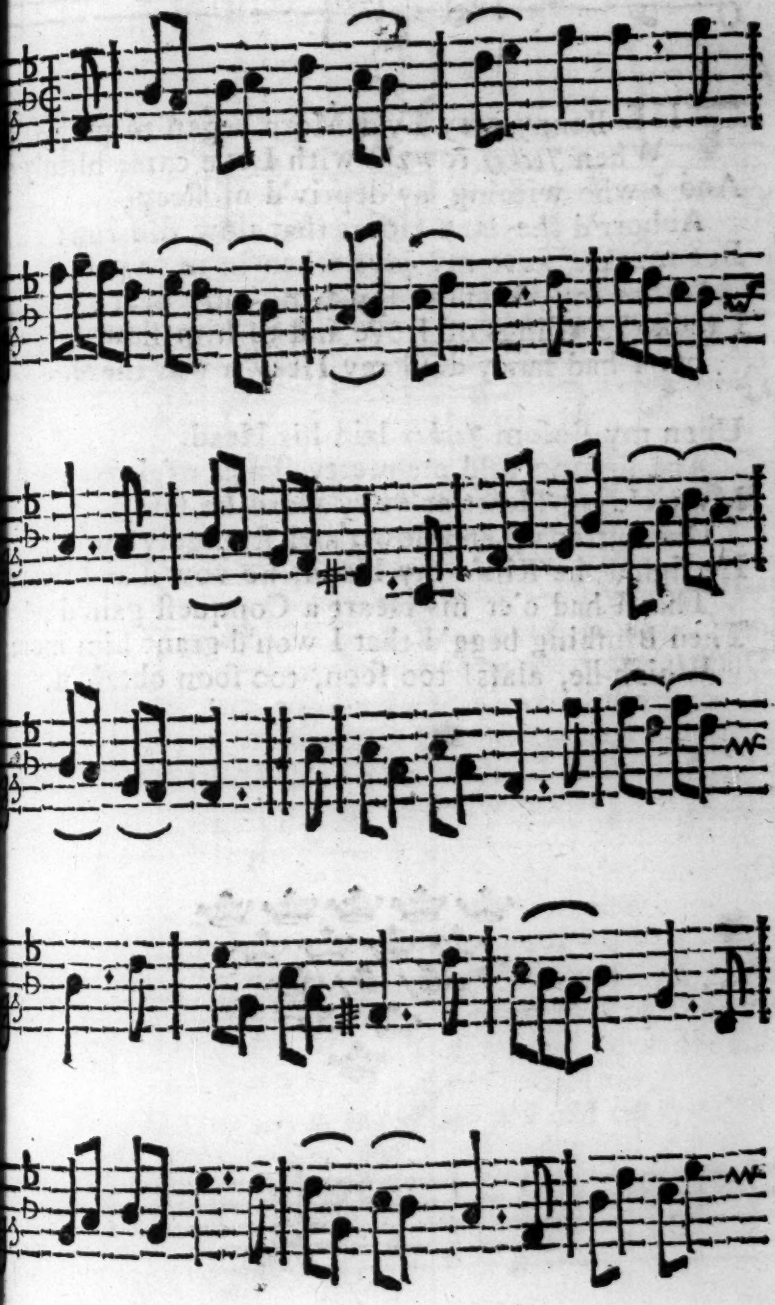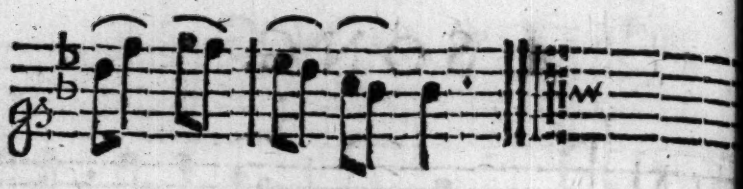




WHY does *Willy* ſhun his dear?
Why is he never here,
My tender Heart to Chear?
Why, why does *Willy* ſhun his Dear,
And leave his own poor *Jenny* Weeping?
Shall I never ſee him more,
But live in Mickle Care,
In Sorrow and Deſpair,
Shall I never, never ſee him more,
But in my Dream when I am Sleeping?

Once he ne'er could gang away,
But here the Lad wou'd ſtay;
Still Bonny, Blythe and gay,
Once he ne'er cou'd gang away,
But all the Day he wou'd be Sueing:
But when he had got a Boon,
Oh! then the Naughty Loon,
In Mickle haſte was gone;
But when he, when he had got a Boon,
There was an end of *Willey*'s Wooing.

A SONG.
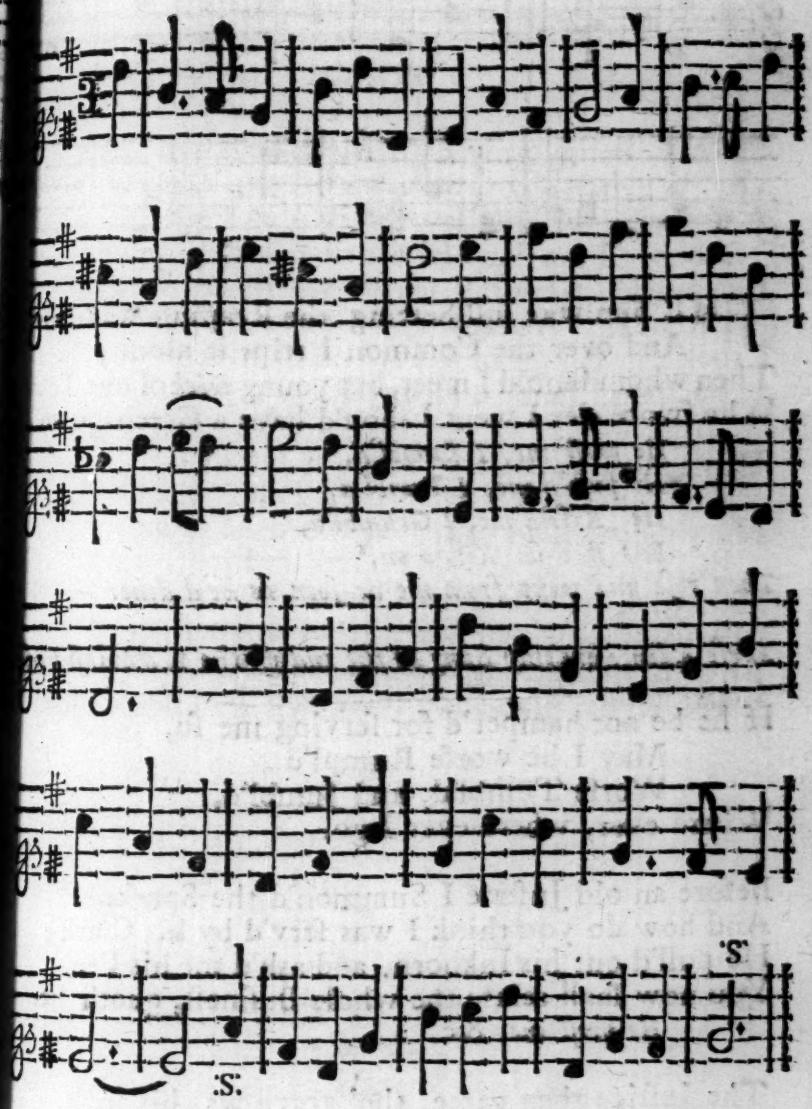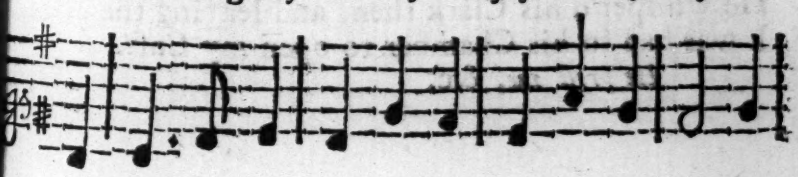




THE Bonny grey Ey'd Morn began to peep,
When *Jockey* rowz'd with Love came blithly o
And I who wiſhing lay depriv'd of ſleep,
Abhorr'd the lazy Hours that ſlow did run:
But muckle were my joys when in my view,
I from my Window ſpy'd my only dear;
I took the Wings of Love and to him flew,
For I had fancy'd all my Heav'n was there.
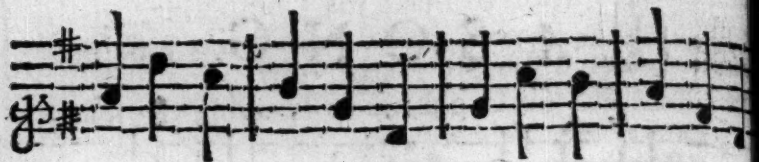
Upon my Boſom *Jockey* laid his Head,
And ſighing told me pretty Tales of Love;
My yielding Heart at ev'ry word he ſaid,
Did flutter up and down and ſtrangely move:
He ſigh'd, he Kiſs'd my Hand, he vow'd and ſwore,
That I had o'er his Heart a Conqueſt gain'd;
Then Bluſhing begg'd that I wou'd grant him more,
Which he, alaſs! too ſoon, too ſoon obtain'd.

A SONG.



This to be Sung only at end of the first and last Verse.





THE Sun was juſt Setting, the Reaping was done,
And over the Common I tript it alone;
Then whom ſhould I meet, but young *Dick* of our Tow
Who ſwore e'er I went I ſhou'd have a Green-gown.
He preſt me, I ſtumbl'd,
He puſh'd me, I Tumbl'd,
He Kiſs'd me, I Grumbl'd,
But ſtill he Kiſs'd on,
Then roſe and went from me as ſoon as he'd done.

Theſe 4 lines are only Sung at the end of the 1. and laſt Ver
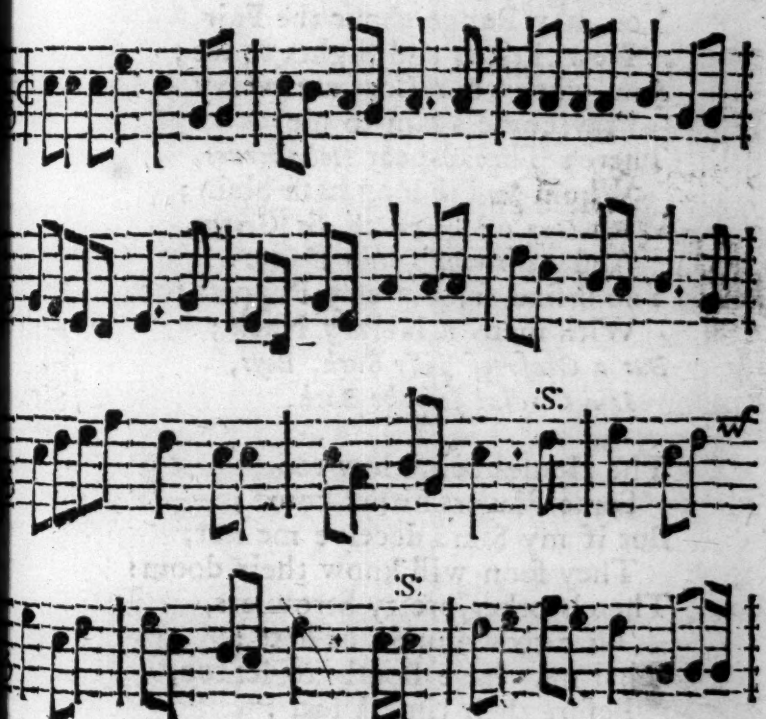
If he be not hamper'd for ſerving me ſo,
May I be worſe Rumpl'd.
Worſe Tumbl'd, and Jumbl'd,
Where ever, where ever I go.
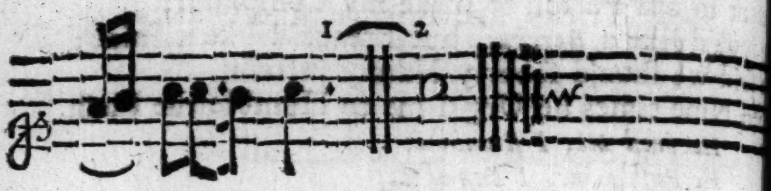
Before an old Juſtice I Summon'd the Spark,
And how do you think I was ſerv'd by his Clark;
He pull'd out his Inkhorn, and ask'd me his Fee,
You now ſhall relate the whole Buſineſs, quoth he.
He preſt me, &c.

The Juſtice then came, tho' grave was his look,
Seem'd to Wiſh I would Kiſs him inſtead of the Book
He whiſper'd his Clark then, and leaving the place,
I was had to his Chamber to open my Caſe.
He preſt me, &c.

went to our Parſon to make my Complaint,
e look'd like a *Bacchus*, but Preach'd like a Saint;
e ſaid we ſhou'd ſoberly Nature refreſh,
hen Nine times he Urg'd me to Humble the Fleſh.
He preſt me, I ſtumbl'd,
He Puſh'd me, I Tumbl'd,
He Kiſs'd me, I grumbl'd,
But ſtill he Kiſs'd on,
en roſe and went from me as ſoon as he'd done.
he be not hamper'd for ſerving me ſo,
May I be worſe Rumpl'd,
Worſe Tumbl'd, and Jumbl'd,
Where ever, where ever I go.

A SONG, *on* Bartholomew *Fair.*





BOnny Lads and Damſels,
Your welcome to our Booth;
We're now come here on purpoſe,
Your fancies for to ſooth:
No heavy *Dutch* Performers,
Amongſt us you ſhall find;
We'll make your Lads good humour'd,
And Laſſes very kind:
Your Damſons, and Filberds,
You're welcome here to Crack;
But a Glaſs of merry Sack, Boys,
Is a Cordial for the Back.
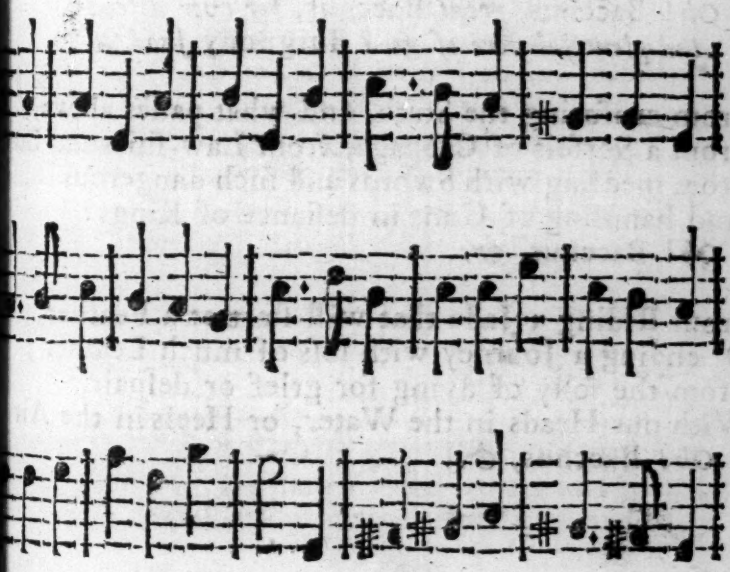
You may Range about the Fair,
New Tricks and Sights to ſee;
And when your Legs are weary.
Pray come again to me:
There's Thread-bear *Holophernes*,
Whom *Judith* long hath Slain;
With *Guy* of *Warwick*, St. *George*,
And *Roſamond*'s fair Dame:
You'll find ſome pretty Puppets too,
With many a Nickey Nack;
But a Glaſs of Jolly Sack, Boys,
Is a Cordial for the Back.
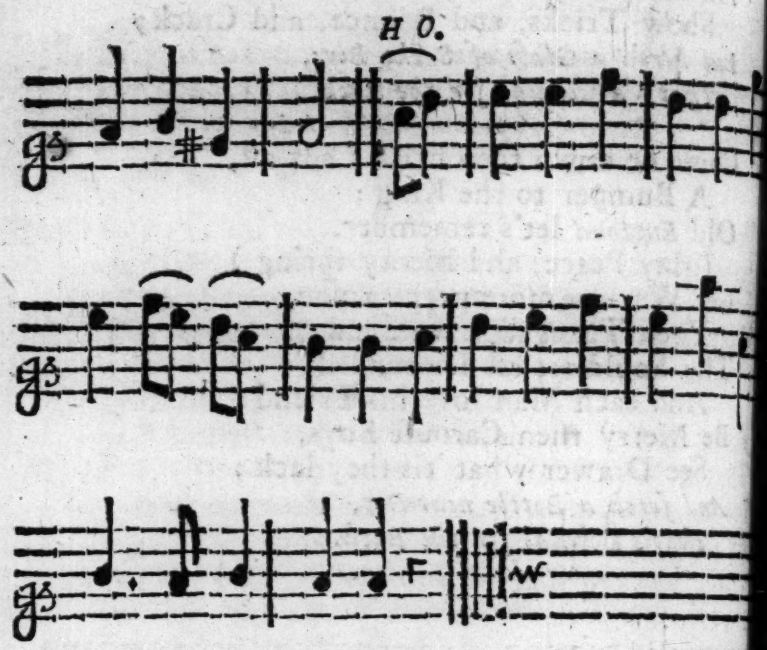
The Houſes being low too.
Some Players hither come;
But if my Stars deceive me not,
They ſoon will know their doom:
There's other pretty Strowlers,
That crowd upon us here;
That may have Booths to let too,
Before their time I fear.

All theſe may Prate, and Talk much,
Show Tricks, and Bounce, and Crack;
But here's a Glaſs of Sack, Boys,
That's a Cordial for the Back.

Come ſit down then brisk Lads all,
A Bumper to the King;
Old *England* let's remember,
(May Peace, and Plenty ſpring.)
Let War no more perplex you,
Your Taxes ſoon will end;
The Souldiers all Disbanded,
And each Man love his Friend:
Be Merry then Carouſe Boys,
See Drawer what 'tis they lack;
And fetch a Bottle neat Boy,
That's Cordial for the Back.

A SONG *on* Bacchus.





(drinkin

SInce there's ſo ſmall difference 'twixt drowning a
We'll tipple and Pray too, like Mariners Sinkin
Whilſt they drink Salt-water, we'll Pledge 'em in Wi
And pay our Devotion at *Bacchus*'s Shrine:
Oh! Bacchus, *great* Bacchus, *for ever defend us*,
And plentiful ſtore of good Burgundy *ſend us*.

From cenſuring the State, and what paſſes above,
From a Surfeit of Cabbage, from Law-ſuits and Lo
From medling with Swords and ſuch dangerous thin
And handling of Guns in defiance of Kings:
Oh! Bacchus, *&c.*
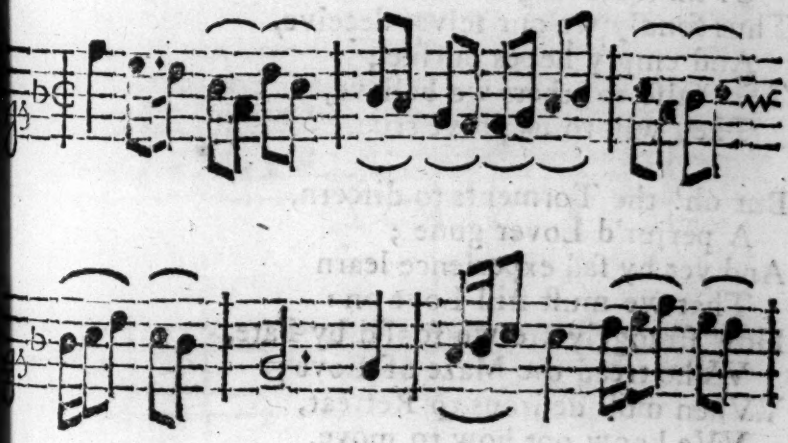
From Riding a Jade that will ſtart at a Feather,
Or ending a Journey with loſs of much Leather;
From the folly of dying for grief or deſpair,
With our Heads in the Water, or Heels in the Air
Oh! Bacchus, *&c.*
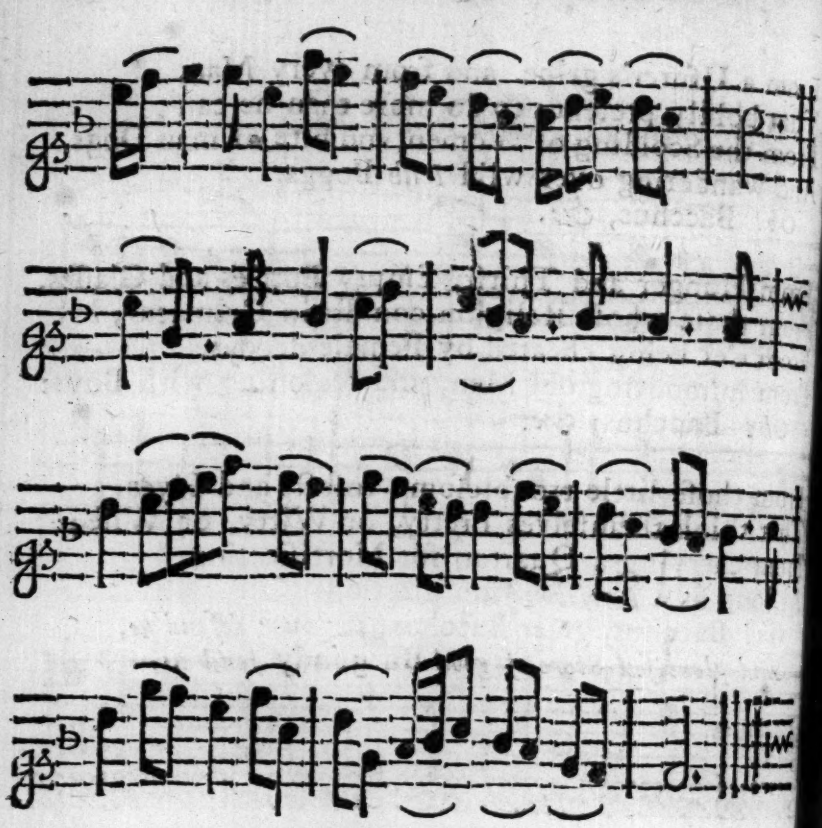
From a Uſurer's gripe, and from every Man,
That boldly pretends to do more than he can;
From the Scolding of Women, and bite of mad Dogs,
And wandering over wild *Iriſh* Boggs.
Oh! Bacchus, *&c.*

From Hunger and Thirſt, Empty Bottles and Glaſſes,
From thoſe whoſe Religion conſiſts in Grimaces;
From e'er being cheated by Female decoys,
From humouring old Men, and reaſoning with Boys:
Oh! Bacchus, *&c.*

From thoſe little troubleſome Inſects and Flyes,
That think themſelves Pretty, or Witty, or Wiſe;
From carrying a Quartan for Mortification,
As long as a *Ratisbon* Conſultation.
Oh! Bacchus, *great* Bacchus, *for ever defend us,*
And plentiful Store of good Burgundy *ſend us.*

A SONG.
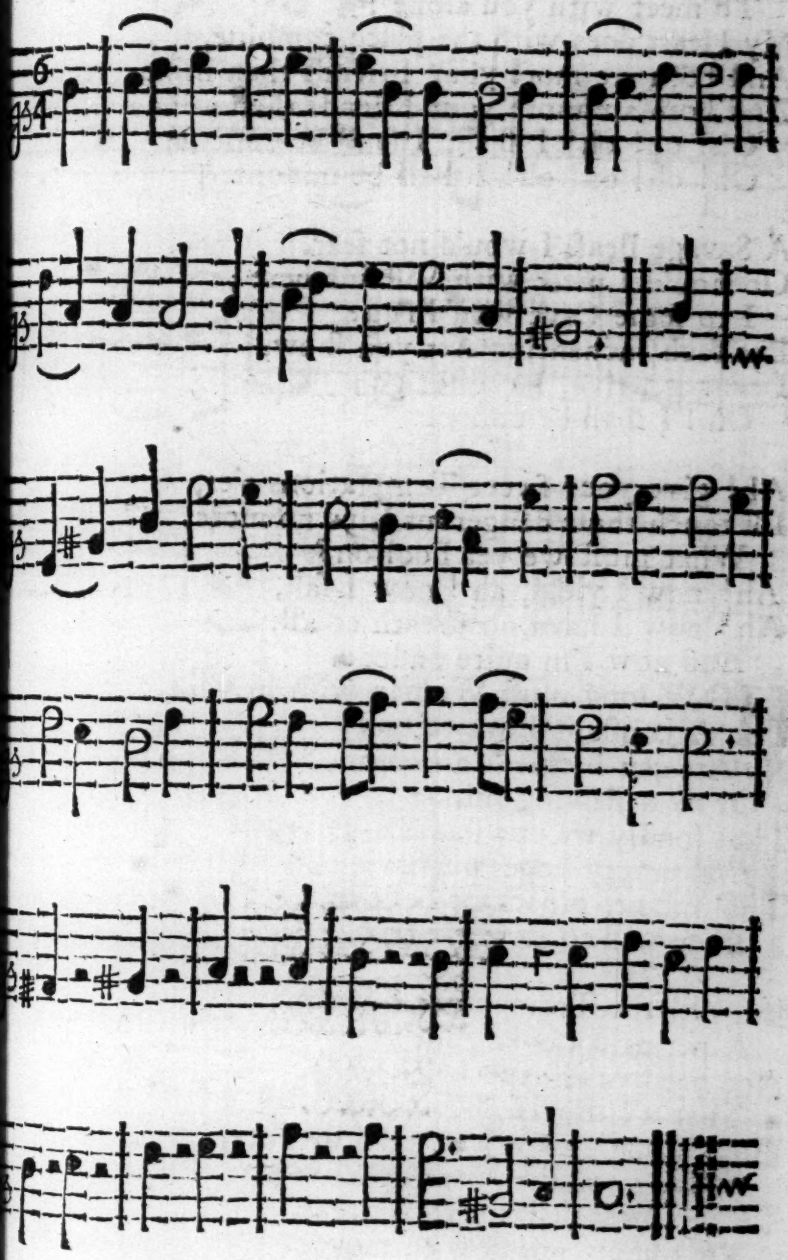




HOW long muſt Woman wiſh in vain,
A conſtant Love to find;
No Art can Fickle Man retain,
Or fix a Roving mind:
Thus fondly we our ſelves deceive,
And empty hopes purſue;
Tho' falſe to others we believe,
They will to us prove true.

But oh! the Torments to diſcern,
A perjur'd Lover gone;
And yet by ſad experience learn
That we muſt ſtill Love on:
How ſtrangely are we fool'd by Fate,
VVho tread the Maze of Love;
VVhen moſt deſirous to Retreat,
VVe know not how to move.

A SONG.
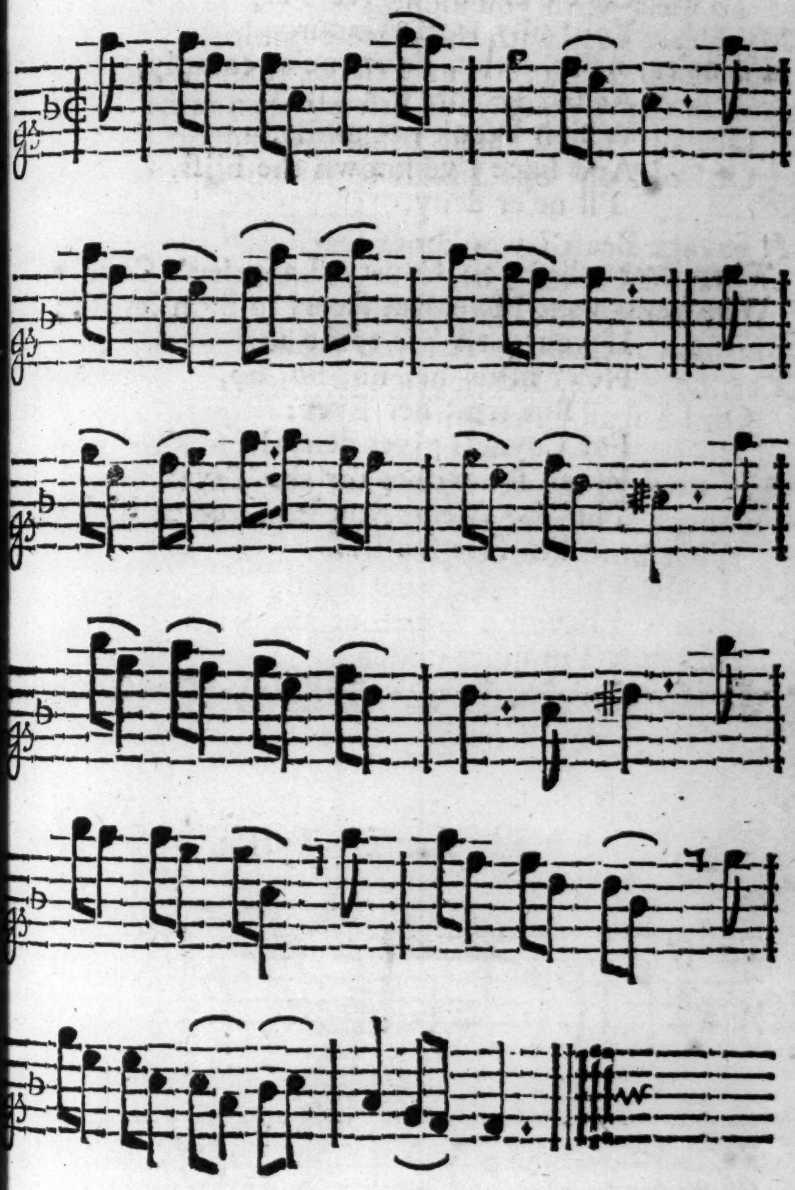


OH Fie! what mean I Fooliſh Maid,
In this Remote and Silent ſhade,
To meet with you alone;
My Heart does with the place combine,
And both are more your Friends than mine,
And both are more your Friends than mine:
Oh! oh! oh! I ſhall, I ſhall be undone,
Oh! oh! oh! oh! I ſhall be undone.

A Savage Beaſt I wou'd not fear,
Or ſhou'd I meet with Villains here;
I to ſome Cave wou'd run:
But ſuch inchanting Art you ſhow,
I cannot ſtrive, I cannot go;
Oh! I ſhall be undone.

Ah! give your ſweet Temptations o'er,
I'll touch thoſe dangerous Lips no more,
What muſt we yet Fool on?
Ah! now I yield, ah! now I fall,
Ah! now I have no Breath at all,
And now I'm quite undone.

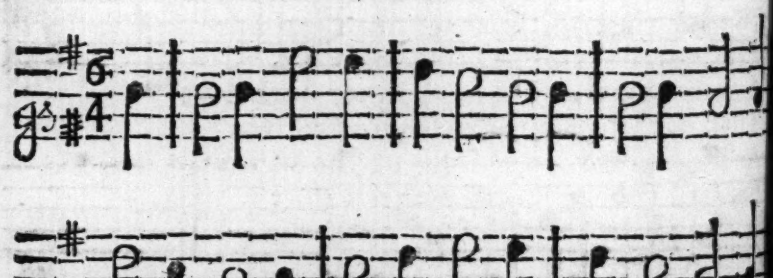
A SONG.
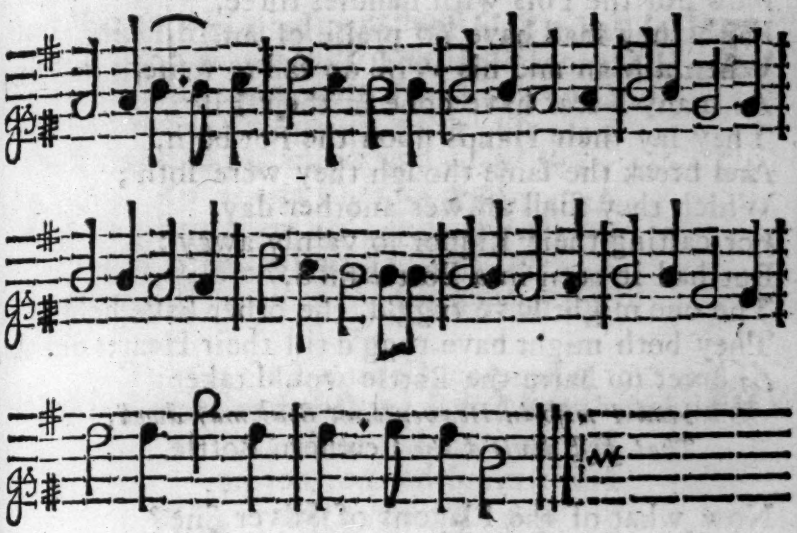


THo' *Jockey* Su'd me long, he met diſdain,
His tender Sighs and Tears were ſpent in vain;
Give o'er ſaid I give o'er,
Your ſilly fond Amour,
I'll ne'er, ne'er, ne'er, ne'er, ne'er comply;
At laſt he forc'd a Kiſs,
Which I took not amiſs,
And ſince I've known the bliſs,
I'll ne'er deny.

Then ever when you Court a Laſs that's Coy,
Who hears your Love, yet ſeems to ſhun its Joy;
If you preſs her to do ſo,
Ne'er mind her no, no, no,
But truſt her Eyes:
For Coyneſs gives denyal,
When ſhe wiſhes for the Tryal,
Tho' ſhe ſwears you ſhan't come nigh all,
I'm ſure ſhe lies.

The Leather Bottle.





NOW God above that made all things,
Heaven and Earth and all therein;
The Ships upon the Seas to Swim,
To keep Foes out they come not in:
Now every one doth what he can,
All for the uſe and praiſe of Man;
I wiſh in Heaven that Soul may dwell,
That firſt devis'd the Leathern Bottle.

Now what do you ſay to the Canns of Wood?
Faith, they are nought, they cannot be good;
When a Man for Beer he doth therein ſend,
To have them fill'd as he doth intend:
The bearer ſtumbleth by the way,
And on the Ground his Liquor doth lay;
Then ſtraight the Man begins to Ban,
And Swears it 'twas long of the wooden Cann:
But had it been in a Leathern Bottle,
Although he ſtumbled all had been well;
So ſafe therein it would remain,
Until the Man got up again:
And I wiſh in Heaven, &c.

Now for the Pots with handles three,
Faith they ſhall have no praiſe of me;
When a Man and his Wife do fall at ſtrife,
As many I fear have done in their Life:
They lay their Hands upon the Pot both,
And break the ſame though they were loth;
Which they ſhall anſwer another day,
For caſting their Liquor ſo vainly away:
But had it been in a Bottle fill'd,
The one might have tugg'd, the other have held;
They both might have tugg'd till their Hearts did ake,
And yet no harm the Bottle would take:
And I wiſh in Heaven that Soul may dwell,
That firſt devis'd the Leathern Bottle.

Now what of the Flagons of Silver fine?
Faith they ſhall have no praiſe of mine;
When a Noble-man he doth them ſend,
To have them fill'd as he doth intend:
The Man with his Flagon runs quite away,
And never is ſeen again after that day;
Oh, then his Lord begins to Ban,
And Swears he hath loſt both Flagon and Man:
But it ne'er was known that Page, or Groom,
But with a *Leathern Bottle* again would come;
And I wiſh in Heaven, &c.

Now what do you ſay to theſe Glaſſes fine?
Faith they ſhall have no praiſe of mine;
When Friends are at a Table ſet,
And by them ſeveral ſorts of Meat:
The one loves Fleſh, the other Fiſh,
Among them all remove a Diſh;
Touch but the Glaſs upon the brim,
The Glaſs is broke, no Wine left in:
Then be your Table-Cloth ne'er ſo fine,
There lies your Beer, your Ale, your Wine;
And doubtleſs for ſo ſmall abuſe,
A young Man may his Service loſe:
And I wiſh in Heaven that Soul may dwell,
That firſt devis'd the Leathern Bottle.

Now

Now when this Bottle is grown old,
And that it will no longer hold;
Out of the ſide you may cut a Clout,
To mend your Shoe when worn out:
Or hang the other ſide on a Pin,
'Twill ſerve to put many odd trifles in;
As Nails, Awls, and Candles ends,
For young beginners need ſuch things.
I wiſh in Heaven his Soul may dwell,
That firſt Invented the Leathern Bottle.

The Black JACK:

To the foregoing Tune.

'TIS a pitiful thing that now adays, Sirs,
Our Poets turn *Leathern* Bottle praiſers;
But if a Leathern Theam they did lack,
They might better have choſen the bonny *Black-Jack*:
For when they are both now well worn and decay'd,
For the *Jack*, than the *Bottle*, much more may be ſaid;
And I wiſh his Soul much good may partake,
That firſt devis'd the bonny Black Jack.

And now I will begin to declare,
What the Conveniencies of the *Jack* are;
Firſt, when a gang of good Fellows do meet,
As oft at a Fair, or a Wake, you ſhall ſee't:
They reſolve to have ſome merry Carouſes,
And yet to get home in good time to their Houſes;
Then the *Bottle* it runs as ſlow as my Rhime,
With *Jack*, they might have all been Drunk in good time:
And I wiſh his Soul in Peace may dwell,
That firſt devis'd that ſpeedy Veſſel.

And therefore leave your twittle twattle,
Praiſe the *Jack*, praiſe no more the *Leathern Bottle*;
For the Man at the *Bottle*, may drink till he burſt,
And yet not handſomely quench his thirſt:
The Maſter hereat maketh great moan,
And doubts his *Bottle* has a ſpice of the Stone;
But if it had been a generous *Jack*,
He might have had currently what he did lack:
And I wiſh his Soul in Paradiſe,
That firſt found out that happy device.

Be your Liquor ſmall, or thick as Mud,
The cheating *Bottle* that cries good, good;
Then the Maſter again begins to ſtorm,
Becauſe it ſaid more than it could perform:
But if it had been in an honeſt *Black Jack*,
It would have prov'd better to ſight, ſmell, and ſmack
And I wiſh his Soul in Heaven may reſt.
That added a Jack, *to* Bacchus *his Feaſt.*

No Flagon, Tankard, Bottle, or Jugg,
Is half ſo fit, or ſo well can hold tugg;
For when a Man and his Wife play at thwacks
There's nothing ſo good as a pair of *Black Jacks*:
Thus to it they go, they Swear, and they Curſe,
It makes them both better, the *Jack*'s ne'er the worſe
For they might have bang'd both, till their hearts d
And yet no hurt the *Jacks* could take: (a
And I wiſh his Heirs may have a Penſion,
That firſt produc'd that lucky Invention.

SOCRATES and *ARISTOTLE*,
Suck'd no Wit from a *Leather Bottle*;
For ſurely I think a Man as ſoon may,
Find a Needle in a Bottle of Hay:
But if the *Black Jack*, a Man often toſs over,
'Twill make him as Drunk as any Philoſopher;
When he that makes *Jacks* from a Peck, to a Quart
Conjures not, though he lives by the black Art:
And I wiſh his Soul, &c.

Beſides my good Friend let me tell you, that Fellow,
That fram'd the Bottle, his Brains were but ſhallow;
The Caſe is ſo clear I nothing need mention,
The Jack is a nearer and deeper Invention;
When the Bottle is cleaned, the Dregs fly about,
As if the Guts and the Brains flew out;
But if in a Cannon-bore Jack it had been,
From the top to the bottom all might have been clean,
And I wiſh his Soul no Comfort may lack,
That firſt devis'd the bouncing black Jack.

Your Leather Bottle is us'd by no Man,
That is a Hairs Breadth above a Plow-man;
Then let us gang to the *Hercules* Pillars,
And there viſit thoſe gallant Jack ſwillers;
In theſe ſmall, ſtrong, ſour, mild, ſtale,
They drink Orange, Lemon, and Lambeth Ale:
The Chief of Heralds there allows,
The Jack to be of an ancienter Houſe.
And may his Succeſſors never want Sack,
That firſt devis'd the long Leather Jack.
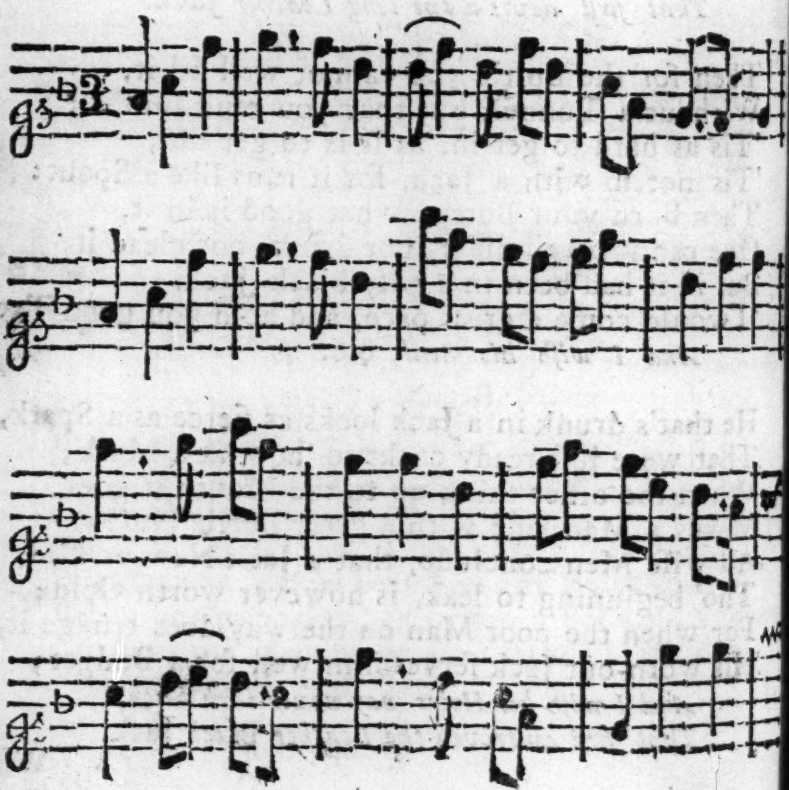
Then for the Bottle you cannot well fill it,
Without a Tunnel, but that you muſt ſpill it;
'Tis as hard to get in, as it is to get out,
'Tis not ſo with a Jack, for it runs like a Spout:
Then burn your Bottle, what good is in it,
One cannot well fill it, nor drink, nor clean it,
But if it had been in a jolly black Jack,
'Twould come a great pace, and hold you good Tack.
And I wiſh his Soul, &c.
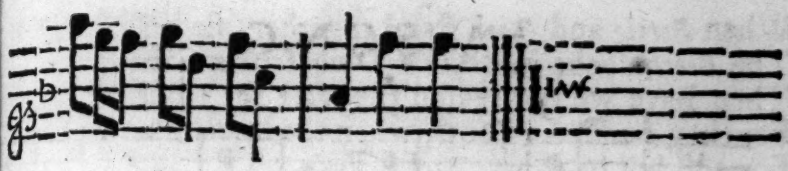
He that's drunk in a Jack looks as fierce as a Spark,
That were juſt ready cockt to ſhoot at a Mark;
When the other thing up to the Mouth it goes,
Makes a Man look with a great Bottle Noſe;
All wiſe Men conclude, that a Jack New or Old,
Tho' beginning to leak, is however worth Gold;
For when the poor Man on the way does trudge it,
His worn-out Jack ſerves him well for a Budget;
And I wiſh his Heirs may never lack Sack;
That firſt contrived the Leather Black Jack.

When

When *Bottle* and *Jack* ſtand together, fie on't,
The *Bottle* looks juſt like a Dwarf to a Giant;
Then have we not reaſon the *Jack* for to chuſe,
For they can make Boots, when the *Bottle* mends Shoes:
For add but to every *Jack* a Foot,
And every *Jack*, becomes a Boot:
Then give me my *Jack*, there's a reaſon why,
They have kept us wet, and they'll keep us dry:
I now ſhall ceaſe, but as I'm an honeſt Man,
The *Jack* deſerves to be called Sir *John*;
And may they ne'er want for Belly, nor Back,
That keep up the Trade of the bonny Black Jack.

A SONG.
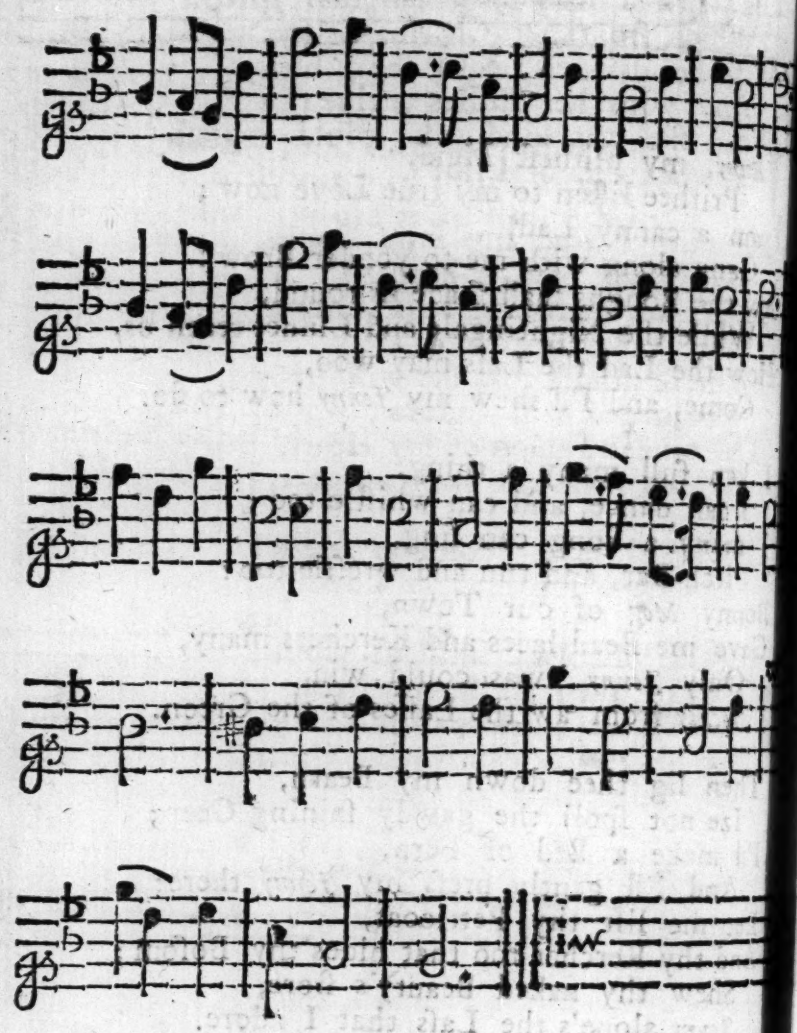




JEnny, my blitheſt Maid,
Prithee liſten to my true Love now;
I am a canny Lad,
Gang along with me to yonder Brow:
Aw the Boughs ſhall ſhade us round,
While the Nightingale and Linnet teach us,
How the Lad the Laſs may woo,
Come, and I'll ſhew my *Jenny* how to do.

I ken full many a thing,
I can dance, and can whiſtle too;
I many a Song can ſing,
Pitch-Bar, and run and wreſtle too:
Bonny *Mog* of our Town,
Gave me Bead-laces and Kerchers many,
Only *Jenny* 'twas could win,
Jockey from aw the Laſſes of the Green.

Then lig thee down my Bearn,
Ize not ſpoil the gawdy ſhining Geer;
I'll make a Bed of Fern,
And I'll gently preſs my *Jenny* there:
Let me lift thy Petticoat,
And thy Kercher too that hides thy Boſom;
Shew thy naked Beauty's ſtore,
Jenny alone's the Laſs that I adore.

A SONG.



TELL me ye Gods,
Why do you prove ſo cruel,
So ſevere, to make me burn in Flames of Love,
Then throw me in Deſpair?
Tell me what Pleaſure do you find,
To force tormenting Fate;
To make my *Sylvia* firſt ſeem kind,
Then vow perpetual hate?
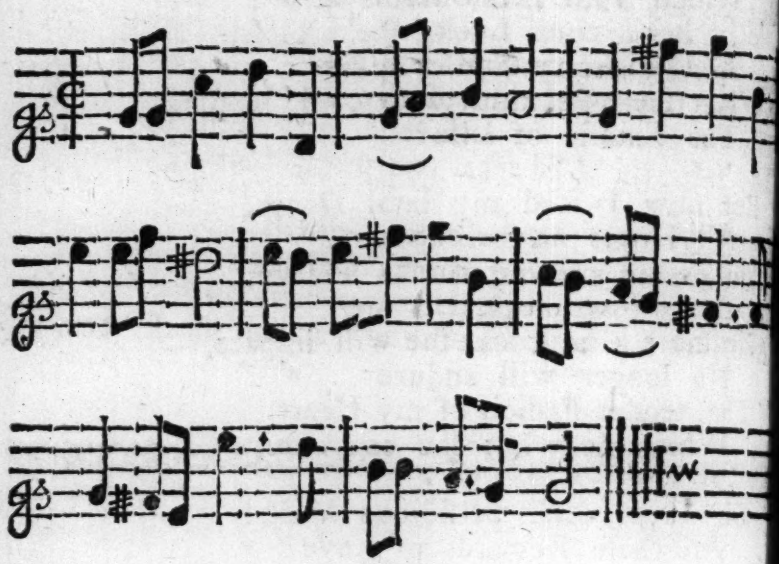
Once gentle *Sylvia* did inſpire,
With her bewitching Eyes;
Oft with a Kiſs ſhe'd fan that Fire,
Which from her Charms ariſe:
With her diviner Looks ſhe'd bleſs,
And with her Smiles revive;
When ſhe was kind, who could expreſs
The Extaſie of Life?

But now I read my fatal Doom,
All Hopes now diſappear;
Smiles are converted to a Frown,
And Vows neglected are:
No more kind Looks ſhe will impart,
No longer will endure:
The tender Paſſion of my Heart,
Which none but ſhe can cure.

Ah! cruel, falſe, perfidious Maid!
Are theſe Rewards of Love?
When you have thus my Heart betray'd,
Will you then faithleſs prove?
'Tis pity ſuch an Angels Face
Shou'd ſo much perjur'd be;
And blaſt each captivating Grace,
By being falſe to me.

Return, return, e'er 'tis too late,
The God of Love appeaſe;
Leſt you too ſoon do meet your Fate,
And fall a Sacrifice:
Deſpiſe not then a proferr'd Heart,
But mighty Love obey;
For Age will ruin all your Art,
And Beauty will decay.

A SONG.



SIT thee down by me, mine own Joy,
Thouz quite kill me, ſhould'ſt thou prove coy:
Shouldſt thou prove Coy, and not love me,
Oh! where ſhould I find out ſike a yan as thee.

Ize been at Wake, and Ize been at Fare,
Yet ne'er found yan with thee to compare:
Oft have I ſought, but ne'er could find,
Sike Beauty as thine, couldſt thou prove kind.

Thouz have a gay Gown and go foyn,
With ſilver Shoon thy Feet ſhall ſhoyn:
With foyn'ſt Flowers thy Crag Ize crown,
Thy pink Petticoat ſall be laced down.
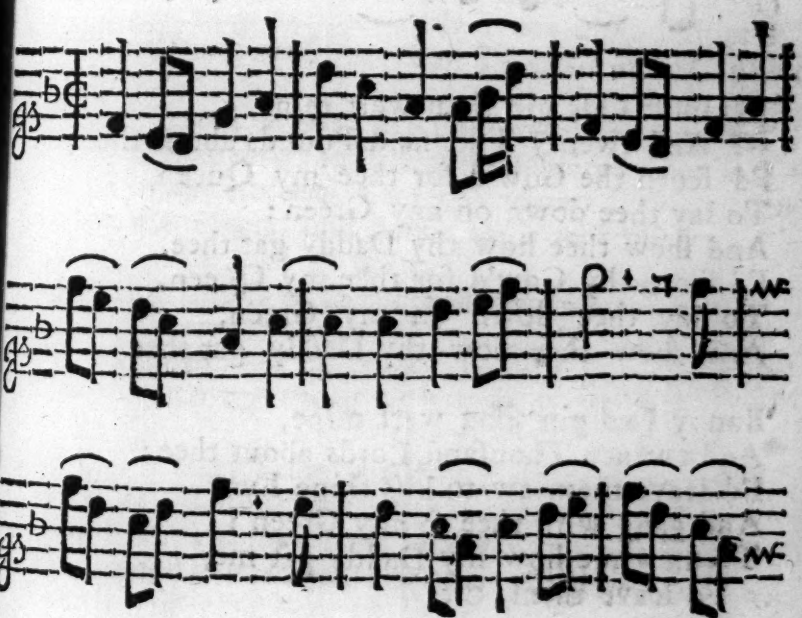
Weeze yearly gang to the Brook ſide,
And Fiſhes catch as they do glide:
Each Fiſh thyn Priſoner then ſhall be,
Thouz catch at them, and Ize catch at thee.
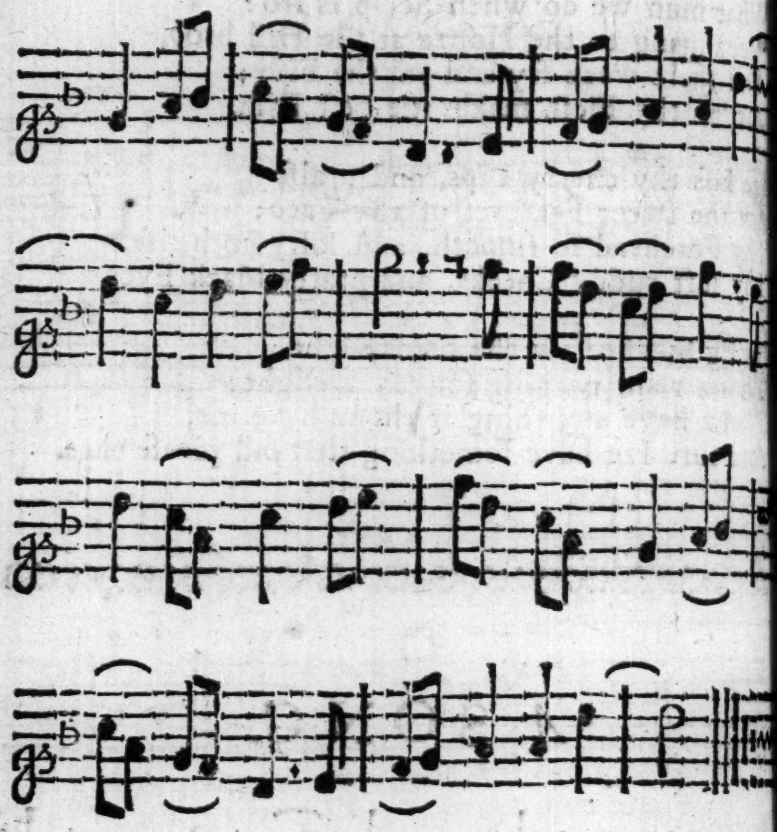
What mun we do when Scrip is fro?
Weez gang to the Houze at the Hill broo,
And there weez fry and eat the Fiſh;
But 'tis thy Fleſh makes the beſt Diſh.

Ize kiſs thy cherry Lips, and praiſe
Aw the ſweet Features of thy Face;
Thy Forehead ſo ſmooth, and lofty both riſe,
Thy ſoft ruddy Cheeks, and pratty black Eyes.

Ize lig by thee aw the cold Night,
Thouz want nothing for thy Delight:
Thouz have any thing if thouz have me,
And ſure Ize have ſomething that ſall pleaſe thee.

A SONG.
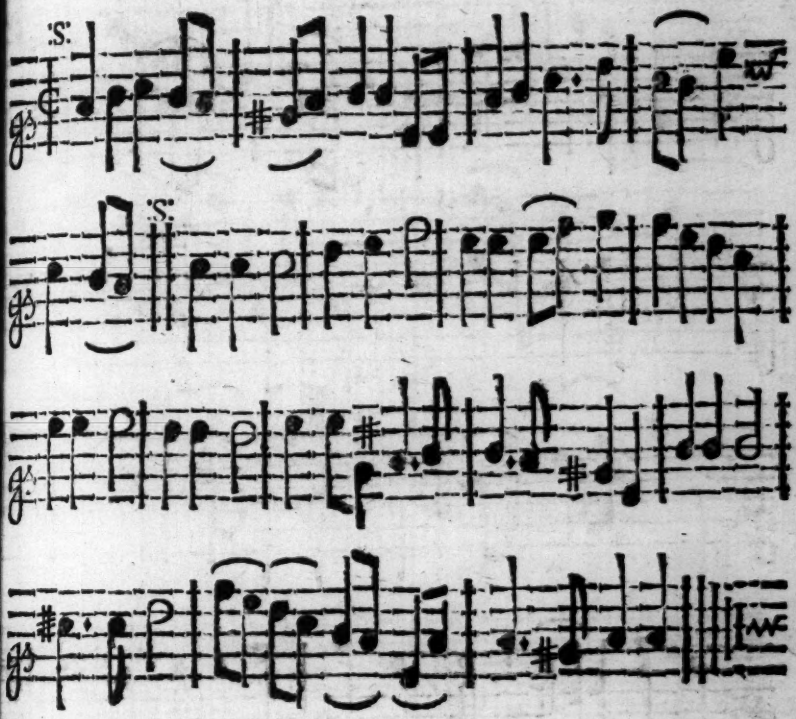




BOnny Laſs gin thou wert mine,
And twenty Thouſand Pounds about thee;
I'd ſcorn the Gow'd for thee my Queen,
To lay thee down on any Green:
And ſhew thee how thy Daddy gat thee,
I'd ſcorn thy Gow'd for thee my Queen,
To lay thee down on any Green,
And ſhew thee how thy Daddy gat thee.

Bonny Lad gin thou wert mine,
And twenty Thouſand Lords about thee;
I'd leave them aw to kiſs thine Eyn,
And gang with thee to any Green;
To ſhew me how my Daddy gat me,
I'd leave them, *&c.*
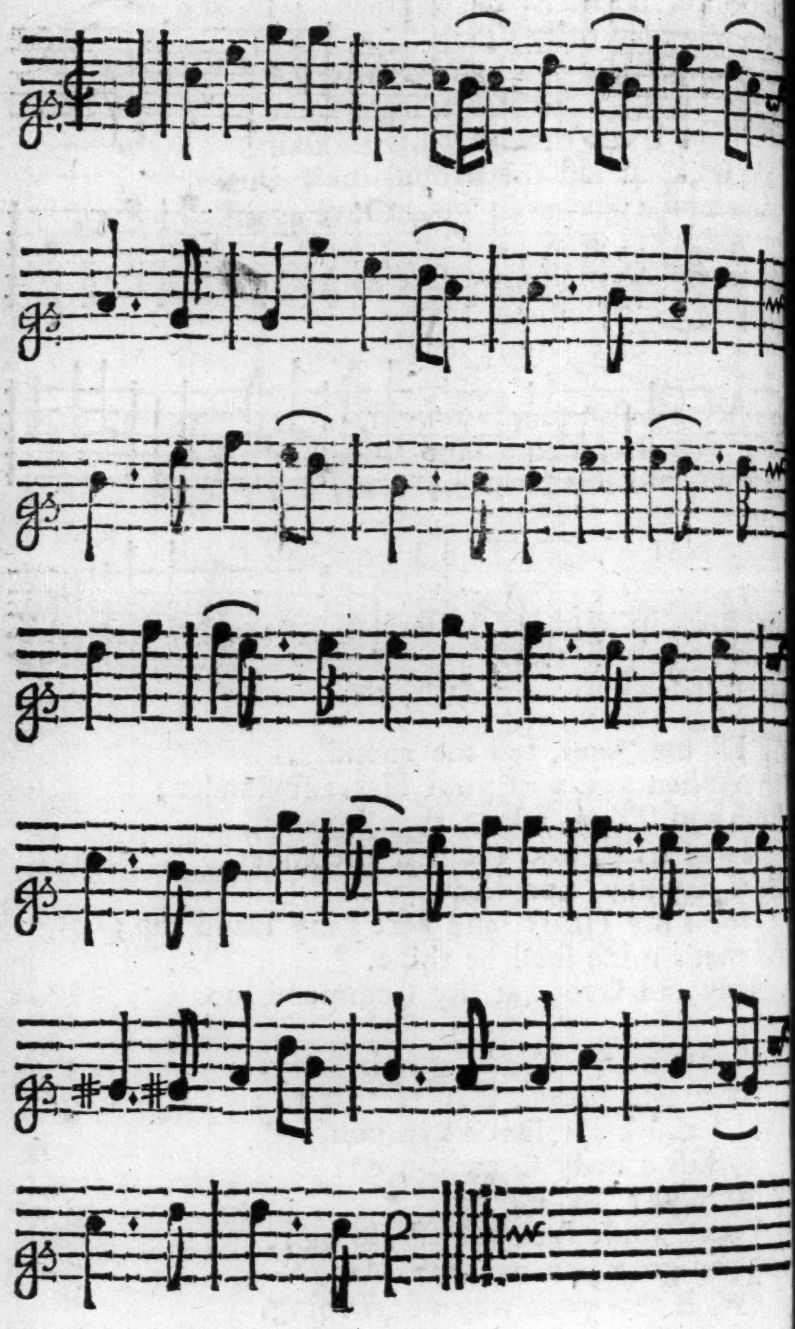
A SONG.



TEll me *Jenny*, tell me roundly,
When you will your Heart ſurrender;
Faith and Troth I love thee ſoundly,
'Twas I that was the firſt Pretender.
Ne'er ſay nay, nor delay,
Here's my Heart, and here's my Hand too;
All that's mine ſhall be thine,
Body and Goods at thy Command too.

Ah! how many Maids, quoth *Jenny*,
Have you promis'd to be true to;
Fye! I think the Devil's in you,
To kiſs a body ſo as you do!
What d'ye? let me go,
I can't abide ſuch fooliſh doing;
Get you gone you naughty Man,
Fye, is this your way of Wooing.

A SONG.
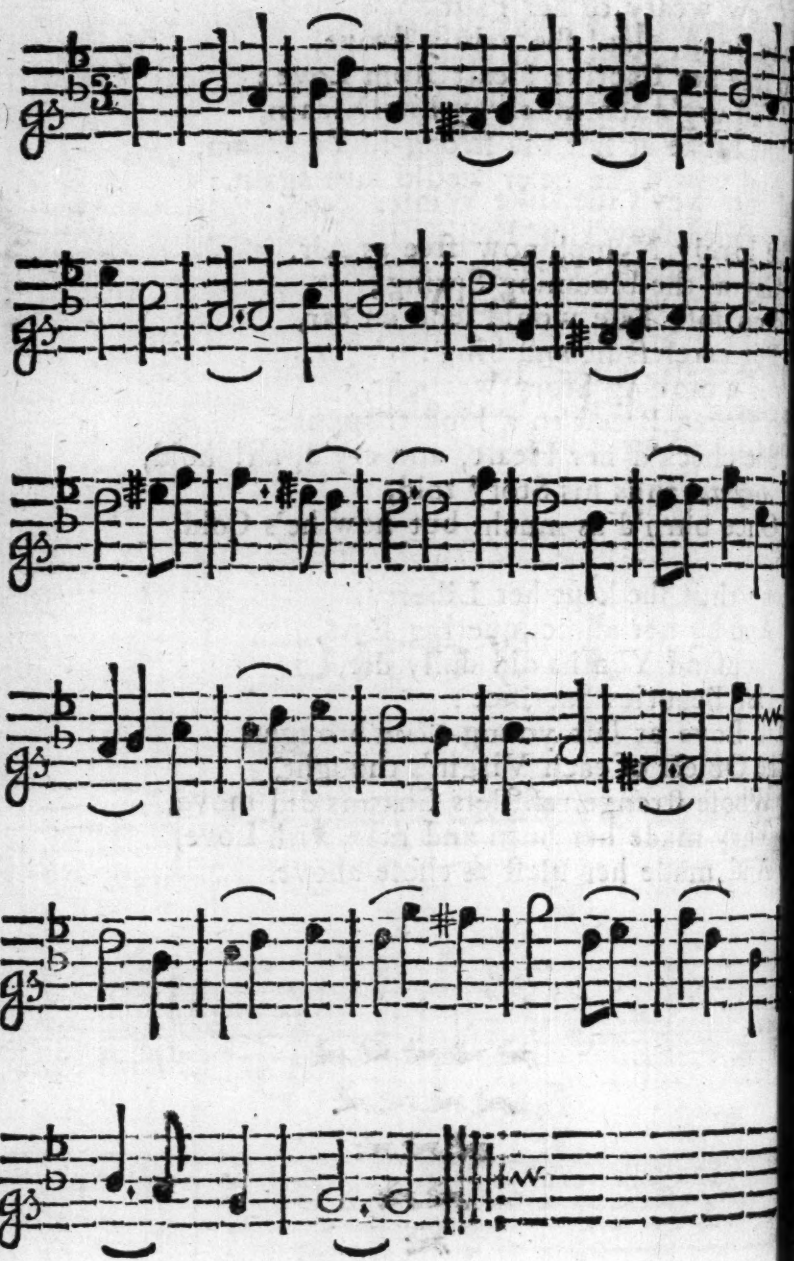


THE bright *Laurinda*, whoſe hard fate,
It was to Love a Swain,
Ill-natur'd, faithleſs, and ingrate,
Grew weary of her Pain:
Long, long, alas! ſhe vainly ſtrove,
To free her Captive Heart from Love;
'Till urg'd too much by his Diſdain,
She broke at laſt the ſtrong-link'd Chain,
And vow'd ſhe ne'er would love again.

The lovely Nymph now free as Air,
Gay as the blooming Spring;
To no ſoft Tale would lend an ear,
But careleſs ſit and Sing:
Or if a moving Story wrought,
Her frozen Breaſt to a kind thought;
She check'd her Heart, and cry'd, ah! hold,
Amyntor thus his Story told,
Once burn'd as much, but now he's Cold.

Long thus ſhe kept her Liberty,
And by her all-conquering Eyes,
A thouſand Youths did daily die,
Her Beauties Sacrifice:
Till Love at laſt young *Cleon* brought,
The Object of each Virgin's thought,
Whoſe ſtrange reſiſtleſs Charms did move,
They made her burn and rage with Love,
And made her bleſt as thoſe above.

A SONG.
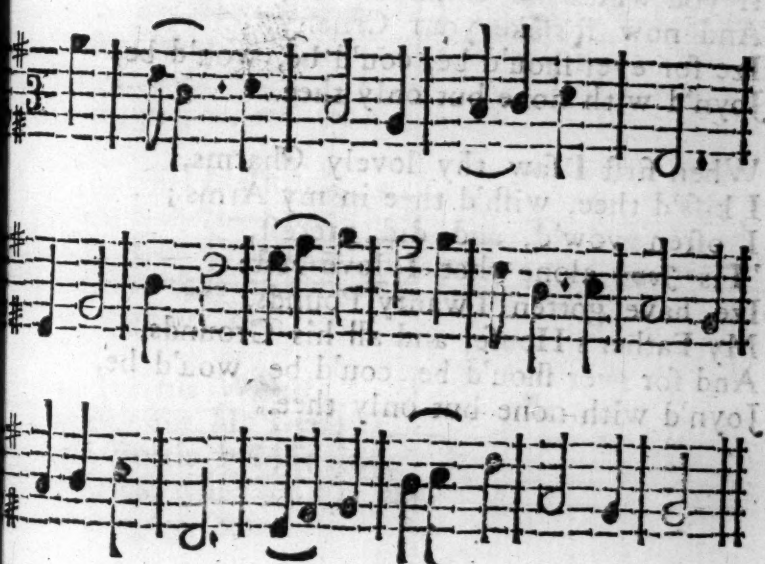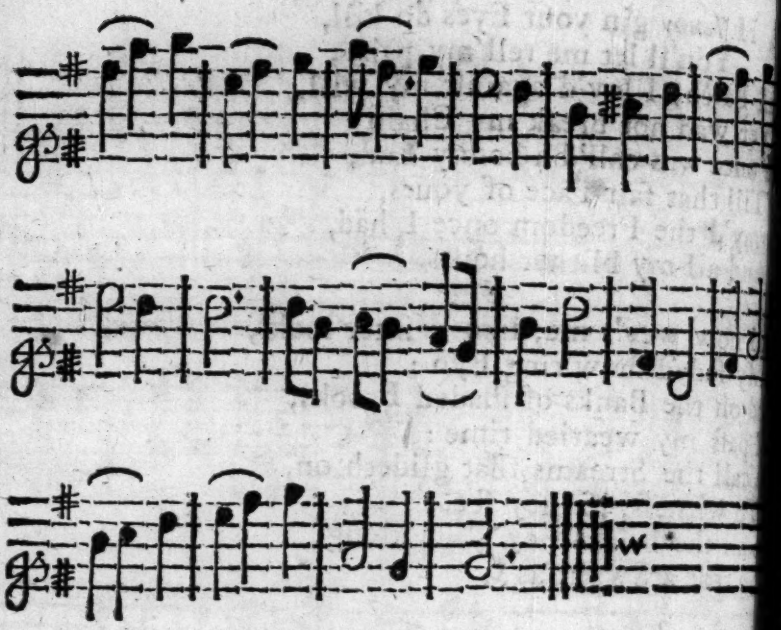


Ah

AH *Jenny* gin your Eyes do kill,
You'll let me tell my pain;
ud Faith, I lov'd againſt my will,
Yet wad not break my Chain:
e once was call'd a bonny Lad,
'Till that fair Face of yours,
tray'd the Freedom once I had,
And all my blither hours.

nd now wey's me, like Winter looks,
My faded ſhow'ring Eyn;
nd on the Banks of ſhaded Brooks,
I paſs my wearied time:
e call the Streams that glideth on,
To witneſs, if they ſee,
n all the brink they glide along,
So true a Swain as I.

A SONG.
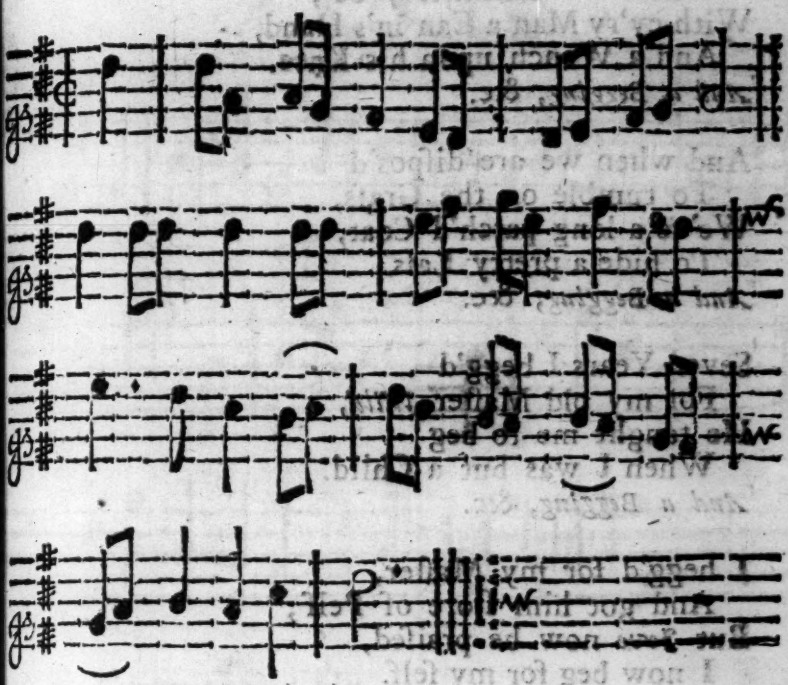




I Often for my *Jenny* ſtrove,
Ey'd her, try'd her, yet can't prove,
So lucky to find her Pity move,
Ize have no Reward for Love:
If you wou'd but think on me,
And now forſake your Cruelty,
Ize for ever ſhou'd be, cou'd be, wou'd be,
Joyn'd with none but only thee.

When firſt I ſaw thy lovely Charms,
I kiſs'd thee, wiſh'd thee in my Arms;
I often vow'd, and did proteſt,
'Tis *Joan* alone that I love beſt:
Ize have gotten Twanty Pounds,
My Father's Houſe, and all his Grounds,
And for ever ſhou'd be, cou'd be, wou'd be,
Joyn'd with none but only thee.

A SONG.



THere was a Jovial Beggar,
He had a wooden Leg;
Lame from his Cradle,
And forced for to beg:
And a Begging we will go,
We'll go, we'll go,
And a Begging we will go.

A Bag for his Oatmeal,
Another for his Salt;
And a pair of Crutches,
To ſhew that he can halt.
And a Begging, &c.

A Bag for his Wheat,
Another for his Rye;
A little Bottle by his ſide,
To drink when he's a dry.
And a Begging, &c.

To *Pimblico* we'll go,
Where we ſhall merry be;
With ev'ry Man a Can in's Hand,
And a Wench upon his Knee.
And a Begging, &c.

And when we are diſpos'd
To tumble on the Graſs,
We've a long patch'd Coat,
To hide a pretty Laſs.
And a Begging, &c.

Seven Years I begg'd
For my old Maſter *Wild*,
He taught me to beg
When I was but a Child.
And a Begging, &c.
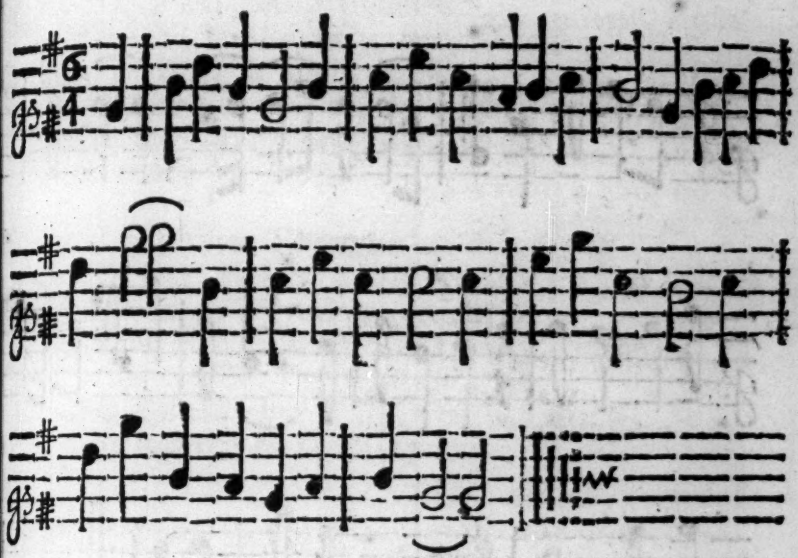
I begg'd for my Maſter,
And got him ſtore of Pelf;
But *Jove* now be-praiſed,
I now beg for my ſelf.
And a Begging, &c.

In a hollow Tree
I live and pay no Rent;
Providence provides for me,
And I am well content.
And a Begging, &c.

Of all Occupations,
A Beggar lives the beſt;
For when he is a weary,
He'll lie him down and reſt.
And a Begging, &c.

I fear no Plots againſt me,
I live in open Cell;
Then who wou'd be a King,
When the Beggars live ſo well.
And a Begging we will go,
We'll go, we'll go,
And a Begging we will go.

A SONG.
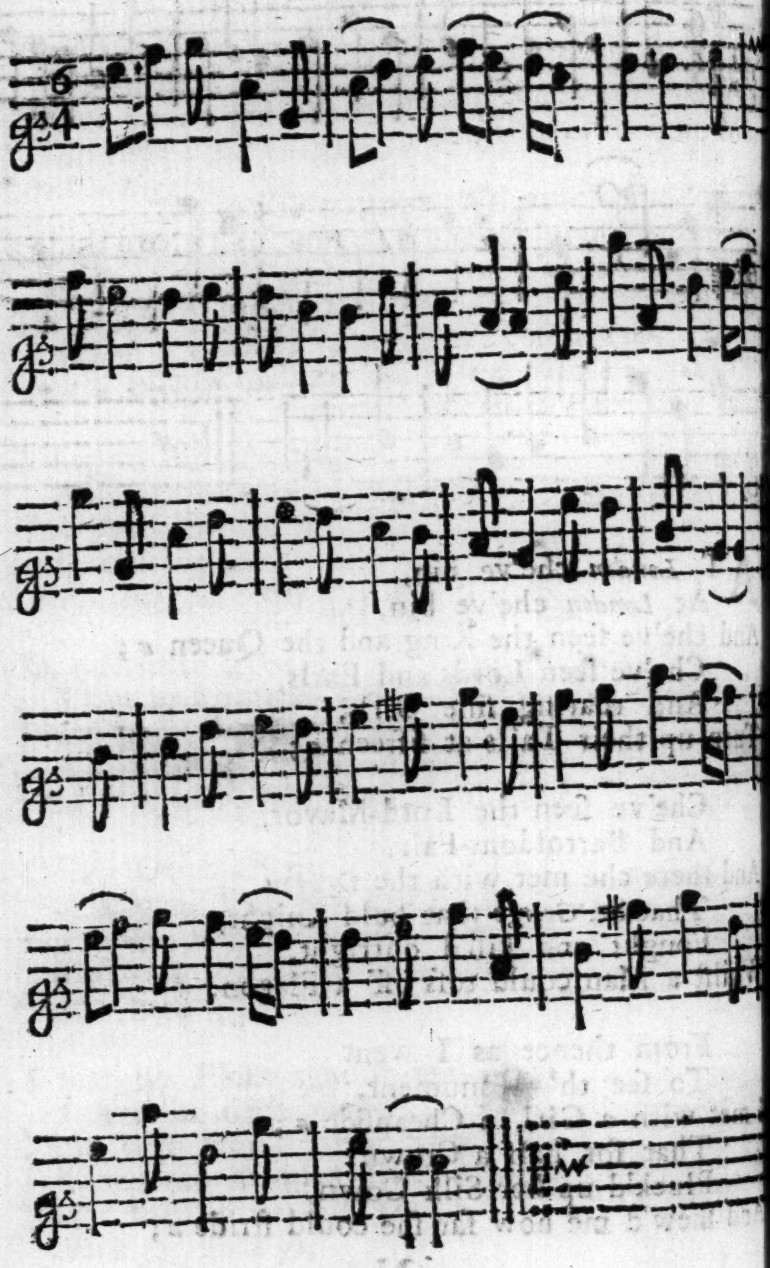


AT *London* che've bin,
At *London* che've bin,
And che've ſeen the King and the Queen *a*;
Che've ſeen Lords and Earls,
And roaring fine Girls,
Turn up their Tails at fifteen *a*;

Che've ſeen the Lord-Mayor,
And Bartoldom-Fair,
And there che met with the *Dragon*,
That St. *George* that bold Knight,
Fought and kill'd outright,
Whilſt a Man could toſs off a Flagon.

From thence as I went
To ſee th' Monument,
I met with a Girl in Cheapſide *a*;
That for half a Crown,
Pluck'd up her Silk Gown,
And ſhew'd me how far ſhe could ſtride *a*;
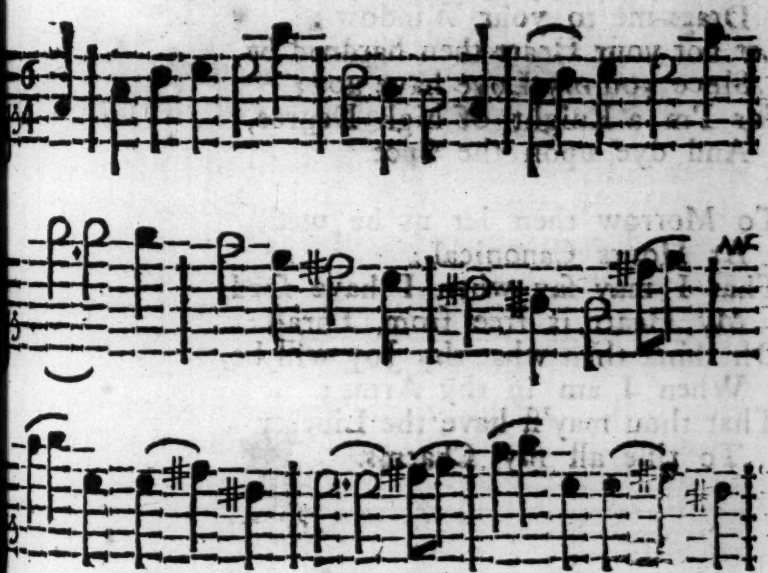
A SONG.
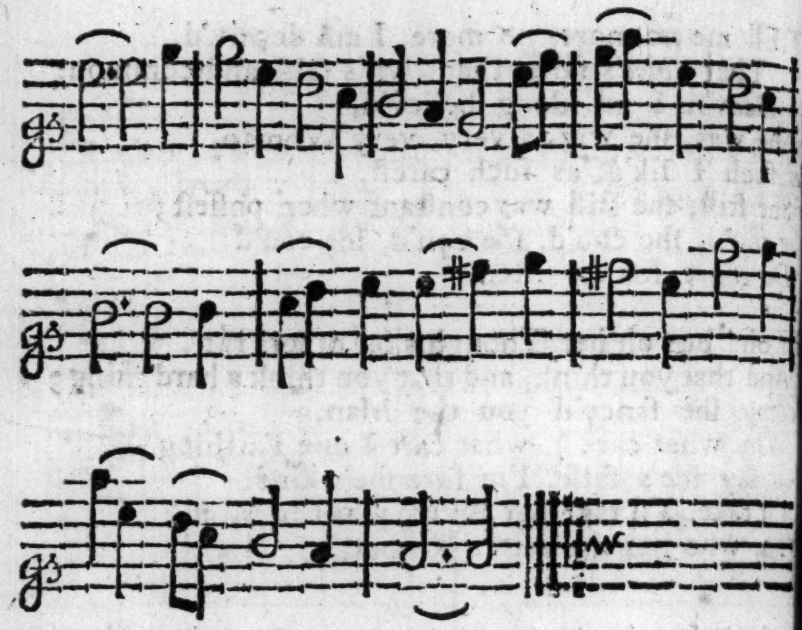


TEll me no more, no more, I am deceiv'd,
That *Chloe*'s falſe, that *Chloe*'s falſe and common:
By Heav'n I all along believ'd,
She was, ſhe was, a very, very Woman.
As ſuch I lik'd, as ſuch careſt,
She ſtill, ſhe ſtill was conſtant when poſſeſt;
She cou'd, ſhe cou'd, ſhe cou'd, ſhe cou'd
Do more for no Man.

But oh! but oh her Thoughts on others ran,
And that you think, and that you think a hard thing;
Perhaps ſhe fancy'd you the Man,
Why what care I, what care I one Farthing.
You ſay ſhe's falſe, I'm ſure ſhe's kind,
I'll take, I'll take her Body, you her Mind;
Who, who has the better Bargain?

A SONG.
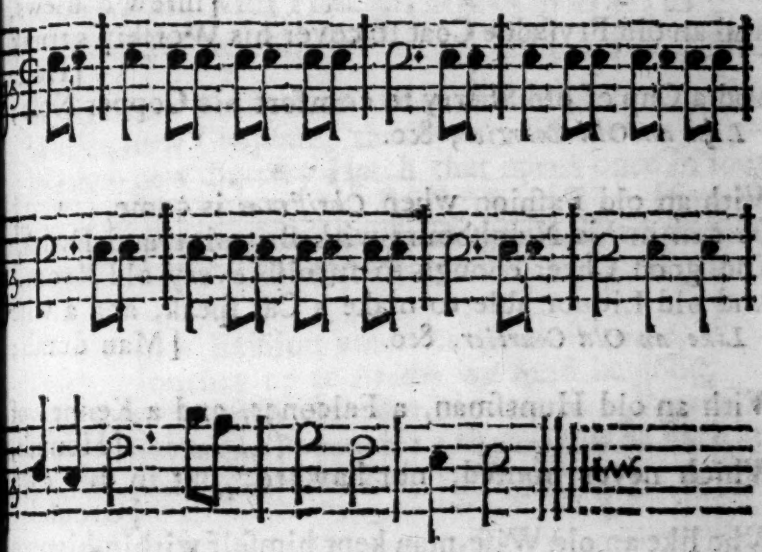




THen beauteous Nymph look from above,
And ſee me here below: [Window,
See how that mighty Tyrant Love, drags me to your
Drags me to your Window:
Let not your Heart then hardned be,
Since you my Love have got;
For I'm a Knight of high Degree,
And dye upon the Spot.

To Morrow then let us be wed,
At Hours Canonical;
That I may ſay when I have ſped,
My Heart is free from Thrall:
Oh think then what thy Joy will be,
When I am in thy Arms;
That thou may'ſt have the Liberty
To riſle all my Charms.

The Old and New Courtier.



WIth an Old Song made by an Old Ancient Pate,
Of an Old worſhipful Gentleman who had a [great Eſtate:
Who kept an Old Houſe at a bountiful rate,
And an Old Porter to relieve the Poor at his Gate,
Like an Old Courtier of the Queens.

With an Old Lady whoſe Anger good Words aſſwages,
Who every Quarter pays her Old Servants their Wages,
Who never knew what belongs to Coachmen, Footmen [and Pages:
But kept twenty or thirty Old Fellows with blue Cloaths
Like an Old Courtier, &c. [and Badges;

With a Study fill'd full of Learned Books, [his looks
With an Old Reverend Parſon, you may judge him by
With an Old Buttery hatch worn quite off the old Hooks,
And an Old Kitchin, which maintains half a dozen Old
Like an Old Courtier, &c. [Cooks;

With an old Hall hung round about with Guns, Pikes,
[and Bows,
With old Swords and Bucklers, which hath born many
[ſhrew'd Blews,
And an old Fryſadoe Coat to cover his Worſhip's trunk
[Hoſe,
And a Cup of old Sherry to comfort his Copper Noſe;
Like an Old Courtier, &c.

With an old Faſhion when *Chriſtmas* is come,
To call in his Neighbours with Bag-pipe and Drum,
And good Cheer enough to furniſh every old Room,
And old Liquor able to make a Cat ſpeak, and a wiſe
Like an Old Courtier, &c. [Man dumb;

With an old Huntſman, a Falconer, and a Kennel of
[Hounds,
Which never hunted, nor hawked, but in his own
[Grounds:
Who like an old Wiſe-man kept himſelf within his own
[Bounds,
And when he died gave every Child a thouſand old
Like an Old Soldier, &c. [Pounds.

But to his Eldeſt Son, his Houſe and Land he aſſign'd,
Charging him in his Will to keep the ſame bountiful
[Mind,
To be good to his Servants, and to his Neighbours kind.
But in the enſuing Ditty, you ſhall hear how he was
Like a young Courtier of the Kings. [enclin'd;

Like a young Gallant newly come to his Land,
That keeps a brace of Creatures at's own Command,
And takes up a thouſand Pound upon's own Bond,
And lieth drunk in a new Tavern, till he can neither go
Like a young Courtier, &c. [nor ſtand;

With a neat Lady that is freſh and fair [or care
Whonever knew what belong'd to good Houſe-keeping
But buys ſeveral Fans to play with the wanton Air,
And ſeventeen or eighteen Dreſſings of other Women
Like a young Courtier, &c. [Hair
With

With a new Hall built where the old one ſtood,
Wherein is burned neither Coal nor Wood,
And a new Shuffle-board-table where never Meat ſtood,
Hung round with Pictures, which doth the poor little [good;
Like a young Courtier, &c.

With a new Study ſtuff'd full of Pamphlets and Plays,
With a new Chaplain, that ſwears faſter than he prays,
With a new Buttery Hatch that opens once in four or [five Days,
With a new *French-Cook* to makes Kickſhaws and Toys;
Like a young Courtier, &c.
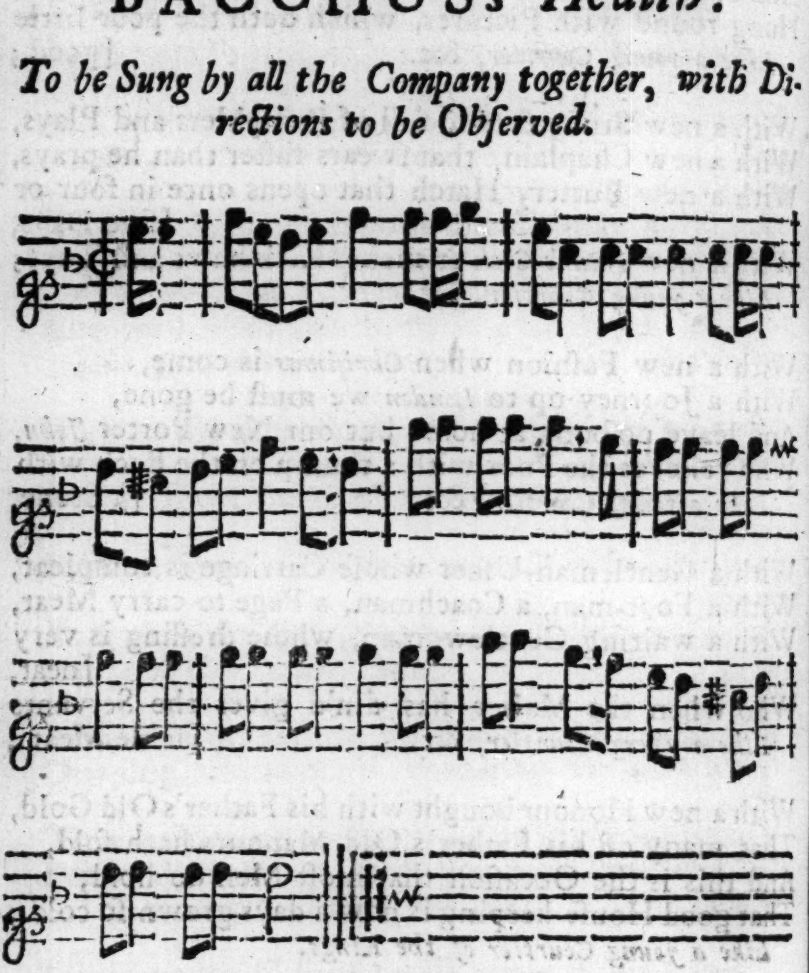
With a new Faſhion when *Chriſtmas* is come,
With a Journey up to *London* we muſt be gone,
And leave no body at home but our New Porter *John*,
Who relieves the Poor with a thump on the Back with [a Stone,
Like a young Courtier, &c.

With a Gentleman-Uſher whoſe Carriage is compleat,
With a Foot-man, a Coachman, a Page to carry Meat,
With a waiting Gentlewoman, whoſe dreſſing is very [neat,
Who when the Maſter has din'd gives the Servants [little Meat;
Like a young Courtier, &c.

With a new Honour bought with his Father's Old Gold,
That many of his Father's Old Manours hath ſold,
And this is the Occaſion that moſt Men do hold,
That good Houſe-keeping is now a days grown ſo cold;
Like a young Courtier of the Kings.

BACCHUS's *Health:*

To be Sung by all the Company together, with Directions to be Obſerved.



Firſt Man ſtands up with a Glaſs in's Hand and Sings.

HEre's a Health to Jolly *Bacchus*,
Here's a Health to Jolly *Bacchus*,
Here's a Health to Jolly *Bacchus*, *I--ho*, *I--ho*, *I--ho*;
For he doth merry make us,
For he doth merry make us,
For he doth merry make us, *I--ho*, *I--ho*, *I--ho*.

* *At this Star they all bow to each other, and ſit down.*
† *At this Dagger all the Company beckens to the Drawer.*

*Come ſit ye down together,
Come ſit ye down together,
Come ſit ye down together, *I--ho, I--ho, I--ho;*
And † bring more Liquor hither,
And bring more Liquor hither,
And bring more Liquor hither, *I--ho, I--ho, I--ho.*

* *At this Star the firſt Man drinks his Glaſs, while all the other ſing and point at him.*
† *At this Dagger they all ſit down, clapping their next Man on the Shoulder.*

It goes into the * *Cranium,*
It goes into the *Cranium,*
It goes into the *Cranium, I--ho, I--ho, I--ho.*
And † thou'rt a boon Companion,
And thou'rt a boon Companion,
And thou'rt a boon Companion, *I--ho, I--ho, I--ho;*

Then the 2d Man takes his Glaſs, all the Company Singing Here's a Health, *&c. ſo round.*

A SONG to the foregoing Tune.

THere was a bonny Blade,
Had marry'd a Country Maid,
And ſafely conducted her home, home, home;
She was neat in ev'ry part,
And ſhe pleas'd him to the Heart,
But ah! alas! ſhe was dumb, dumb, dumb.

She was bright as the Day,
And brisk as the May,
And as round, and as plump as a Plumb, plumb, plumb,
But ſtill the ſilly Swain,
Could do nothing but complain,
Becauſe that his Wife ſhe was dumb, dumb, dumb.

She could Brew and ſhe could Bake,
She could Sew and ſhe could make,
She could ſweep the Houſe with a Broom, Broom, Broom,
She could waſh and ſhe could wring,
She could do any kind of thing,
But ah! alas! ſhe was dumb, dumb, dumb.

To the Dr. then he went,
For to give himſelf Content,
And to cure his Wife of the mum, mum, mum,
O! 'tis the eaſieſt part
That belongs unto my Art,
For to make a Woman ſpeak that is dumb, dumb, dumb.

To the Dr. he did her bring,
And he cut her chattering String,
And at Liberty he ſet her Tongue, her Tongue, her Tongue,

Her Tongue began to walk,
And ſhe began to talk,
As tho' ſhe had never been dumb, dumb, dumb.
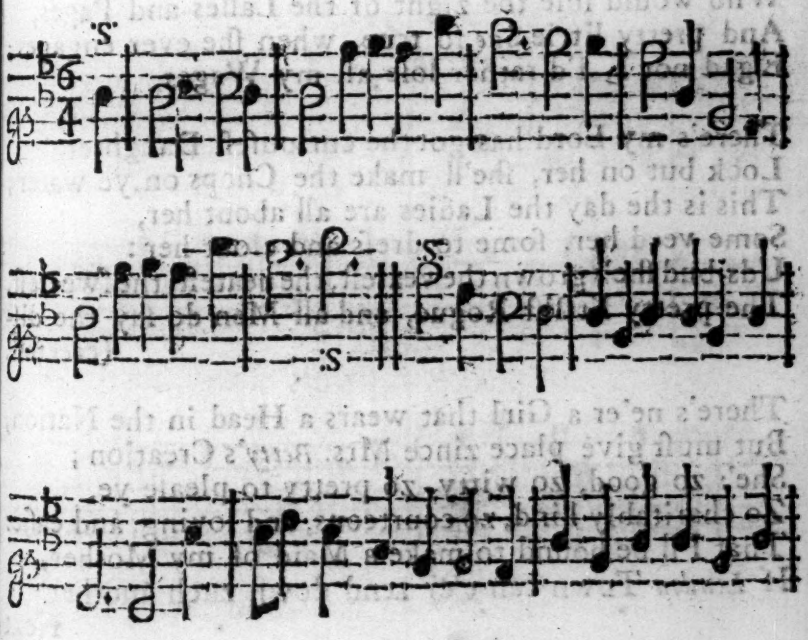
Her Faculty ſhe tries,
And ſhe fill'd the Houſe with Noiſe,
And ſhe rattl'd in his Ears like a drum, drum, drum,
She bred a deal of Strife,
Made him weary of his Life,
He'd give any thing again ſhe was dumb, dumb, dumb.
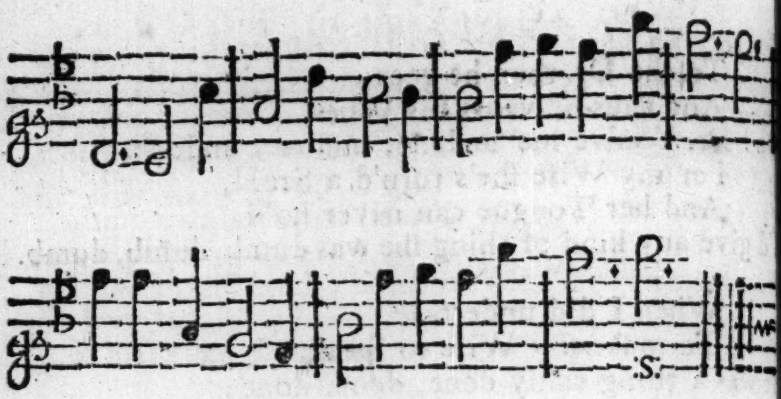
To

To the Dr. then he goes.
And thus he vents his Woes,
Oh! Dr. You've me undone, undone, undone;
For my Wife she's turn'd a Scold,
And her Tongue can never hold,
I'd give any kind of thing she was dumb, dumb, dumb.

When I did undertake,
To make thy Wife to speak,
It was a thing easily done, done, done;
But 'tis past the Art of Man,
Let him do whate'er he can,
For to make a Scolding Wife hold her Tongue, Tongue, (Tongue.

The West-Country man's SONG *on a Wedding.*





ODS hartly wounds, Ize not to plowing, not I, Sir;
Becauſe I hear there's ſuch brave doing hard by, Sir;
Thomas the Minſtrel he's gan twinkling before, Sir,
And they talk there will be two or three more, Sir:
Who the Rat can mind either *Bayard* or *Ball*, Sir,
Or any thing at all, Sir, for thinking of drinking i'th'
(Hall, Sir;
E'gad not I! Let Maſter fret it and ſtorm it, I am
(reſolv'd:
I'm ſure there can be no harm in't;
Who would loſe the zight of the Laſſes and Pages,
And pretty little *Sue* ſo true, when ſhe ever engages;
E'gad not I, I'd rather loſe all my Wages.
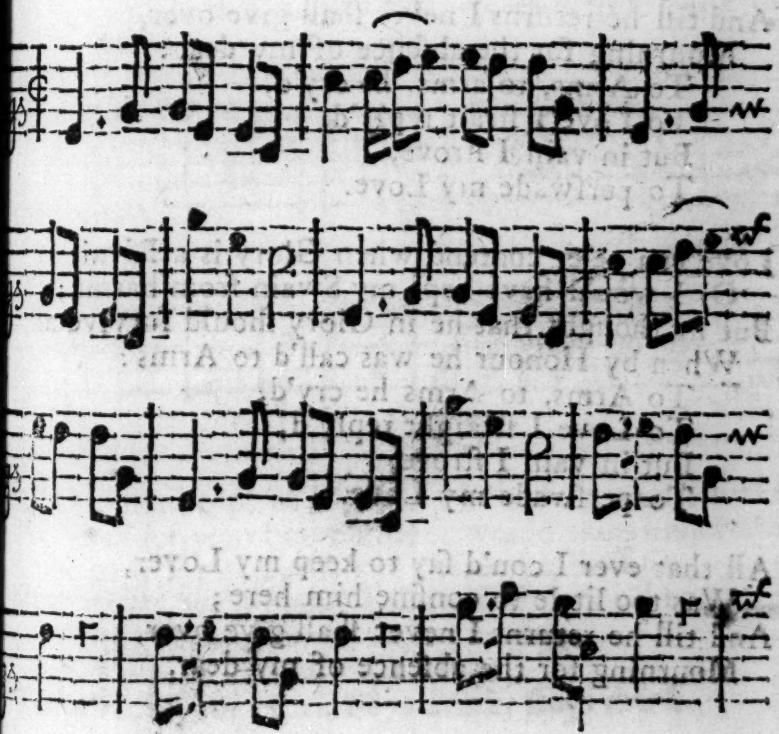
There's my Lord has got the curiouſeſt Daughter,
Look but on her, ſhe'll make the Chops on ye water;
This is the day the Ladies are all about her,
Some veed her, ſome to dreſs and clout her:
Uds-bud ſhe's grown the veateſt, the neateſt, the ſweeteſt,
The pretty littl'ſt Rogue, and all Men do ſay the diſ-
(creeteſt.
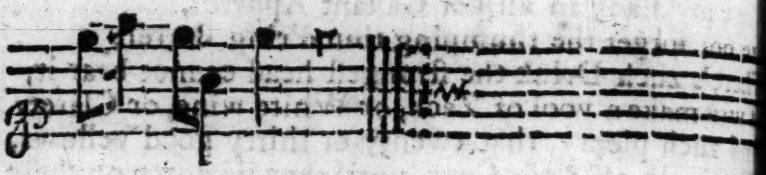
There's ne'er a Girl that wears a Head in the Nation,
But muſt give place zince Mrs. *Betty*'s Creation;
She's zo good, zo witty, zo pretty to pleaſe ye,
Zo charitably kind, zo courteous, and loving, and eaſie:
That I'll be bound to make a Maid of my Mother,
If *London* Town can e'er zend down zuch another.

Next

Next my Lady in all her Gallant Apparel,
Ze not forget the thumping thund'ring Barrel;
There's zuch Drink the ſtrongeſt head cannot bear it,
Twill make a vool of Zack, or White wine, or Claret:
And zuch plenty, that twenty or thirty good vellows,
May tipple off their Cups, until they lie down on their (Pillows;
Then hit off thy Vrock, and don't ſtand ſcratching thy (head zo,
For thither I'll go, Cods.—— becauſe I have ſaid ſo.

A SONG.
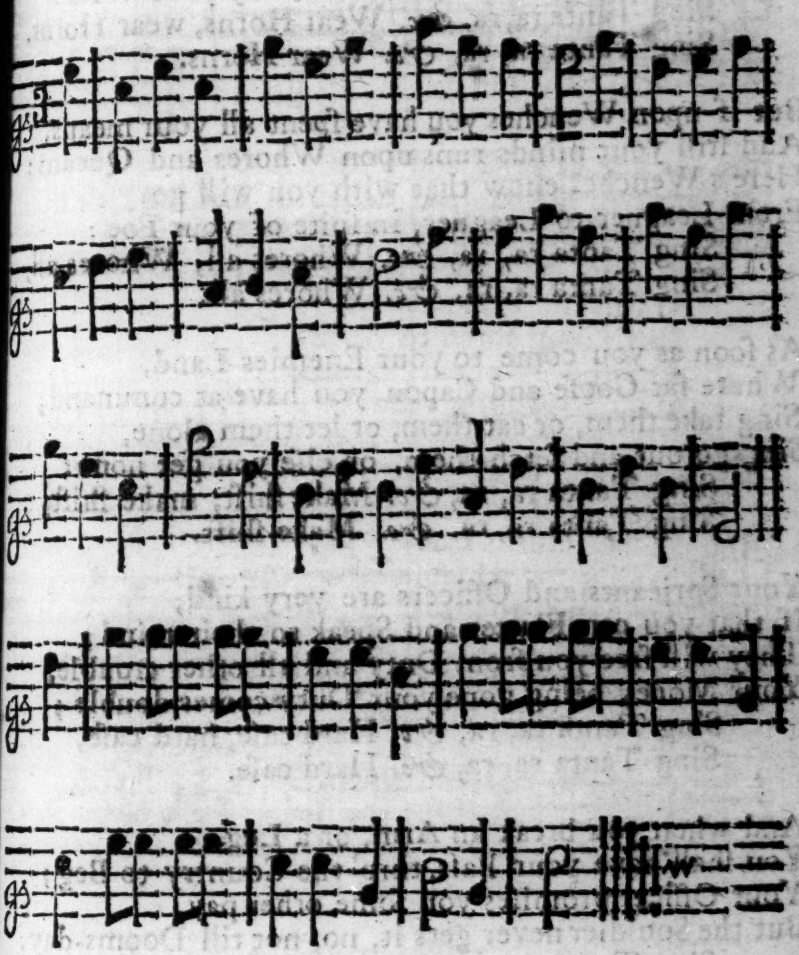




JOckey was as brisk and blith a Lad,
As ever did pretend to love a Maiden true;
But I fear that I ſhall die a Maid,
And never taſte the Joys of Love as others do;
When the Wars alarms,
Call'd him forth to Arms,
And the Trumpets ſound,
Made the ſhores rebound.

All that ever I cou'd ſay to keep my Lover,
Was too little to confine him here;
And till he returns I never ſhall give over,
Mourning for the abſence of my dear:
To Arms, to arms, he cry'd,
To Love I ſtrait reply'd,
But in vain I ſtrove,
To perſwade my Love.

Love can ne'er contend when Glory is a Rival,
Or I wou'd have kept my Swain from harms;
But he thought that he in Glory ſhould ſurvive all,
When by Honour he was call'd to Arms:
To Arms, to Arms he cry'd,
To Love I ſtraight reply'd,
But in vain I ſtrove,
To perſwade my Love.

All that ever I cou'd ſay to keep my Lover,
Was too little to confine him here;
And till he returns I never ſhall give over,
Mourning for the abſence of my dear.

A SONG.



YOU mad caps of *England* who merry wou'd make,
And for your brave Valour would pains undertake:
Come over for *Flanders*, and there you shall see,
How merry we'll make it, how frolick we'll be:
Sing Tanta, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra Boys,
Tanta ra, ra, ra, ra, ra Boys,
Tanta ra, ra, ra, ra, ra Boys drink, Boys drink.

If

If you have been a Citizen broke by miſchance,
And wou'd by your Courage, your Credit advance;
Here's ſtuff to be won by ventring your Life,
So you leave at home a good friend by your Wife:
Sing Tanta ra, ra, *&c.* Wear Horns, wear Horns,
Sing Tanta ra, ra, *&c.* Wear Horns.

But if upon Wenches you have ſpent all your means,
And ſtill your minds runs upon Whores and Queans;
Here's Wenches enow that with you will go,
From Leaguer to Leaguer, in ſpite of your Foe:
Sing Tanta ra, ra, *&c.* Whores all, Whores all,
Sing Tanta ra, ra, *&c.* Whores all.
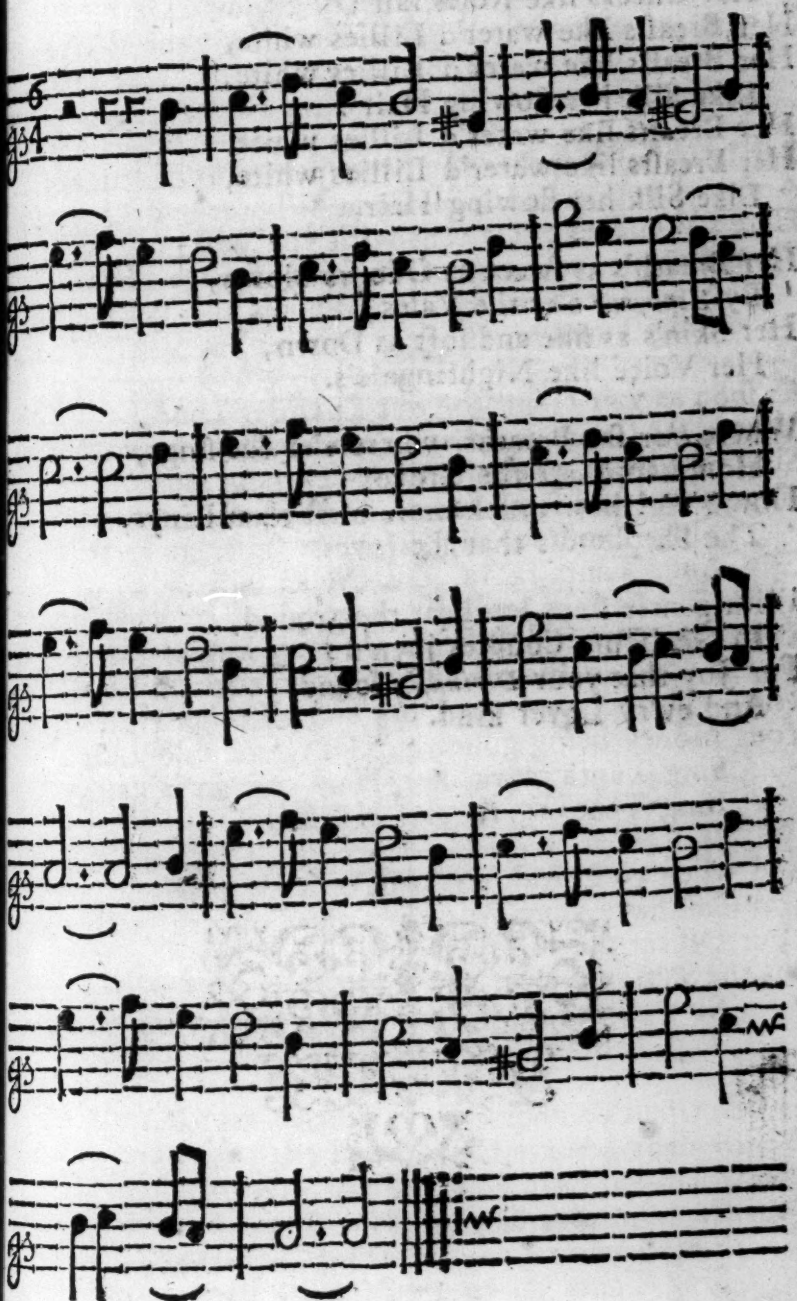
As ſoon as you come to your Enemies Land,
Where fat Gooſe and Capon, you have at command;
Sing take them, or eat them, or let them alone,
Sing go out and fetch them, or elſe you get none:
Sing Tanta ra, ra, *&c.* Make ſhift, make ſhift,
Sing Tanta ra, ra, *&c.* Make ſhift.

Your Serjeants and Officers are very kind,
If that you can Flatter and Speak to their mind;
They will free you from Duty and all other trouble,
Your Money being gone your Duty comes double;
Sing Tanta ra, ra, *&c.* Hard caſe, hard caſe,
Sing Tanta ra, ra, *&c.* Hard caſe.

And when you break an Arm, or a Leg,
You ſhall have your Paſs, thro' the Country to Beg;
Your Officer promiſes you ſome other pay,
But the Souldier never gets it, no, not till Dooms-day:
Sing Tanta ra, ra, *&c.* Long time, long time,
Sing Tanta ra, ra, *&c.* Long time.

At laſt when you come to your Enemies Walls,
Where many a brave Gallant and Gentleman falls;
And when you have done the beſt that you can,
Your Captain rewards you, there dies a brave Man;
Sing Tanta ra, ra, *&c.* That's all, that's all,
Sing Tanta ra, ra, *&c.* That's all.

A SONG.



Her
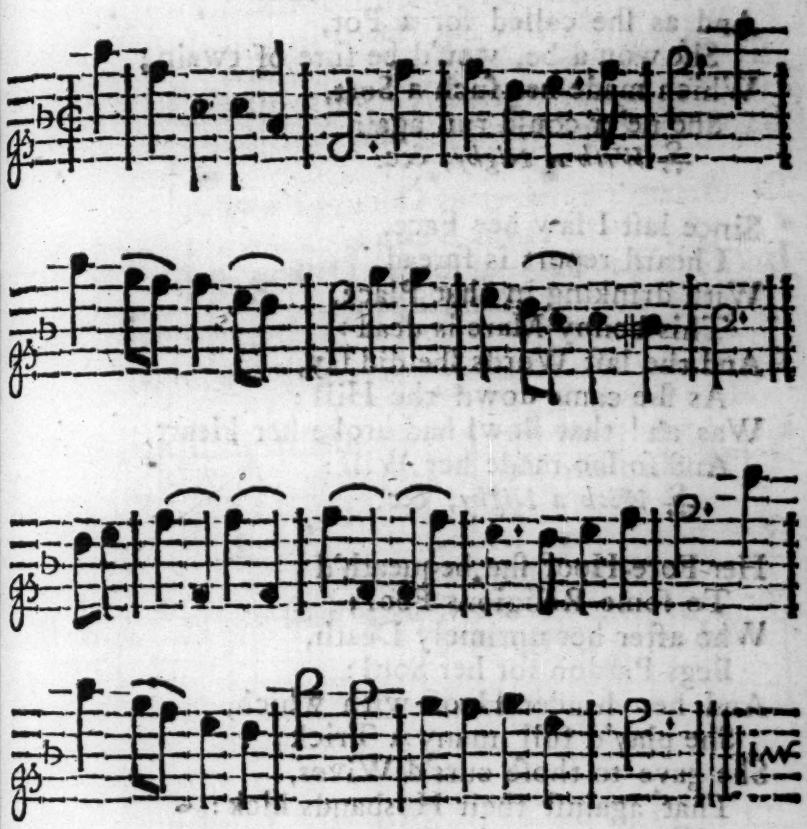
HER Eyes are like the Morning bright,
Her Eyes are like the Morning bright
Her Cheeks like Roſes fair;
Her Breaſts like water'd Lillies white,
Her Breaſts like water'd Lillies white,
Like Silk her flowing Hair:
Her Breaſts like water'd Lillies white,
Her Breaſts like water'd Lillies white,
Like Silk her flowing Hair.

Her Breath's as ſweet as Odours blown,
By *Zephyrus* o'er the Vales;
Her Skin's as fine and ſoft as Down,
Her Voice like Nightingale's.

Where e'er ſhe Breaths, where e'er ſhe ſings,
How happy are the Groves;
How bleſt! how much more bleſt than Kings,
The Shepherd's that ſhe loves.

With gentle ſteps lets beat the ground,
In Gladſome Couples joyn'd;
For Joy that your *Dorinda*'s found,
And ev'ry Lover kind.

A SONG.



GReat *Alexander*'s Horſe,
Bucephalus by Name;
That long has been enrolled
Within the Books of Fame:
But Sir *Credulous Eaſy*'s Mare,
So far did him excel;
She ne'er run for the Plate
But ſhe bore away the Bell:
With a Nighy, Wheeghy, Yeopoop,
Full Caper and Career;
All England *cannot ſhew you,*
Sike another Mare.

And
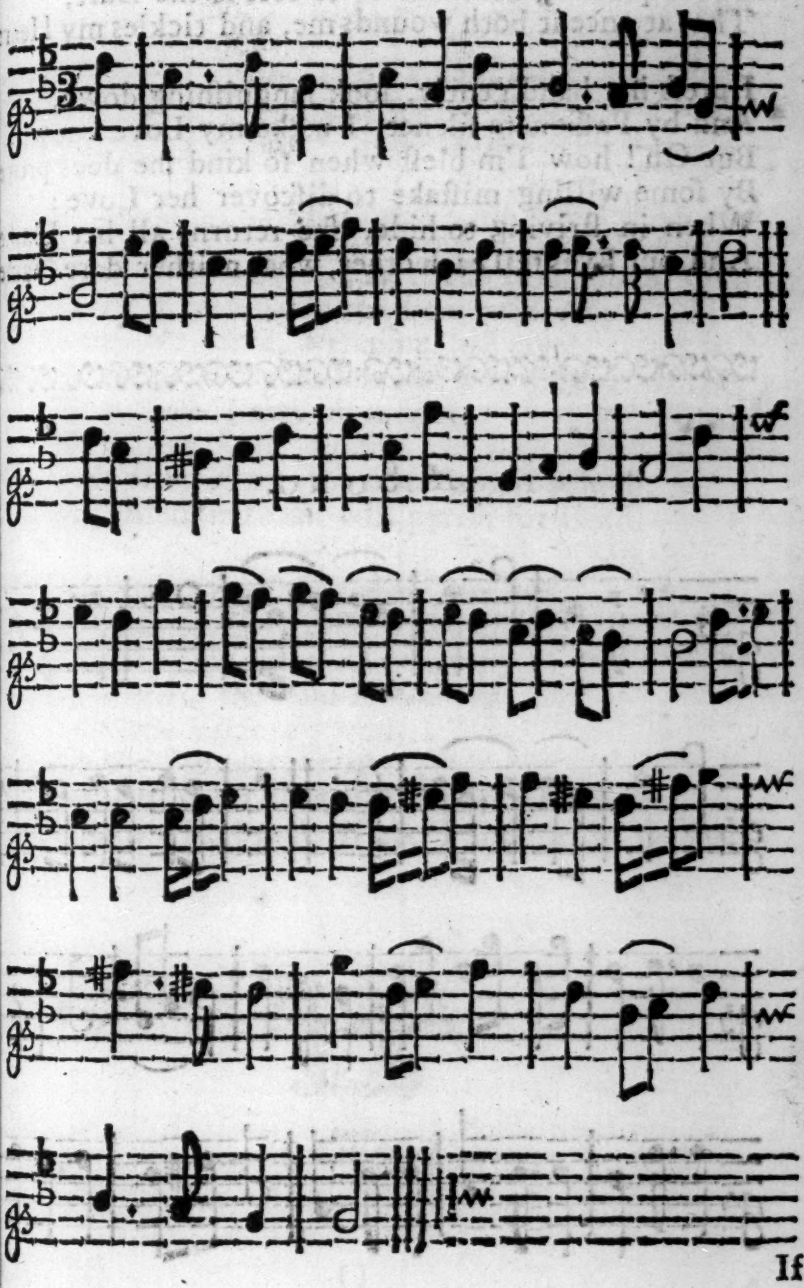
And to *Brentford* ſhe did come,
And an Ale-houſe ſhe did find;
She could not paſs it by,
But ſhe knew her Maſter's mind:
And as ſhe called for a Pot,
She wou'd be, wou'd be ſure of twain;
Which made her ſuch a Sott,
She ne'er could run again.
With a Nighy, &c.

Since laſt I ſaw her Face,
I heard report is ſpread,
With drinking in that Place,
This bonny Mare is dead:
And the laſt Words ſhe did ſay,
As ſhe came down the Hill;
Was ah! that Bowl had broke her Heart,
And ſo ſhe made her Will:
With a Nighy, &c.

Her Fore-Hoof ſhe bequeath'd
To ſome Religious Fool;
Who after her untimely Death,
Begs Pardon for her Soul:
And her hinder Hoof with which,
She play'd full many a Trick;
She gave to thoſe curs'd Wives,
That againſt their Husbands kick:
With a Nighy, &c.

At the Burial of this Mare,
Her Maſter wept full ſore;
Becauſe it was reported,
He ne'er ſhou'd ſee her more:
But that which Comforted him,
For his departed Friend;
Was after all his great Loſs,
She made ſo good an end:
With a Nighy, &c.

A SONG.
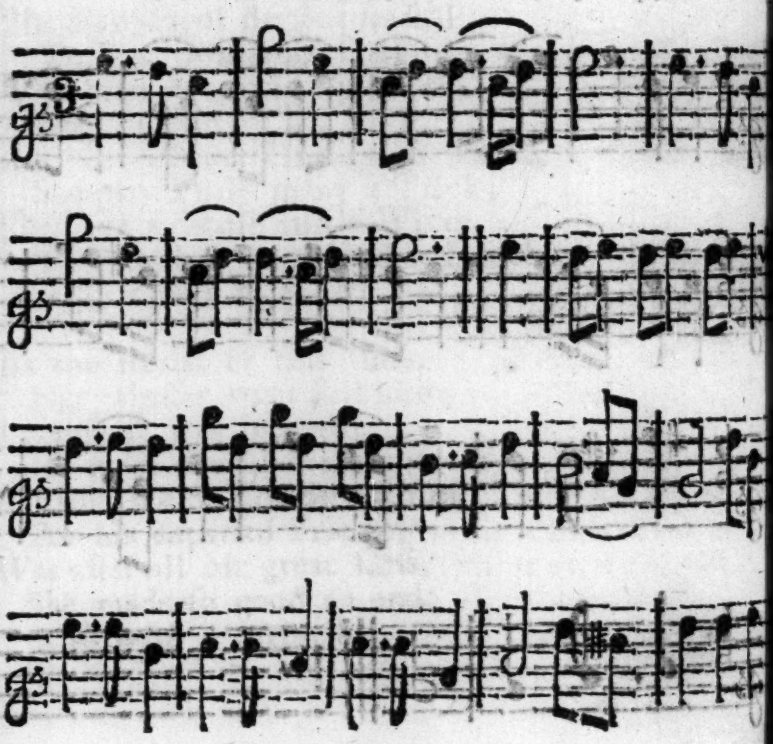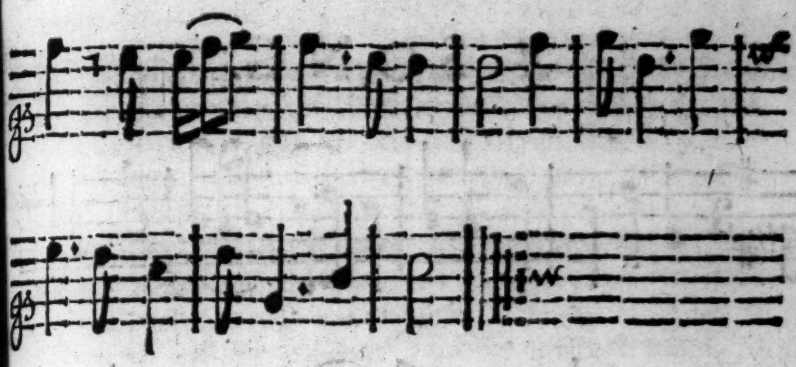


If

IF Love's a ſweet Paſſion, why does it Torment?
If a bitter, oh tell me! whence comes my conten
Since I ſuffer with Pleaſure, why ſhould I complain,
Or grieve at my Fate, when I know 'tis in vain?
Yet ſo pleaſing the Pain is, ſo ſoft is the Dart,
That at once it both wounds me, and tickles my Hear

I preſs her hand gently, look languiſhing down,
And by Paſſionate ſilence, I make my Love known;
But Oh! how I'm bleſt when ſo kind ſhe does prov
By ſome willing miſtake to diſcover her Love:
When in ſtriving to hide, ſhe returns all her Flam
And our Eyes tell each other, what neither dare Nam

A SONG.
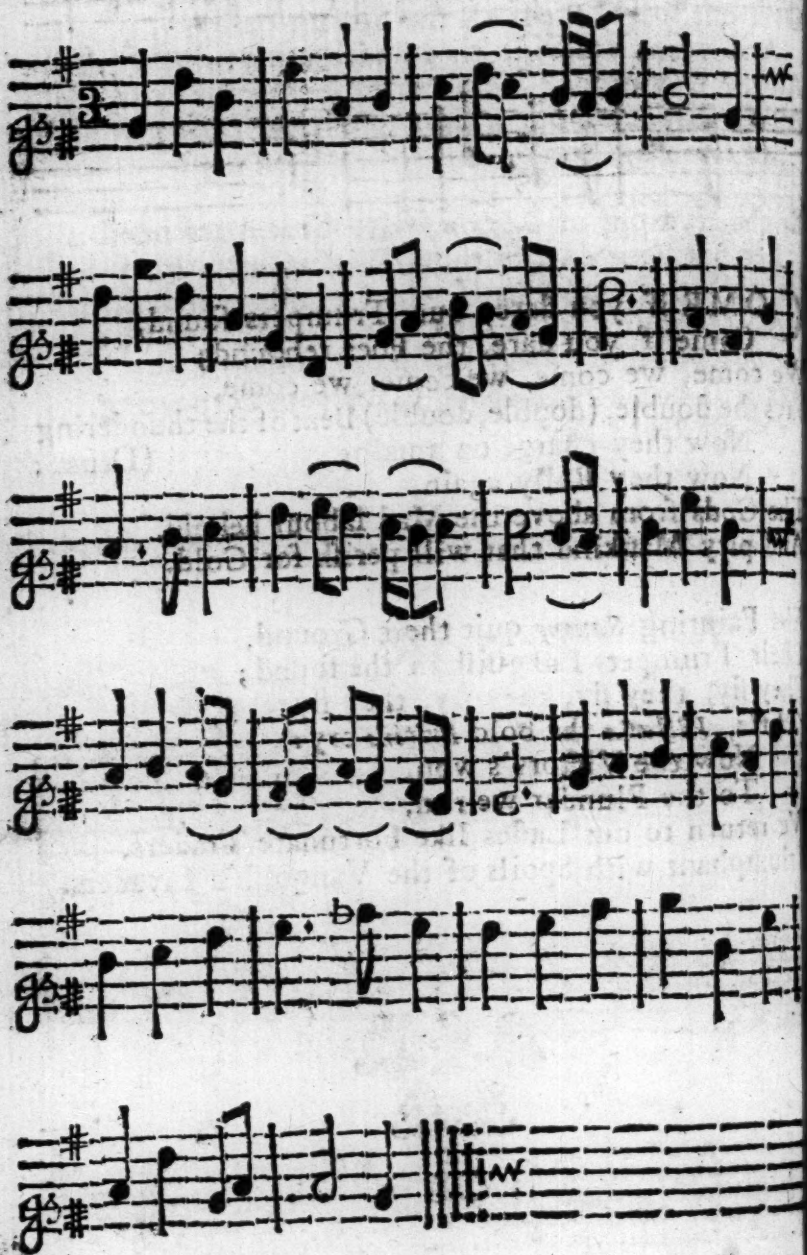




COME if you dare, our Trumpets ſound,
Come if you dare, the Foes rebound;
We come, we come, we come, we come,
Says the double, (double, double) Beat of the thundering (Drum:
Now they charge on amain,
Now they Rally again,
The Gods from above the Mad labour behold,
And pity Mankind that will periſh for Gold.

The Fainting *Saxons* quit their Ground,
Their Trumpets Languiſh in the ſound;
They fly, they fly, they fly, they fly,
Victoria, *Victoria* the bold *Britons* cry:
Now the Victory's won,
To the Plunder we run,
We return to our Laſſes like Fortunate Traders,
Triumphant with Spoils of the Vanquiſh'd Invaders.

A SONG.
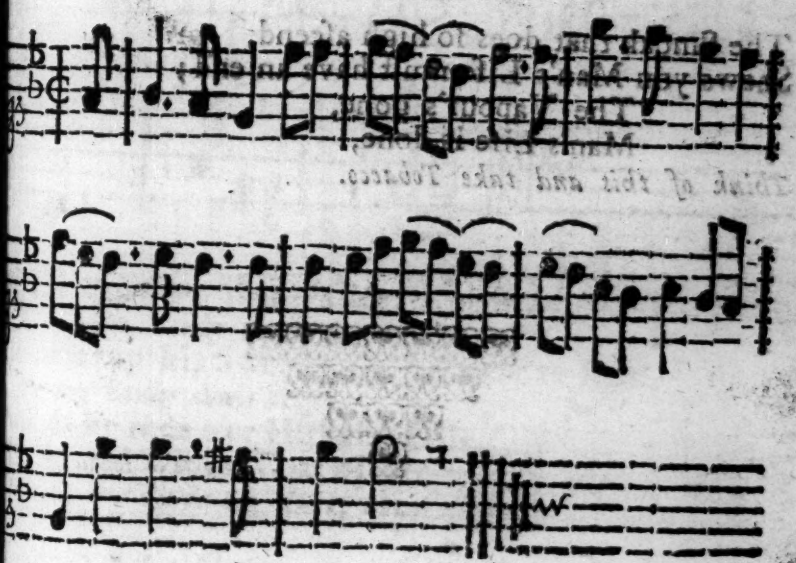


How

HOW blest are Shepherds, how happy their Lasses,
While Drums and Trumpets are sounding Alarms!
Over our lowly sheds all the Storms passes,
And when we Die, 'tis in each others Arms:
All the Day on our Herds and Flocks employing,
All the Night on our Flutes, and in enjoying.
All the Day, &c.

Bright Nymphs of *Britain*, with Graces attended,
Let not your days without Pleasure expire;
Honour's but empty, and when Youth is ended,
All Men will praise you, but none will desire:
Let not Youth fly away without Contenting,
Age will come time enough, for your Repenting.
Let not Youth, &c.

A SONG.



TObacco is but an *Indian* Weed,
Grows green in the Morn, cut down at Eve;
It ſhows our decay,
We are but Clay,
Think of this and take Tobacco.
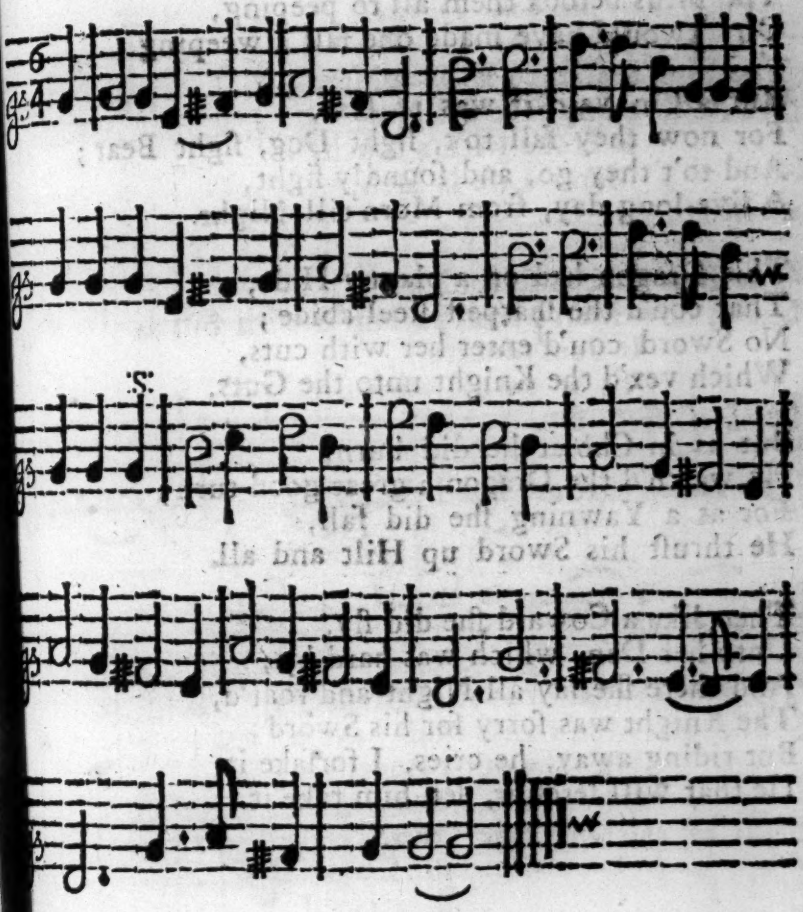
The Pipe that is ſo Lilly-white,
Where ſo many take delight;
Is broke with a touch,
Man's Life is ſuch,
Think of this, &c.

The Pipe that is ſo foul within,
Shews how Man's Soul is ſtain'd with Sin;
It does require,
To be purg'd with fire,
Think of this, &c.

The Aſhes that are left behind,
Does ſerve to put us all in mind;
That into Duſt,
Return we muſt,
Think of this, &c.

The Smoak that does ſo high aſcend,
Shews you Man's Life muſt have an end;
The Vapour's gone,
Man's Life is done,
Think of this and take Tobacco.

A SONG.



SIR *Eglamore*, that valiant Knight,
Fa la, lanky down dilly;
He took up his Sword, and he went to fight,
Fa la, lanky down dilly:
And as he rode o'er Hill and Dale,
All Armed with a Coat of Male,
Fa la la, la la la, lanky down dilly.

There leap'd a Dragon out of her Den,
That had slain God knows how many Men;

But when ſhe ſaw Sir *Eglamore*,
Oh that you had but heard her roar!

Then the Trees began to ſhake,
Horſe did Tremble, Man did quake;
The Birds betook them all to peeping,
Oh! 'twould have made one fall a weeping.
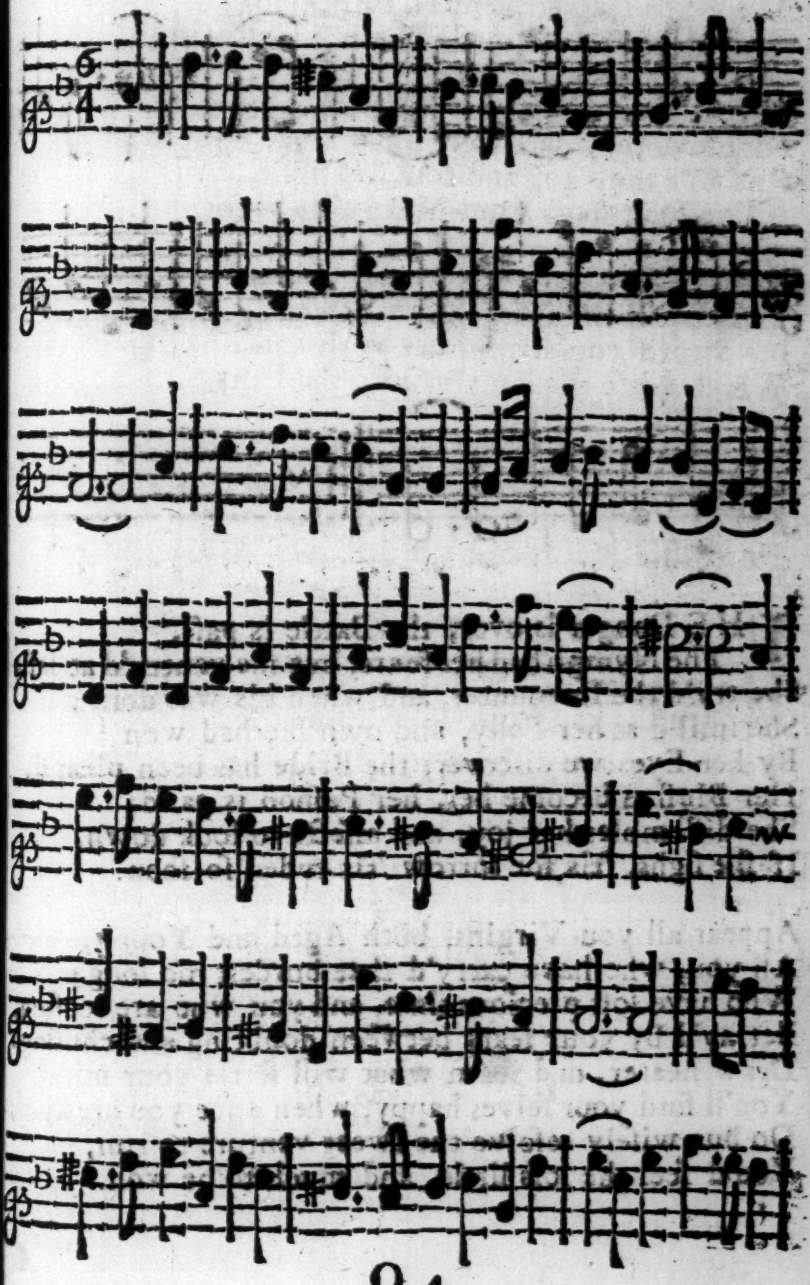
But all in vain it was to fear,
For now they fall to't, fight Dog, fight Bear;
And to't they go, and ſoundly fight,
A live-long day, from Morn till Night.
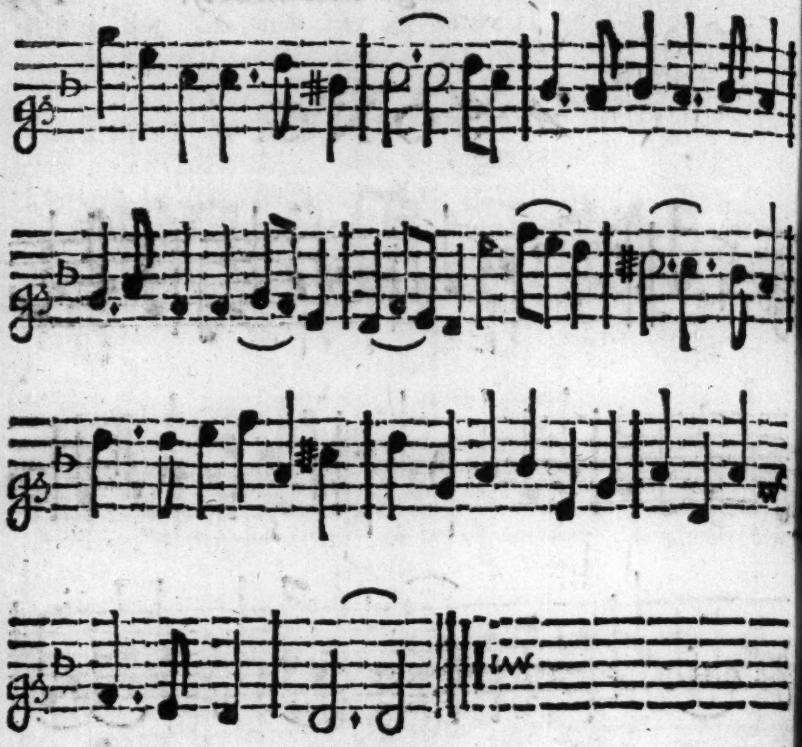
This Dragon had on a plaguy Hide,
That cou'd the ſharpeſt ſteel abide;
No Sword cou'd enter her with cuts,
Which vex'd the Knight unto the Guts.

But as in Choler he did burn,
He watch'd the Dragon a great good turn;
For as a Yawning ſhe did fall,
He thruſt his Sword up Hilt and all.

Then like a Coward ſhe did fly,
Unto her Den, which was hard by;
And there ſhe lay all Night and roar'd,
The Knight was ſorry for his Sword:
But riding away, he cries, I forſake it,
He that will fetch it, let him take it.

A SONG.
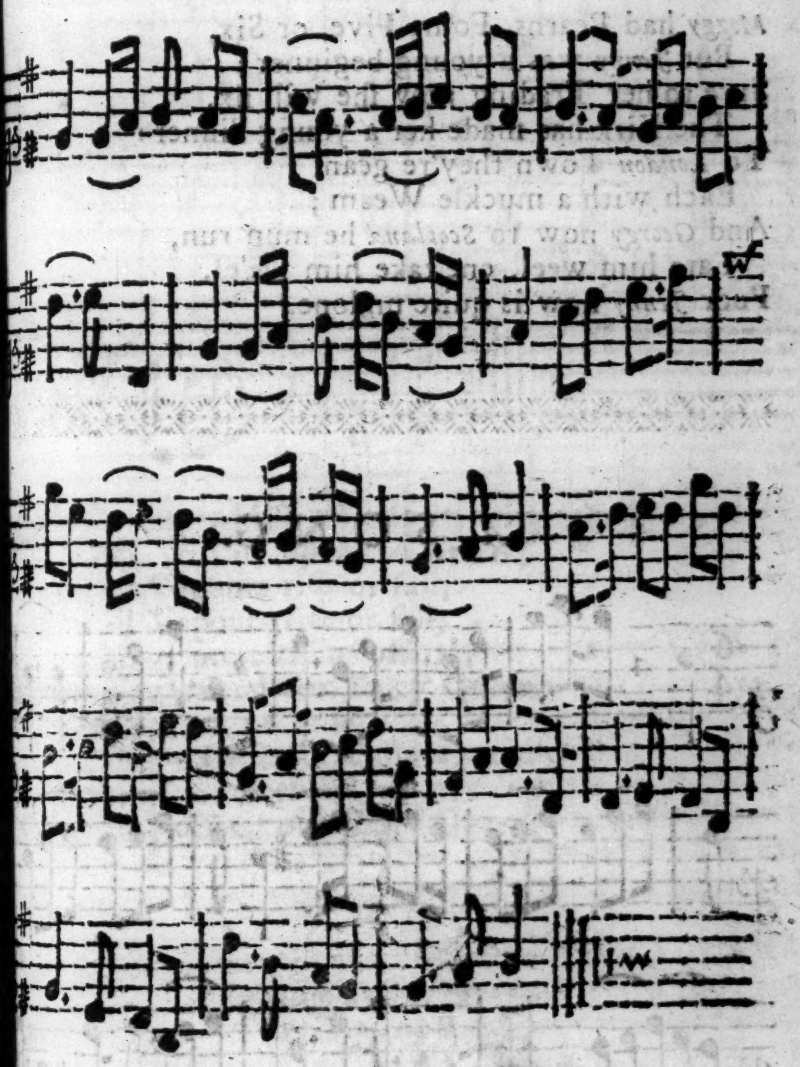




THE Danger is over, the Battle is paſt,
The Nymph had her fears, but ſhe ventur'd at laſt;
She try'd the Encounter, and when his was done;
She ſmil'd at her Folly, and own ſhe had won:
By her Eyes we diſcover, the Bride has been pleas'd,
Her Bluſhes become her, her Paſſion is eas'd;
She diſſembles her joy, and affects to look down,
If ſhe ſighs, 'tis for ſorrow 'tis ended ſo ſoon.

Appear all you Virgins, both Aged and Young,
All you, who have carry'd that burden too long;
Who have loſt precious time, and you who are looſing,
Betray'd by your fears between doubting and chuſing:
Draw nearer, and learn what will ſettle your mind,
You'll find your ſelves happy, when once you are kind;
Do but wiſely reſolve the ſweet venture to run,
You'd feel the loſs little, and much to be won.

A SONG.
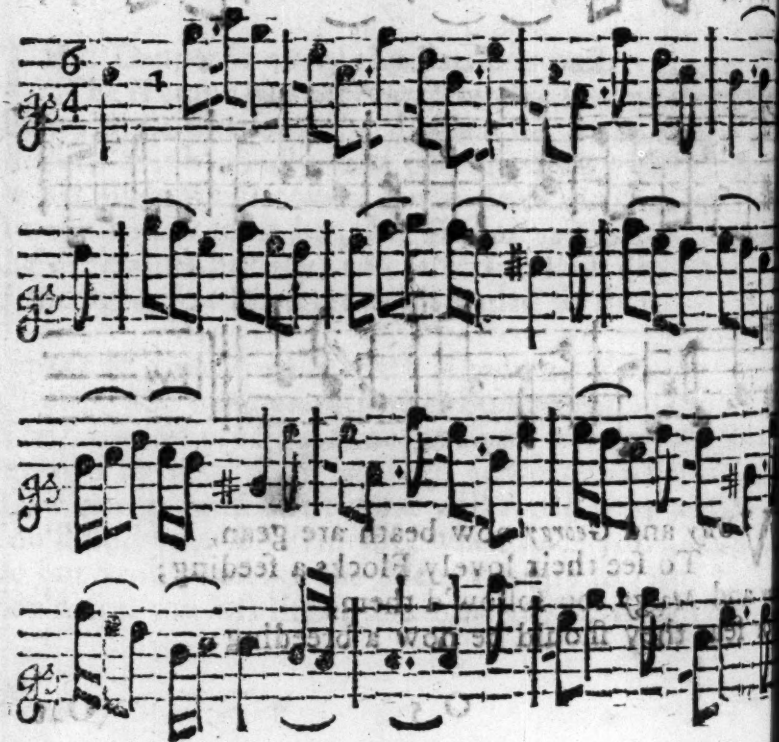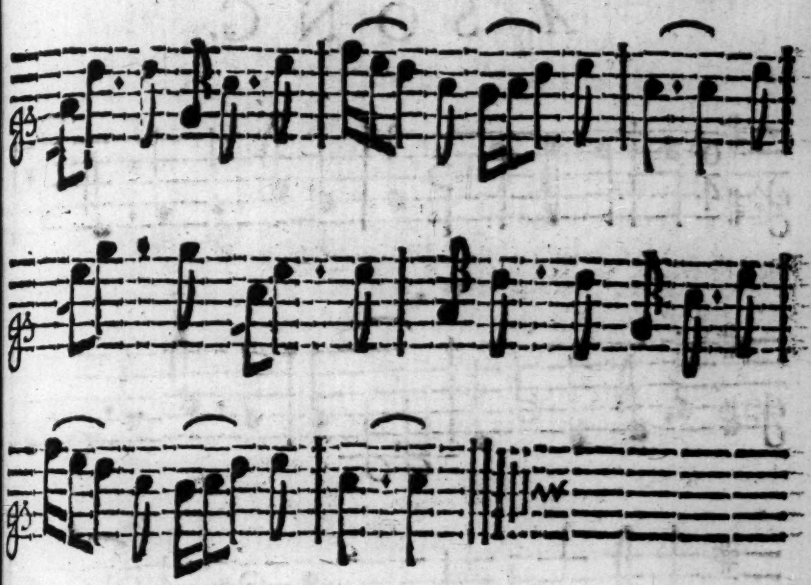


WILLY and *Georgy* now beath are gean,
To see their lovely Flocks a feeding;
Cicely and *Maggy* too follow'd them,
For fear they should be now a breeding:

Out of *London* Town they aw did trip it,
Down to play at new bopeep at *Tunbridge* Well;
But how they play'd, or what they ſaid,
The De'el his ſell can only tell.

Moggy had Bearns, Four, Five, or Six,
But *Jenny* was a young beginner;
Sure to her Trading now ſhe will fix,
The Kirk has made her a young Sinner:
To *London* Town they're gean,
Each with a muckle Weam;
And *Georgy* now to *Scotland* he mun run,
Fare him weel, ene take him De'el,
Poor *Jenny* now is quite undone.
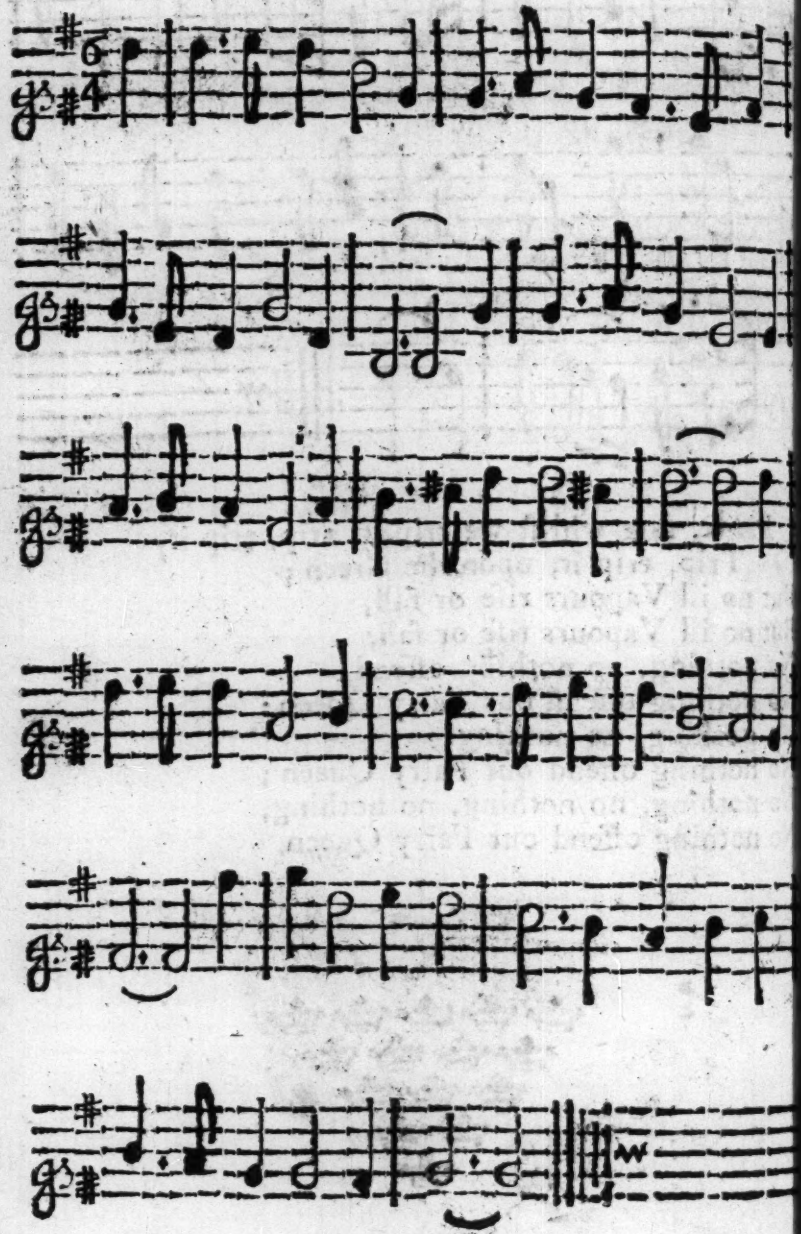
A SONG.





SING, ſing whilſt we trip it, trip, trip it,
Trip, trip it, upon the Green;
But no ill Vapours riſe or fall,
But no ill Vapours riſe or fall,
No nothing, no nothing offend,
No nothing offend our Fairy Queen:
No nothing, no nothing,
No nothing offend our Fairy Queen;
No nothing, no nothing, no nothing,
No nothing offend our Fairy Queen.

A SONG.
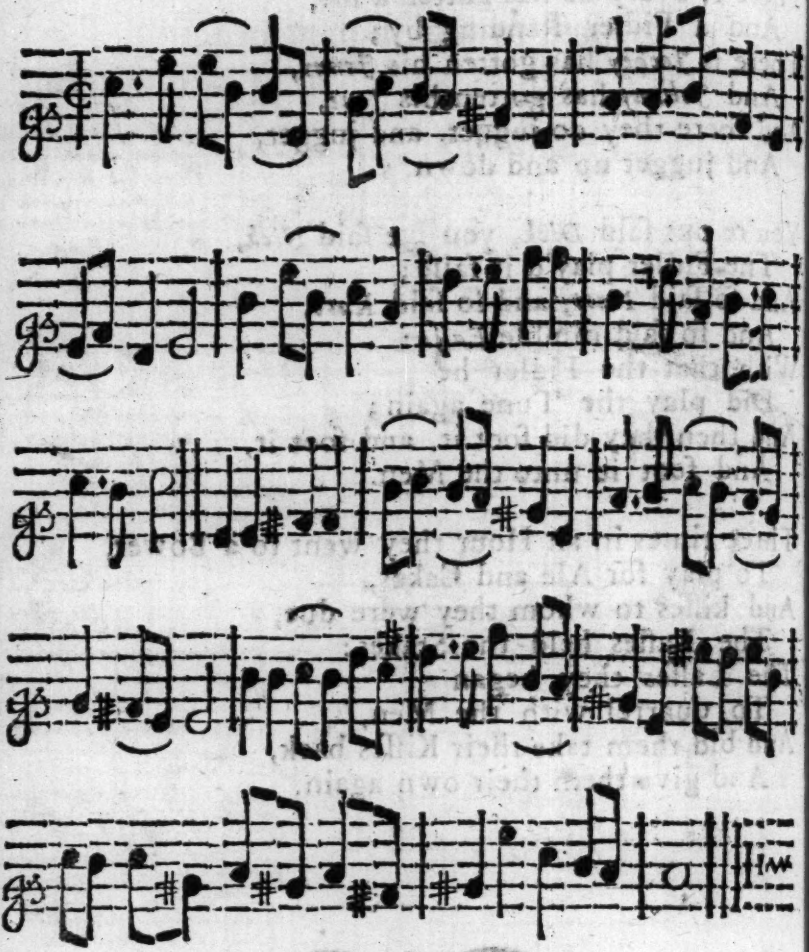


YOU Laſſes and Lads take leave of your Dads,
And away to the Maypole hye,
There is every he has gotten a ſhe,
And a Fidler ſtanding by;
There is *Jockey* has gotten his *Jenny*,
And *Johnny* has gotten his *Jone*,
And there they do jugget, and jugget,
And jugget up and down.

You're out ſaid *Dick*, you lye ſaid *Nick*,
The Fidler play'd it falſe;
And ſo ſaid *Natt*, and ſo ſaid *Kate*,
And ſo ſaid nimble *Ealſe*:
With that the Fidler he
Did play the Tune again;
And then they did foot it, and foot it,
And foot it unto the Men.

Three times in an Hour they went to a Bower,
To play for Ale and Cakes,
And kiſſes to whom they were due,
The Laſſes held the Stakes:
The Laſſes they began
To quarrel with the Men,
And bid them take their Kiſſes back,
And give them their own again.
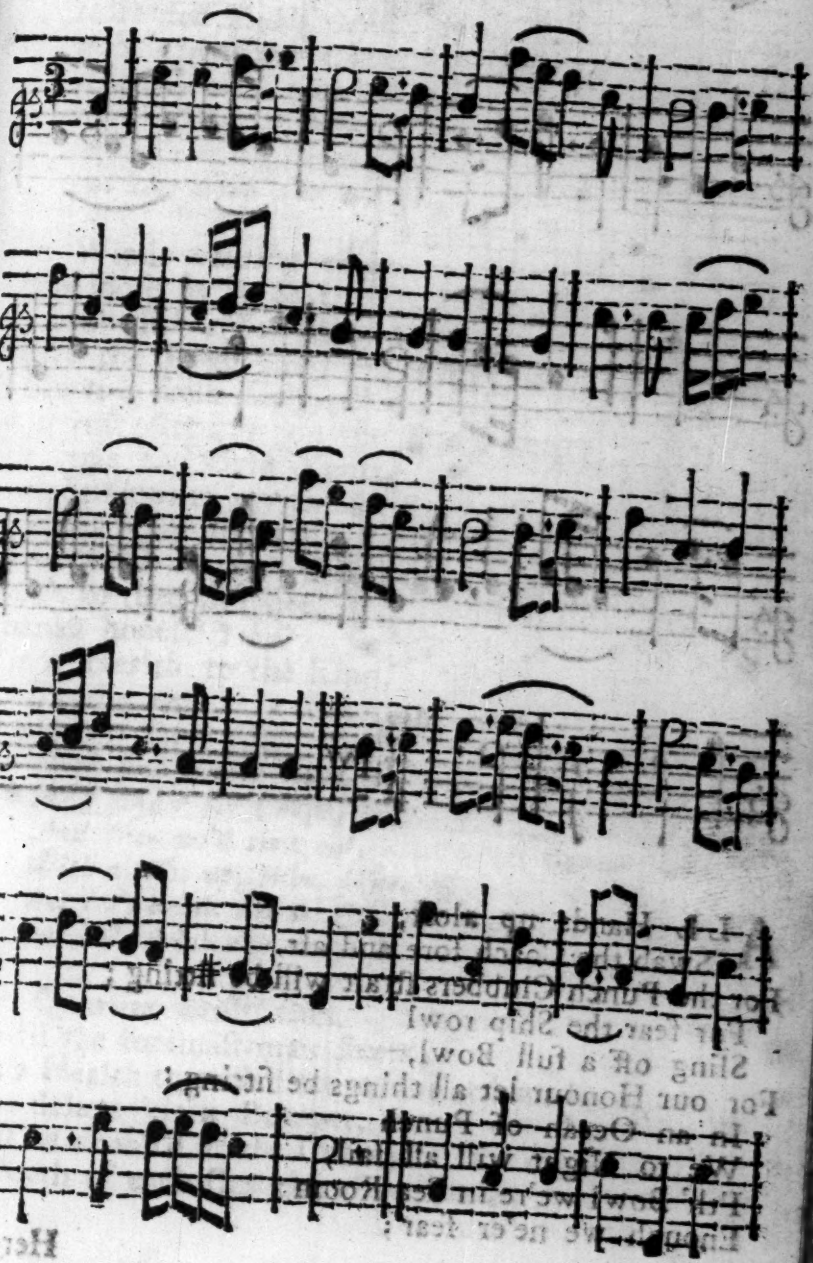
A SONG.
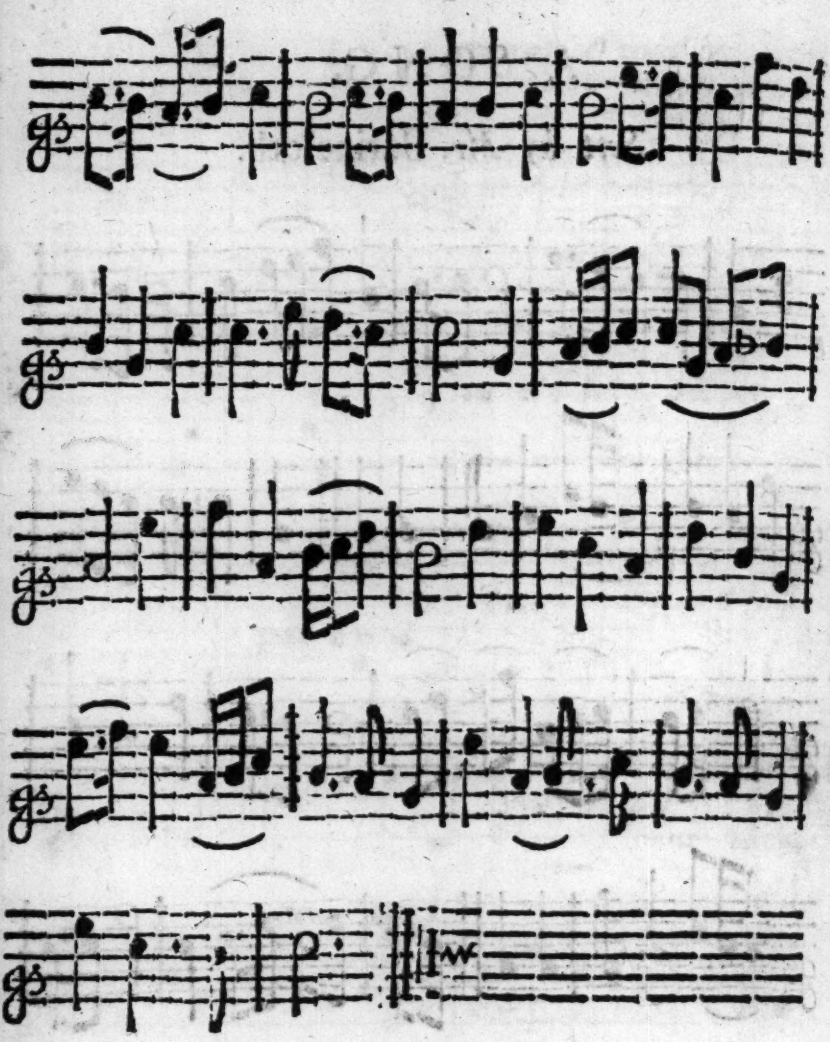


WHat ungrateful Devil moves you!
Come, come my Friend the Truth declare;
You love *Sylvia*, *Sylvia* loves you;
Why, why then will you wed the Fair?
Marriage joyning does discover,
But Lovefreeing joyns for Life:
Wou'd you, wou'd you, wou'd you,
Love the Nymph for ever?
Never, never, never, never, never, never,
Let her be your Wife.

A SONG.

Sett by Mr. Barineloth.





ALL Hands up aloft,
Swab the Coach fore and aft,
For the Punch Clubbers ſtrait will be ſitting;
For fear the Ship rowl
Sling off a full Bowl,
For our Honour let all things be fitting:
In an Ocean of Punch
We to Night will all ſail,
I'th' Bowl we're in Sea Room
Enough we ne'er fear;

Here's

Here's to thee Meſs-mate,
Thanks honeſt *Tom*,
'Tis a Health to the King,
Whilſt the Larboard Man drinks,
Let the Star-board Man ſing,
With full double Cups,
We'll Liquor our Chaps,
And then we'll turn out,
With a Who up, Who, Who,
But let's drink e'er we go,
But lets drink e'er we go.

The Winds veering aft,
Then looſe ev'ry Sail,
She'll bear all her Topſails a trip:
Heave the Logg from the Poop,
It blows a freſh Gale,
And a juſt Account on the Board keep:
She runs the eight Knots,
And eight Cups to my thinking,
That's a Cup for each Knot,
Muſt be fill'd for our drinking;
Here's to thee Skipper,
Thanks honeſt *John*,
'Tis a Health to the King,
Whilſt the one is a drinking,
The other ſhall fill,
With full double Cups
We'll liquor our Chaps,
And then we'll turn out,
With a Who up, Who, Who,
But let's drink e'er we go,
But let's drink e'er we go.
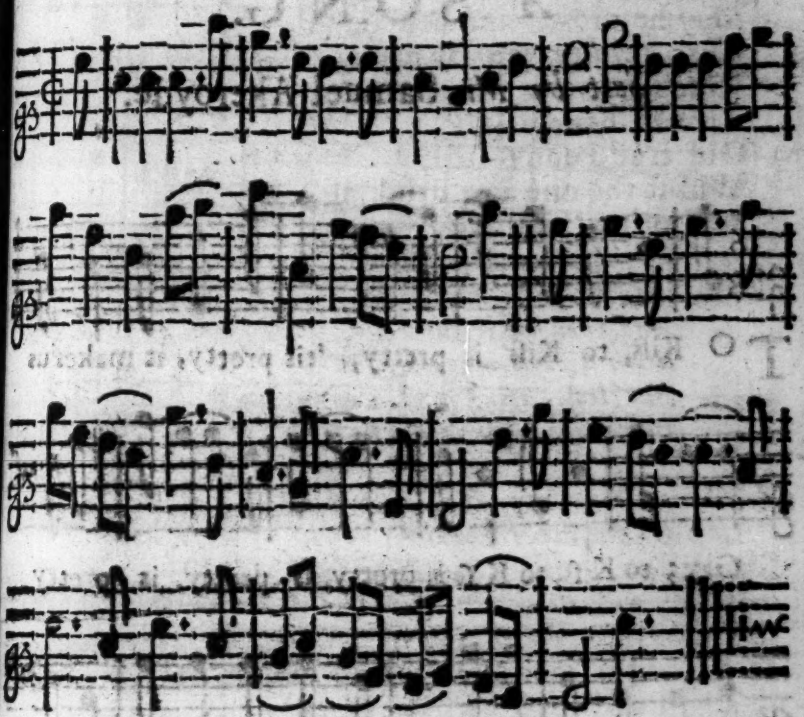
The Quartier muſt Cun,
Whilſt the foremaſt-man ſteers;
Here's a Health to each Port where'er bound,
Who delays 'tis a Bumper,
Shall be drubb'd at the Geers;
The Depth of each Cup therefore ſound:

To

To our noble Commander,
To his Honour and Wealth,
May he drown and be damn'd,
That refuſes the Health:
Here's to thee honeſt *Harry*,
Thanks honeſt *Will*,
Old true Penny ſtill,
Whilſt the one is a drinking,
The other ſhall fill.
With full double Cups
We'll liquor our Chaps,
And then we'll turn out,
With a Who up, Who, Who,
But let's drink e'er we go,
But let's drink e'er we go.

VVhat News on the Deck ho?
It blows a meer Storm;
She lies a try under her Mizen,
VVhy what tho' ſhe does,
VVill it do any Harm?
If a Bumper more does us all Reaſon:
The Bowl muſt be fill'd Boys,
In ſpight of the VVeather,
Yea, yea huzza, let's howl altogether;
Here's to thee *Peter*,
Thanks honeſt *Joe*,
About let it go;
In the Bowl ſtill a Calm 's,
VVhere'er the VVinds blow.
With full double Cups
We'll liquor our Chaps,
And then we'll turn out,
With a Who up, Who, Who,
But let's drink e'er we go,
But let's drink e'r we go.

A Scotch SONG. Set by Mr. Akeroyde.
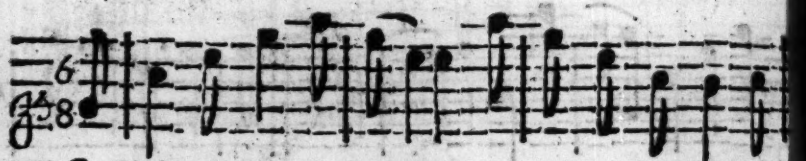


AS I went o'er yon miſty Moor,
'Twas on an Evening late, Sir,
There I met with a welfar'd Laſs
VVas ſpanning of her Gate, Sir;
I took her by the lilly white Hand,
And by the Twat I caught her,
I ſwear and vow, and tell you true,
She piſs'd in my Hand with Laughter.
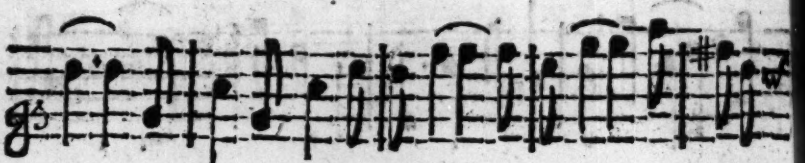
The ſilly poor VVench ſhe lay ſo ſtill,
You'd ſwear ſhe had been dead, Sir;
The deel a word but aw ſhe ſaid, but ay,
And bow'd her Head, Sir;
Kind Sir, quoth ſhe, you'll kill me here,
But I'll forgive the Slaughter;
You make ſuch Motions with your A——ſe,
You'll ſplit my Sides with Laughter.

A SONG.

Sett by Mr. Samuel Akeroyde.
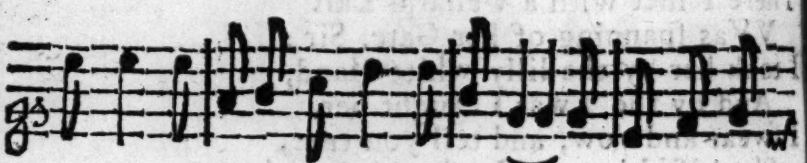


TO Kiſs, to Kiſs is pretty, 'tis pretty, it makes us
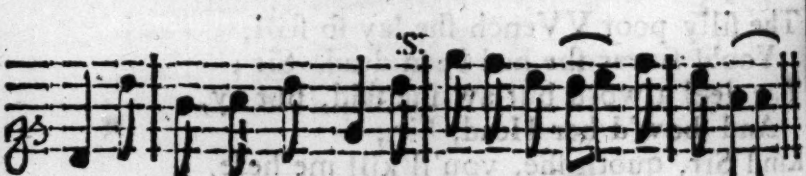


Gay; to Kiſs, to Kiſs is pretty, is pretty, is pretty



to frolick and play; no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no,
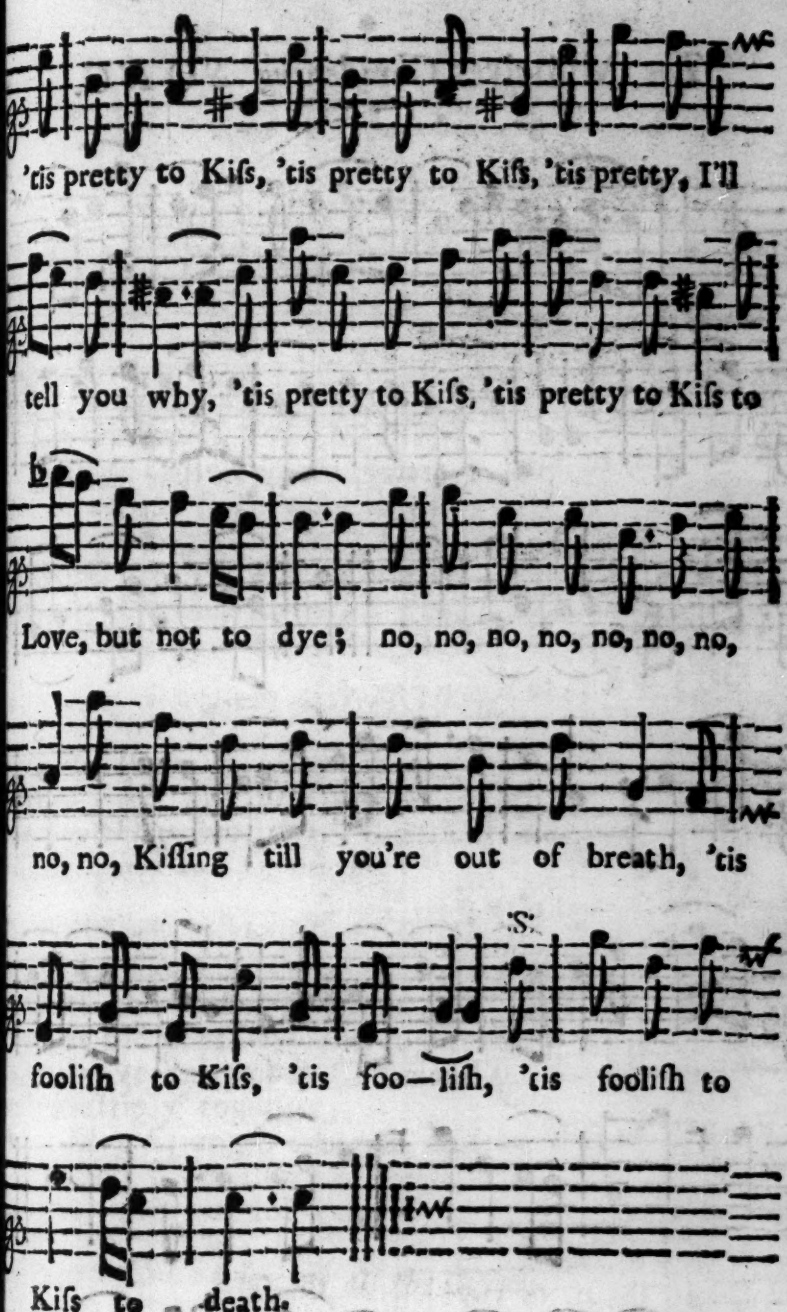


no, no, 'tis folly to Kiſs, 'tis folly; no, no, no, no,
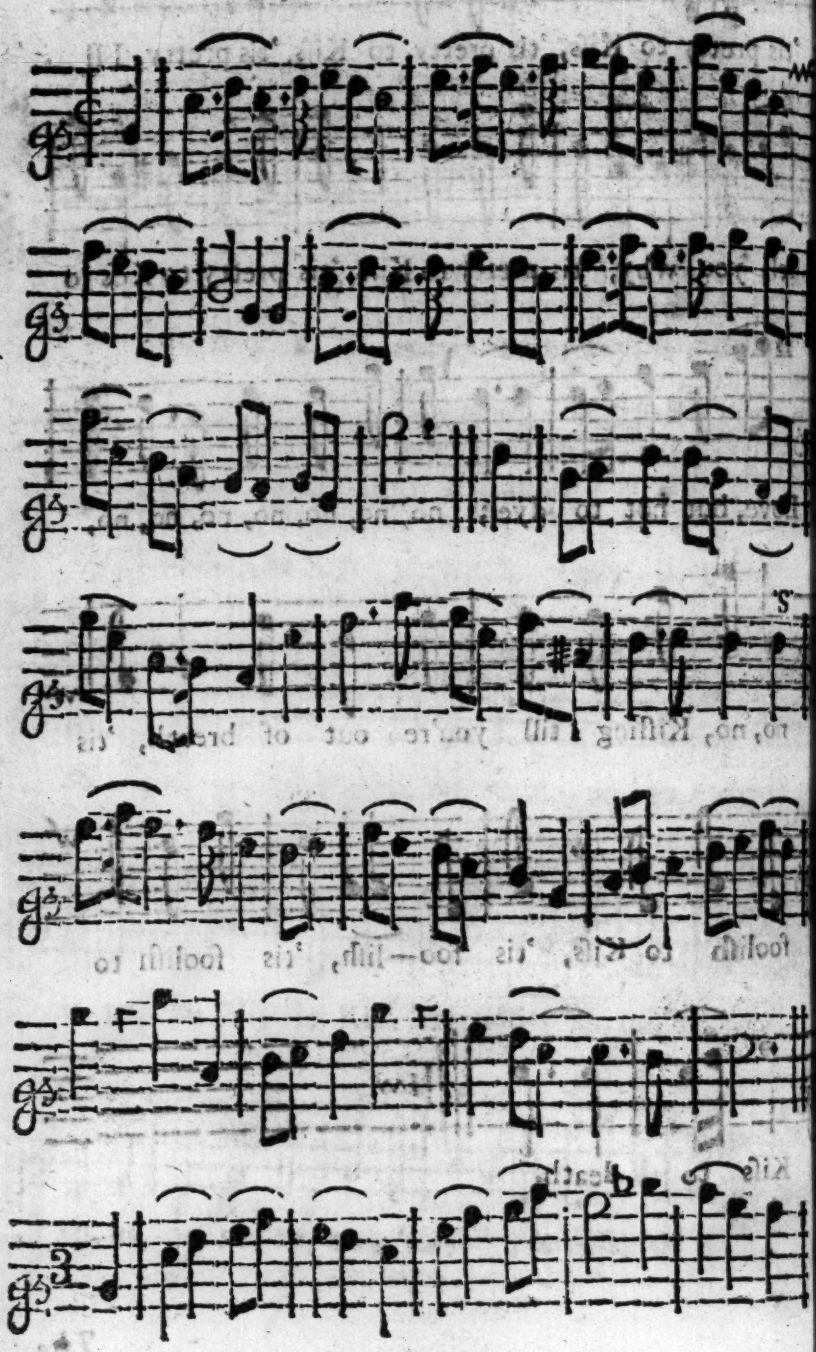


no, no, no, no, no, no; 'tis jolly, to Kiſs, 'tis jolly;
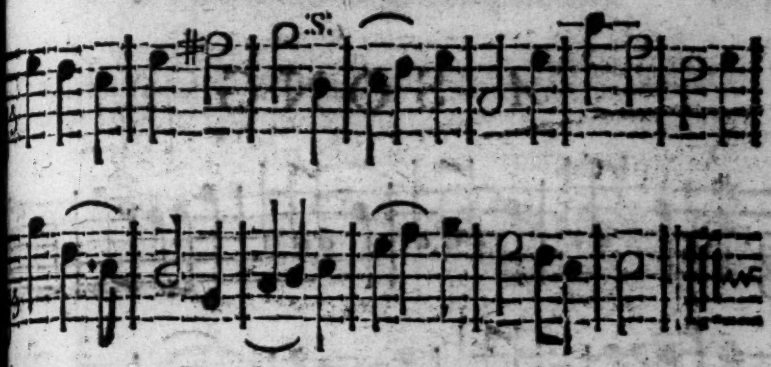
'Tis


'tis pretty to Kiſs, 'tis pretty to Kiſs, 'tis pretty, I'll
tell you why, 'tis pretty to Kiſs, 'tis pretty to Kiſs to
Love, but not to dye; no, no, no, no, no, no, no,
no, no, Kiſſing till you're out of breath, 'tis
fooliſh to Kiſs, 'tis foo—liſh, 'tis fooliſh to
Kiſs to death.

The

The Midwives Christening SONG.





LEt's conſecrate a mighty Bowl,
On this our ſolemn Meeting,
To recreate thoſe Female Hearts,
That ſometime ſince were weeping:
The Lady's Pangs are now no more,
All Grief is baniſh'd from her;
The luſty Boy has made his way,
And nothing now can wrong her.

Cho. *By all the Goſſips.*
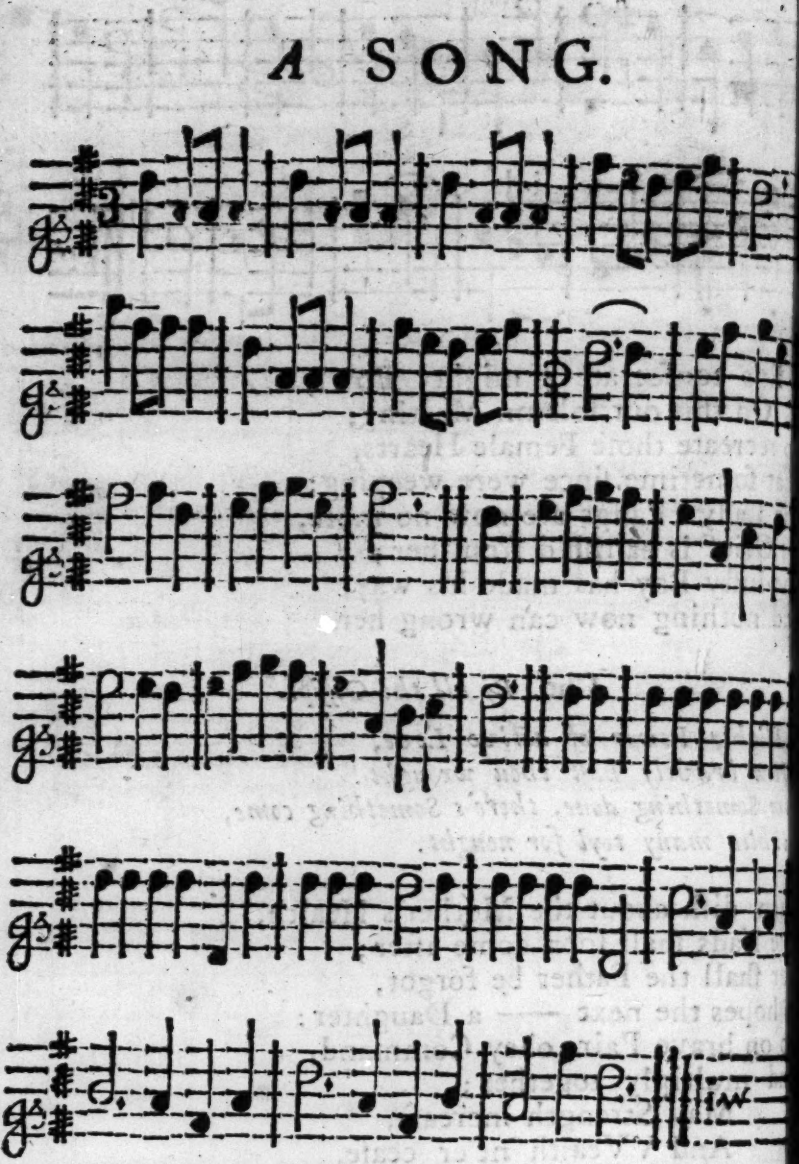
O Mighty Power of active Love,
How bravely haſt thou wrought!
From Something done, there's Something come,
While many toyl for nought.

Then diſh about the Mother's Health,
The Lads ſhall ſoon come after;
For ſhall the Father be forgot,
That hopes the next —— a Daughter:
So on brave Pair, obey Command,
And multiply together;
May Strength increaſe,
And VVealth ne'er ceaſe,
For may you part for ever.

Cho. *By all the Goſſips.*

O mighty Power of active Love,
How bravely haſt thou wrought!
From Something done, there's Something come,
While many toyl for nought.

A SONG.



O Raree Show, O brave Show,
O pretty Show, who ſee my fine a Show?
O Raree Show, O Brave Show,
Who ſee my pretty Show?
Quand la Cigala Canta fa pasboun travailar,
Fadboun eſtr' a l'ombretta a l'ombretta,
Fa boun eſtr' l'ombretta Calignar.

Here's de *Engliſh* and *French* to each oder moſt civil,
Shake Hands and be friends, and hug like the Devil:
O Raree Show, O brave Show, O pretty gallant a Show.

Here be de *Savoyards* a trudging thro' *France*,
To ſweep ade Shimney, to ſing and to dance.
O *Raree Show*, &c.

Here be de great *Turk*, and de great King of no Land,
A Galloping bravely from *Hung'ry* to *Poland*.
O *Raree Show*, &c.

Here's de brave *Engliſh Beau* for de Pacquet Boat tarries,
To go make his Campaign vid his Taylor at *Paris*.
O *Raree Show*, &c.

Here be de honeſt Captain a curſing the Peace,
Here's another disbanding his Coach and his Miſs.
O *Raree Show*, &c.
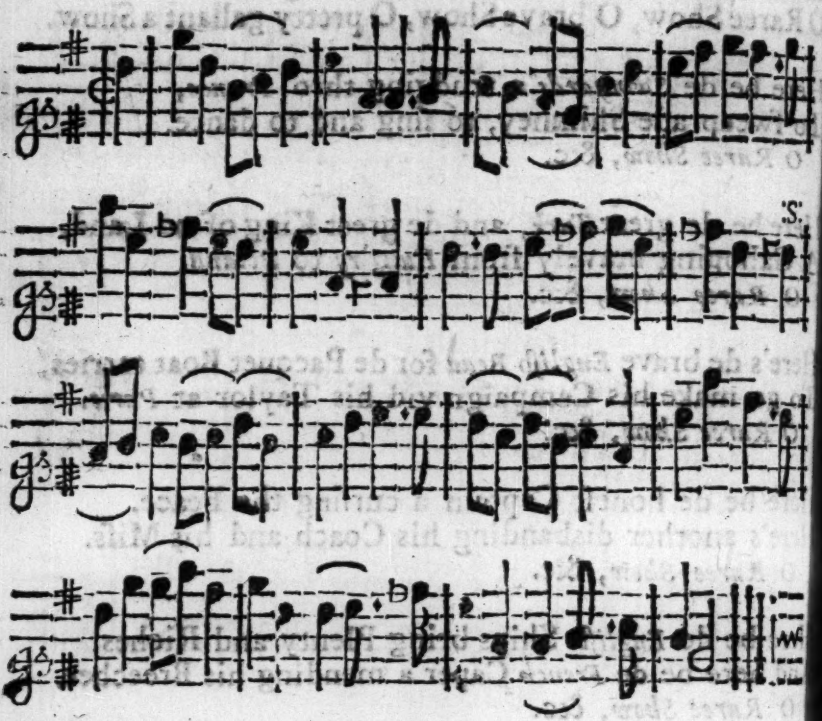
Here be de *Engliſh* Ships bring Plenty and Riches,
And here be de *French* Caper a mending his Breeches.
O *Raree Show*, &c.

Here be de Jacks ſet out Lights and diſſemble,
And here be de Mob make 'em ſquitter and tremble.
O *Raree Show*, &c.

Here be de Sea Captain a reeling on Shore,
Here's one ſpend all his Pay and boarding a Whore.
O *Raree Show*, &c.

Here be de brave Trainbands a drinking Carouſes,
And here be de Soldiers a ſtorming their Spouſes.
O *Raree Show, brave Show, who ſee my fine Show.*

A SONG in the Moroſe Reformer.



YOU Ladies who are young and gay,
Since Time too ſwiftly flyes away,
:Beſtow your hours of leiſure, beſtow your hours of leiſure:
On Courts, on Gardens, Springs, and Groves,
On Converſation lawful Loves, [Pleaſure,
And ev'ry harmleſs Pleaſure, ev'ry, ev'ry harmleſs

Be you the fineſt Shows at Plays,
Alluring Youth to love and gaze;
But try no mad Concluſions:
But ev'ry where and often ſhown,
But Viſion-like, be touch'd by none,
Be only fair Deluſions.

For Pleaſure ramble round the Town,
But give your Friends no cauſe to frown;
From Honour never ſally:
How they're contemn'd who were admir'd,
In Courts had all their Hearts deſire,
For ev'ry Kiſs a Tally.

The Second Part of St. George *for* England, *by the late* John Grub, M. A. *of* Chriſt's-Church Oxon; *to the ſame Tune*, Pag. 117.

THE Story of King *Arthur* it is very memorable,
The Number of his valiant Knights, and roundneſs of his Table;
His Knights around his Table in a Circle ſate, d'ye ſee,
And altogether made up one large Hoop of Chivalry;
He had a Sword both broad and ſharp, yclip'd *Callibur*n,
Would cut a Flint more eaſy, than Penknife cuts a Corn;
A Caſe-Knife does a Capon carve, ſo it would carve a Rock,
And ſplit a Man at ſingle ſlaſh, from noddle down to nock,
He was the Cream of *Brecknock*, and the Flower of all the *Welch*,
But *George* he did the Dragon fell, and gave him a plaguy Squelſh;
St. George *he was for fair* England,
St. Dennis *was for* France,
Sing Honi ſoit qui mal y penſe.

Tamerlain with *Tartarian* Bow the *Turkiſh* Squadrons ſlew,
And fetcht the *Pagan* Creſcent down, with half Moon made of Yew;
His truſty Bow proud *Turks* did gall, with ſhow'rs of Arrows thick,
And Bow-ſtrings without throtling ſent, Grand *Viſier* to Old *Nick*;
Much Turbants and much *Pagan* Pates, he made to tumble in Duſt,
And heads of *Saracens* he fixt on Spears as on a Sign Poſt;
He coop'd in Cage grim *Bajazet*, prop of *Mahomet*'s Religion,
As if he'd been the whiſpering Bird that prompted him the Pidgeon;
In *Turkey* leather Scabbard, he did ſheath his Blade ſo trenchant,
But *George* he ſwing'd the Dragon's Tail, and cut off every Inch on't;
St. George *he was*, &c.

Achilles of old *Chiron* learnt the great Horſe for to ride,
Was taught by th' *Centaurs* rational Parts the Hinnible to beſtride;
Bright ſilver Feet and ſhining Face had the ſtout Heroe's Mother,
As Rapiers ſilver'd at one end, and wound us at the other;
Her Feet were bright, his Feet were ſwift as Hawk purſuing Sparrow,
Hers had the Metal, his the Speed of *Brabant*'s Silver Arrow;
Thetis to double Pedagogue commits her deareſt Boy,
Who bred him from a ſlender Twig to be the Scourge of *Troy*;
But e'er he laſh'd the *Trojans* was, in *Stygian* Waters ſteept,
As Birch is ſoaked firſt in Piſs when Boys are to be whipt;
His Skin exceeding hard, he roſe from Lake ſo black and muddy,
As *Lobſters* riſing from the Sea with Shells about their Body;
And as from *Lobſters* broken Claw, pick out the Fleſh you might,
So might you from one unſhell'd Heel dig pieces of the Knight;
His Myrmidons robb'd *Priams* Barns, and Hen-Rooſts ſay the Song,
Carry'd away both Corn and Eggs, like Ants from which they ſprung;
Himſelf tore *Hector*'s Pantaloons, and ſent him down bare breech'd,
To *Pedant Radamanthus* in Poſture to be ſwitch'd,
But *George* made the Dragon look as if he'd been bewitch'd;
St. George *he was*, &c.

The *Amazon Thaleſtris* was beautiful and bold,
She ſear'd her Breaſts with Iron hot, and bang'd her Foes with Cold;
Her hands were like the tool wherewith *Jove* keeps proud Mortals under.

It ſhone juſt like his Lightning, and batter'd like his Thunder;
Her Eye darts Lightning, that would blaſt the proudeſt he that ſwagger'd,
And melt that Rapier of his Soul, in its corporeal Scabbard;
With Beauty the great *Lapland* charm'd, poor Men ſhe did bewitch all,
Still a blind whining Lover had, as *Pallas* had her Screech-Owl;
Her Beauty and her Drum to Foe did cauſe Amazement double,
As timorous Larks amazed are, with Light and with a low Bell;
She kept the Chaſtneſs of a *Nun*, in Armour as in a Cloyſter,
But *George* undid the Dragon, juſt as you'd undo an Oyſter;
St. George *he was*, &c.

Full fatal to the *Romans* was the *Carthaginian Hannibal*,
Him I mean who did them give a deviliſh Thump at *Cannæ*,
Moors thick as Goats on *Penwinmaur* ſtood on the *Alpes*'s Front,
Their one-ey'd Guide, like blinking Mole, bor'd thro' the hindring Mount;
Who baffled by the maſſy Rock, took Vinegar for Relief,
Like Plow-men when they hew their way thro' ſtubborn Rump of Beef;
As dancing Louts from humid Toes, caſt atome of ill Savour,
To blinking *Hial* when on vile Croud, he Merriment does endeavour;
And on harmonious Timber ſaws a wretched Tune ſo quiver,
Juſt ſo the *Romans* ſtunk at ſight of *African* Conniver;
The tawny ſurface of his Phiz did ſerve inſtead of Vizard,
But *George* he made the Dragon have and a grumbling in his Gizard; *St.* George *he was*, &c.

Pendragon, like his Father *Jove*, was fed with Milk of
Goat,
And like him made a noble Shield of the Goats shagged
Coat;
On top of burnish'd Helmet he did wear a Creſt of
Leeks,
And Onions-heads with dreadful Nods, drew Tears
down hoſtile Cheeks;
Itch and Welch Blood did make him hot, and very
prone to ire,
Was ting'd with Brimſtone like a Match, and would as
ſoon take Fire;
And Brimſtone he took inwardly, when Scurf gave him
Occaſion,
His poſtern puff of wind was a ſulphureous Exhalation;
The *Britain* never tergiverſ'd, but was for Adverſe
drubbing,
Nor ever turn'd his Back to ought, but to a Poſt for
Scrubbing;
His Sword would ſerve for Battel, or for Dinner if you
pleaſe,
When it had ſlain a *Cheſhire* Man, 'twould toſt a *Cheſhire*
Cheeſe;
He wounded, and in their own Blood did Anabaptize
Pagans,
But *George* he made the Dragon an Example to all
Dragons;
St. George *he was*, &c.

Gorgon a twiſted Adder wore for Knot upon her Shoulder,
She kemb'd her hiſſing Periwig, and curling Snakes did
powder;
Theſe Snakes they made ſtiff Changelings of all Men
that they hiſs'd on,
They turned Barbers into Hones, and Maſons into Free-
ſtone;
Sworded Magnetick *Amazon*, her Shield to Load-ſtone
changes,
The amorous Sword by myſtick Belt, clung faſt unto
her Hanches;

This Shield long Village did protect, and kept the Army from Town,
And chang'd the Bullies into Rocks, that came to invade long *Compton*;
The poſtdiluvian Stone unmans, and *Pyrrha's* Work unravels,
And ſtares *Deucalions* hardy Boys, into their primitive Pebbles;
Red Noſes ſhe to Rubies turns, and Noddles into Bricks,
But *George* made the Dragon laxative, and gave him a bloody Flix;
St. George *he was*, &c.

Brave *Warwick's* Guy at Dinner-time, challeng'd a Giant Savage,
And ſtraight came out the unweildy Lout, brim full of Wrath and Cabbage;
He had a Phiz of Latitude, and was full thick i'th' middle,
The Cheeks of puffed Trumpeter, and Paunch of Squire Beadle;
But the Knight fell'd him like an Oak, and did upon his Back tread,
The Valiant *Guy* his Weaſon cut, and *Atropus* his Pack-thread;
Beſides, he fought with a Dun Cow, as ſay the Poets Witty,
A dreadful Dun, and horned too, like *Dun* of *Oxford* City;
The fervent Dog-days made her mad, by cauſing heat of Weather,
Syrius and *Procyon* baited her, as a Bull-dog did her Father;
Graſiers nor Butchers this fell Beaſt, e'er of her Frolick hinder'd,
John Dorſet ſhe'd knock down as flat, as *John* knocks down his Kindred;
Her Heels would lay ye all along, and kick into a Swoon,
Cow-heels at *Frewins* keep up your Corps, but here 'twould beat you down;

She vanquiſh'd many a ſturdy Knight, and proud was of the Honour,
Was puffi by mauling Butchers ſo, as if themſelves had blown her;
At once ſhe kick'd and puſh'd at *Guy*, but all that would not fright him,
Who wav'd his Whinyard o'er her Loyn, as if he'd gone to Knight him;
He let her Blood her Frenzy to cure, and eke he did her Gall rip,
His trenchant Blade, like Cooks long Spit, ran thro' the Monſters bald Rib;
He rear'd up the vaſt crook'd Rib, inſtead of Arch Triumphal,
But *George* hit th' Dragon ſuch a Pelt, which made him on his Bum fall;
St. George *he was*, &c.

Great *Hercules* the Offſpring of *Jove*, and fair *Alcmene*,
One part of him celeſtial was, the other part Terrene;
To ſcale the Walls of's Cradle, two fiery Snakes combin'd.
And juſt like unto Swadling-Cloaths about the Infant twin'd;
But he put out theſe Dragons Fires, and did their hiſſing ſtop,
As red-hot Iron with hiſſing noiſe, is quench'd in Blackſmith's Shop;
He cleans'd a Stable, and rubb'd down the Horſes of new Comers,
And out of Horſe-dung he rais'd Fame, as *Tom Wrench* does Cucumbers;
He made a River help him thro', *Alpheus* was under Groom,
The Stream grumbling at Office mean, ran murm'ring thro' the Room?
This liquid Oſtler to prevent being tired with a long Work,
His Father *Neptune*'strident took, inſtead of three tooth'd Dung-fork;
This *Hercules* as Soldier, and as Spinſter could take pains,
His Club it would ſometimes ſpin Flax, and ſometimes knock out Brains; He

He was forc'd to ſpin his Miſs a Shift, by *Juno*'s Wrath and her Spite,
Fair *Omphale* whipt him to his Wheel, as Cooks whip barking turnſpit;
From Man or Churn, he well knew how to get him laſting Fame,
He'd baſte a Giant till the Blood, and Milk to Butter came;
Often he fought with huge Battoon, and oftentimes he Boxed,
Tap'd a freſh Monſter once a Month, as *Harvey* doth freſh Hogſhead;
To ſtiff *Antæus* he gave a Hug, ſuch as Folks give in *Cornwall*,
But *George* he did the Dragon kill, as dead as any door Nail;
St. George *he was*, &c.
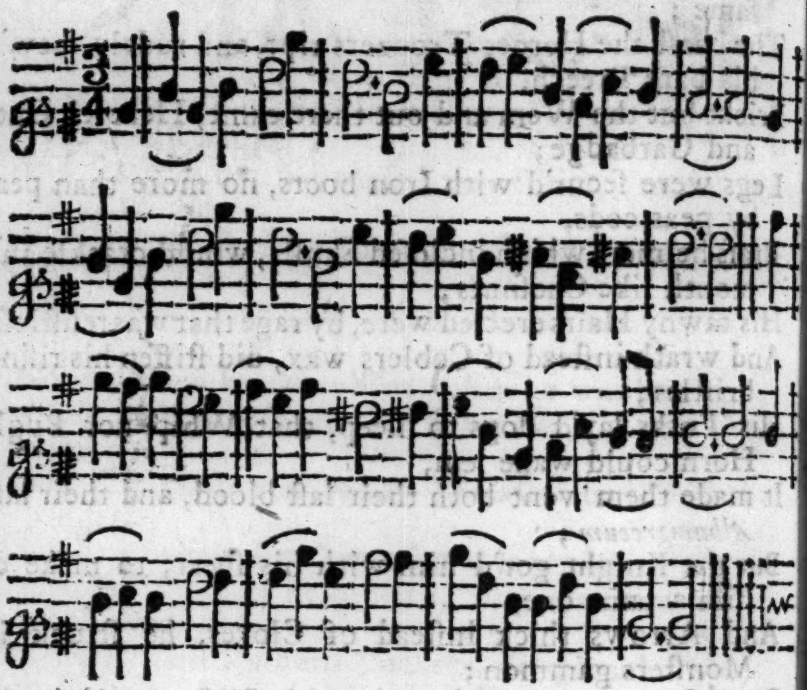
The Valour of *Domitian* it muſt not be forgotten,
Who from the Jaws of worm-blowing Flies, freed ſuppliant Veal and Mutton;
A Squadron of Flies Errant, againſt the Foe-appears,
With Regiment of buzzing Wights, and ſwarms of Volunteers;
The Warlike Waſp incourag'd them, with's animating Hum,
And the loud brazen Hornet he was their Kettle-drum;
The *Spaniard don Cantharido*, did him moſt ſorely peſter,
And rais'd on Skin of ventrous Knight full many a plaguy Bliſter;
A Bee whipt thro' his Button-hole, as thro' Key-hole a Witch,
And ſtabb'd him with a little Tuck, drawn from his Scabbard Breech;
But the undaunted Knight lifts up an Arm ſo big and brawny,
And ſlaſht her ſo, that here lay Head, and there lay Bag of Honey;
Then 'mongſt the Rout he flew, as ſwift as Weapons made by *Cyclops*,
And bravely quell'd ſeditous Buz, by dint of maſſy fly Flaps;

Surviving Flies did Curſes Breath, and Maggots too at *Cæſar*,
But *George* he ſhav'd the Dragon's Beard, and *Askulen* was his Razor;
St. George *he was*, &c.
The *Gemini* ſprung of an Egg, were put into a Cradle,
Their Brains with Knocks and bottl'd Ale, were oftentimes full addle;
And ſcarcely hatch'd theſe Sons of him, that hurls the Bolt triſulcate,
With helmet ſhell on tender head, did buſtle with red Ey'd Polecat;
Caſtor a Horſeman, *Pollux* tho' a boxer was I wiſt,
The one was fam'd for Iron heel, the other for leaden fiſt;
Pollux to ſhew he was a God, when he was in a paſſion,
Would firſt make Noſes fall down flat, by way of adoration;
This Fiſt as ſure as *French* Diſeaſe, demoliſht Noſes bridges;
He like a certain Lord, was fam'd for breaking down of ridges,
Caſtor the flame of fiery ſteed, with well ſpur'd Boots took down, Town;
As Men with leathern Buckets, do quench Fire in a
His Famous Horſe that liv'd on Oats, is ſung on Oaten quill,
Ah *Bards* immortal provender the Nag ſurviveth ſtill:
This brood of Egs on none but rogues, employ'd their brisk Artillery,
They flew as naturally at a rogue, as Egs at Knaves on Pillory;
Much ſweat they ſpent in furious flight, much blood they did effund,
Their whites they vented thro' their pores, their yolks thro' gaping wound;
Then both from blood and duſt were cleans'd to make a heavenly ſign,
The lads juſt like their Armour were ſcow'r'd and hang'd up to ſhine;
Thus were the heav'nly double Dicks, the ſons of *Jove* and *Tinder*,
But *George* he cut the Dragon up, as't had bin Duck or Winder;
St. *George he was*, &c.

By

By Boar Spear *Meleager* acquir'd a lasting name,
And out of haunch of basted Swine he hew'd eternal fame;
The beast the Heroes Trouzers ript, and rudely shew'd his bare Breech,
Prickt but the Wem and out there came, Heroick Guts and Garbadge;
Legs were secur'd with Iron boots, no more than peas by peas-cods,
Brass helmets which incloséd Skulls, would crackle in's mouth like Chesnuts;
His tawny Hairs erected were, by rage that was resistless,
And wrath instead of Coblers wax, did stiffen his rising bristles;
His Tusks lay'd dogs to sleep, that Whip nor Bugle Horn could wake 'em,
It made them vent both their last blood, and their last *Albumgrecum*;
But the Knight gor'd him with his spear, to make of him a tame one,
And Arrows thick instead of Cloves, he struck in Monsters gammon;
For Monumental Pillar, that his Victory might be known,
He rais'd up in Cylindrick form a Collar of the brawn;
He sent his shade to shades below, in *Stygian* mud to wallow,
And eke the stout St. *George* eftsoon he made the Dragon follow;
St. *George he was*, &c.

A Scotch SONG.



'TWas in the Month of *May* Joe, when *Jockey* firſt I
(ſpy'd;
He luk'd as fair as day too, Gude gin I'd bin his Bride:
With Cole black Eyne and Milk white hand,
Iſe ne'er yet ſaw the Like;
I wiſh I had gin aw my Land,
Iſe ne'er had ſeen the Tike.

He fix'd his Eyne upon me, with aw the ſigns of Love;
Iſe thought they wou'd gang thro' me, ſo fiercely they
He tuke me in his eager Arms, (did move:
Iſe made but faint denials;
Iſe then alas found aw his Charms,
Woe worth ſuch fatal trials.

The Bonny Lad at laſt *Joe*, was forc'd toll gang away:
But I'ſe had eane ſtuck faſt tho', full Nine Months from
And now poor *Jenny*'s Maiden-head, (that day:
Shame on't they find its loſt;
The little brat has aw betray'd
Was ever Laſs thus croſs'd.

POEMS,

POEMS, On Several Occasions.

The FRYER *and the* MAID.

AS I lay Musing all alone,
A merry Tale I thought upon;
Now listen a while and I will you tell,
Of a Fryer that lov'd a Bonny Lass well.

He came to her when she was going to Bed,
Desiring to have her Maiden-head;
But she denyed his desire,
And said that she did fear Hell-fire.

Tush, tush, quoth the Fryer, thou need'st not doubt,
If thou wert in Hell, I could sing thee out;
Why then, quoth the Maid thou shalt have thy request,
The Fryer was as glad as a Fox in his Nest.

But one thing more I must request,
More than to sing me out of Hell-fire;
That is for doing of the thing,
An Angel of Money you must me bring.

Tush, tush, quoth the Fryer, we two shall agree,
No Money shall part thee and me;
Before thy company I will lack,
I'll pawn the grey Gown off my Back.

The Maid bethought her on a Wile,
How she might this Fryer beguile;

When

When he was gone, the truth to tell,
She hung a Cloth before a Well.

The Fryer came as his bargain was,
With Money unto his bonny Laſs;
Good morrow, Fair Maid, good morrow quoth ſhe,
Here is the Money I promis'd thee.

She thank'd him, and ſhe took the Money,
Now let's go to't my own dear Honey;
Nay, ſtay a while, ſome reſpite make,
If my Maſter ſhould come he would us take.

Alas! quoth the Maid, my Maſter doth come;
Alas! quoth the Fryer where ſhall I run;
Behind yon Cloth run thou, quoth ſhe,
For there my Maſter cannot ſee.

Behind the Cloth the Fryer went,
And was in the Well incontinent:
Alas! quoth he, I'm in the Well,
No matter quoth ſhe if thou wert in Hell.

Thou ſaidſt thou could ſing me out of Hell,
I prithee ſing thy ſelf out of the Well;
Sing out quoth ſhe with all thy might,
Or elſe thou'rt like to ſing there all Night.

The Fryer ſang out with a pitiful ſound,
Oh! help me out or I ſhall be Drown'd;
She heard him make ſuch pitiful moan,
She hope him out and bid him go home.

Quoth the Fryer I never was ſerv'd ſo before,
Away quoth the Wench, come here no more;
The Fryer he walk'd along the ſtreet,
As if he had been a new waſh'd Sheep:
Sing hey down a derry, and let's be merry,
And from ſuch Sin ever keep.

The Virtue of SACK:

By Dr. HEN. EDWARDS.

FEtch me *Ben. Johnſon*'s Skull, and fill't with Sack,
Rich as the ſame he drank, when the whole pack;
Of jolly Siſters pledg'd, and did agree,
It was no Sin to be as Drunk as he:
If there be any weakneſs in the Wine,
There's virtue in the Cup, to make't divine;
This muddy drench of Ale does taſte too much
Of Earth, the Mault retains a ſcurvy touch
Of the dull Hand that Sows it, and I fear
There's Hereſie in Hops, give *Calvin* Beer:
And his preciſe Diſciples, ſuch as think
There's Powder Treaſon in all *Spaniſh* drink;
Call Sack an Idol, nor will Kiſs the Cup,
For fear their *Conventicle* be blown up.
With Superſtition, give to the Brew-houſe Alms,
Whoſe beſt Mirth is Six Shillings Beer, and Pſalms?
Let me rejoice in ſprightly Sack, that can
Create a Brain, even in an empty Pan.
Canary! it's thou that doſt inſpire
And actuate the Soul with Heavenly fire;
That thou Sublim'ſt the Genius making Wit
Scorn Earth, and ſuch as love or live by it;
Thou makeſt us Lord, of Regions large and fair,
Whilſt our conceits build Caſtles in the Air:
Since Fire, Earth, Air, thus thy inferiors be,
Henceforth I'll know no Element but thee:
Thou precious *Elixir* of all Grapes!
Welcome by thee our Muſe begins her ſcapes,
Such is the worth of Sack, I am (methinks)
In the *Exchequer* now, hark how it chinks:
And do eſteem my venerable ſelf
As brave a Fellow, as if all the pelf
Were ſure mine own; and I have thought a way
Already how to ſpend it; I would Pay
No Debts, but fairly empty every Trunk,
And change the Gold for Sack to keep me Drunk:

And

And ſo by conſequence till rich *Spains* Wine,
Being in my Crown, the *Indies* too were mine:
And when my Brains are once a foot (heaven bleſs us!)
I think my ſelf a better Man then *Cræſus*;
And now I do conceit my ſelf a Judge,
And Coughing Laugh to ſee my Clients trudge
After my Lordſhip's Coach unto the Hall,
For Juſtice, and am full of Law withal.
And do become the Bench as well as He,
That Fled long ſince for want of Honeſty:
But I'll be Judge no longer tho' in Jeſt,
For fear I ſhould be talk'd with like the reſt,
When I am Sober; who can chuſe but think,
Me Wiſe, that am ſo wary in my Drink!
Oh admirable Sack! here's dainty ſport,
I am come back from *Weſtminſter* to Court:
And am grown young again; my Ptiſick now,
Hath left me, and my Judges graver brow
Is ſmooth'd, and I turn'd Amorous as *May*,
When ſhe invites young Lovers forth to play,
Upon her flow'ry Boſom I could win,
A Veſtal now, or tempt a Queen to Sin,
Oh for a ſcore of Queens! you'd laugh to ſee,
How they would ſtrive which firſt ſhould Raviſh me.
Three Goddeſſes were nothing: Sack has tipt
My Tongue with Charms like thoſe which *Paris* ſipt,
From *Venus* when ſhe taught him how to Kiſs
Fair *Hellen*, and invite a fairer bliſs:
Mine is *Canary-Rhetorick*, that alone,
Would turn *Diana* to a burning Stone:
Some with amazement, burning with Loves fire,
Hard, to the touch, but ſhort in her deſire.
Ineſtimable Sack! thou mak'ſt us rich,
Wiſe, Amorous any thing; I have an itch
To t'other Cup, and that perchance will make,
Me Valiant too, and Quarrel for thy ſake;
If I be once inflam'd againſt thy Noſe,
That could Preach down thy worth in Small-beer Proſe,
I ſhould do Miracles as bad or worſe,
As he that gave the King an Hundred Horſe.
T'other odd Cup, and I ſhall be prepar'd,
To ſnatch at Stars; and pluck down a reward,

With

With mine own Hands from *Jove* upon their Backs,
That are, or *Charles*'s his Enemies, or Sack's,
Let it be full if I do chance to ſpill,
O'er my Standiſh by the way, I will,
Dipping in this diviner Ink my Pen,
Write my ſelf Sober and fall to't agen.

On a Combat of COCKS, *the* Norfolk, *and the* Wisbich : *By Dr.* R. W.

GO you tame Gallants you that have the Name,
And would accounted be Cocks of the Game,
That have brave Spurs to ſhew for't and can Crow,
And count all Dunghill breed that cannot ſhew
Such painted Plums as yours; that think no Vice,
With Cock-like luſt to Tread your Cockatrice:
Tho' Peacocks, Wood-cocks, Weather-cocks you be,
If you're not fighting Cocks y'are not for me:
I of two Feather'd Combatants will write,
He that to th' Life means to expreſs the Fight,
Muſt make his Ink o'th' Blood which they did ſpill,
And from their dying Wings borrow his Quill.

NO ſooner were the doubtful People ſet,
The Matches made, and all that would had Bet,
But ſtraight the skilful Judges of the Play,
Bring forth their ſharp heel'd Warriors, and they
Were both in Linen bags, as if 'twere meet,
Before they Dy'd to have their Winding ſheet.
With that into th' Pit they are put, and when they were
Both on their Feet, the *Norfolk* Chanticleer,
Looks ſtoutly at his ne'er before ſeen Foe,
And like a Challenger begins to Crow,
And ſhakes his Wings, as if he would diſplay,
His warlike Colours which were Black and Gray:
Mean time the wary *Wisbich* walks and breaths
His active Body, and in Fury wreaths.

Hi;

His comely Creſt, and often looking down,
He whets his angry Beak upon the Ground:
With that they meet, not like the Coward breed
Of *Æſop*; theſe can better Fight than Feed:
They ſcorn the Dunghil, 'tis their only Prize,
To dig for Pearl within each others Eyes.
They Fight ſo long that it was hard to know,
To th' skilful whether they did Fight or know,
Had not the Blood which died the fatal Floor,
Born witneſs of it; yet they Fight the more,
As if each Wound were but a Spur to prick
Their Fury forward; Lightning's not more quick
Nor Red then were their Eyes: 'twas hard to know
Whether it was Blood or Anger made them ſo:
And ſure they had been out, had not they ſtood,
More ſafe by being fenc'd in by Blood.
Yet ſtill they Fought but now (alas!) at length
Altho' their Courage be full try'd their ſtrength
And Blood began to ebb. You that have ſeen
A Watry Combate on the Sea, between
Two Roaring Angry boyling Billows, how
They march and meet and daſh their curled brows,
Swelling like Graves as if they did intend
T' intomb each other, e'er the Quarrel end:
But when the Wind is down, and Bluſt'ring weather,
They are made Friends and ſweetly run together,
May think theſe Champions ſuch; their Blood runs low,
And they that leapt before, now ſcarce can go:
Their Wings which lately at one Blow they clapt,
(As if they did Applaud themſelves) now flapt;
And having loſt the advantage of the Heel,
Drunk with each others Blood they only Reel.
From either Eyes ſuch drops of Blood did fall,
As if they Wept them for their Funeral.
And yet they fain would Fight, they came ſo near,
As if they meant into each others Ear
To whiſper Death; and when they cannot riſe,
They lie and look Blows in each others Eyes.
But now the Tragick part after the Fight,
When *Norfolk* Cock had got the beſt of it.
And *Wisbich* lay a Dying ſo that none,
Tho' Sober, but might venter Seven to One,

Con

Contracting (like a dying Taper) all
His force, as meaning with that Blow to fall;
He ſtruggles up, and having taking Wind,
Ventures a Blow and ſtrikes the other Blind.
And now poor *Norfolk* having loſt his Eyes,
Fights only guided by Antipathies:
With him *(alas)* the Proverb holds not true,
The Blows his Eyes ne'er ſaw his Heart muſt rue.
At length by chance he ſtumbled on his Foe,
Not having any power to ſtrike a Blow,
He falls upon him with his Wounded Head,
And makes his Conquerors Wings his Feather-bed:
Where lying Sick his Friends were very charie
Of him, and fetcht in haſt an Apothecary;
But all in vain his Body did ſo Bliſter,
That 'twas incapable of any Gliſter;
Wherefore at length opening his fainting Bill,
He call'd a Scriv'ner, and thus made his Will.

INprimis, *Let it never be forgot,*
My Body freely I bequeath to th' Pot,
Decently to be Boil'd, and for its Tomb,
Let it be Buried in ſome hungry Womb:
Item. *Executors I will have none,*
But he that on my ſide laid Seven to One:
And like a Gentleman that he might live,
To Him and to his Heirs my Comb I give,
Together with my Brains, that all may know,
That oftentimes his Brains did uſe to Crow:
Item. *It is my Will to the weaker ones,*
Whoſe Wives complain of them, I give my Stones;
To him that's dull I do my Spurs impart;
And to the Coward I bequeath my Heart:
To Ladies that are light it is my Will,
My Feathers ſhould be given; and for my Bill
I'd give't a Taylor, but it is ſo ſhort,
That I'm afraid he'll rather Curſe me for't:
And for the Apothecaries Fee who meant,
To give me a Gliſter, let my Rump be ſent.
Laſtly, becauſe I feel my Life decay,
I yield and give to Wisbich *Cock the Day.*

On

On a FART

In the Parliament Houſe: By Sir JOHN SUCKLING.

DOWN came Grave Ancient Sir *John Crook*,
And read his Meſſage in a Book,
Very well quoth *Will. Norris* is it ſo,
But Mr. *Pym*'s Tayl cry'd no.
Fie, quoth Alderman *Atkins*, I like not this Paſſage,
To have a *Fart* intervoluntary in the midſt of a meſſage;
Then up ſtarts one fuller of Devotion
Than Eloquence, and ſaid a very ill motion;
Not ſo neither, quoth Sir *Henry Jenking*,
The Motion was good, but for the Stinking;
Quoth Sir *Henry Poole* 'twas an audacious trick,
To *Fart* in the Face of the Body Politick;
Sir *Jerome* in Folio ſwore by the Maſs,
This *Fart* was enough to have blown a Glaſs:
Quoth then Sir *Jerome* the leſſer ſuch an abuſe,
Was never offer'd in *Poland* nor *Pruce*.
Quoth Sir *Richard Houghton*, a Juſtice i'th' *Quorum*,
Would tak't in Snuff to have a *Fart* let before him:
If it would bear an Action, quoth Sir *Thomas Holecraft*,
I would make of this *Fart* a Bolt or a Shaft;
Then quoth Sir *John More*, to his great Commendation,
I will ſpeak to this Houſe in my wonted faſhion,
Now ſurely ſays he, for as much as how be it,
This *Fart* to the Serjeant we muſt commit.
No, quoth the Serjeant, low bending his Knees,
Farts oft will break Priſons, but never Pay Fees:
Beſides this Motion with ſmall reaſon ſtands,
To charge me with what I cant keep in my Hands:
Quoth Sir *Walter Cope*, 'twas ſo readily let,
I would it were ſweet enough for my Cabinet.
Why then Sir *Walter* (quoth Sir *William Fleetwood*)
Speak no more of it but Bury it with Sweetwood,
Grave Senate, quoth *Duncomb*, upon my Salvation
This *Fart* ſtands in need of ſome great Reformation.

Quoth

Quoth Mr. *Cartwright*, upon my Conſcience,
It would be reform'd with a little Frankincence.
Quoth Sir *Roger Acton*, it would much mend the matter,
If this *Fart* were Shaven and waſh'd with Roſe-water,
per verbum Principis, how dare I tell it,
A *Fart* by here-ſay and not ſee it nor Smell it.
I am glad quoth Sir *Sam. Lewknor*, we have found a thing,
That no Tale-bearer can carry it to the King.
Such a *Fart* as this was never ſeen,
Quoth the Learned Council of the Queen.
Yet, quoth Sir *Hugh Beeſton*, the like hath been
Let in a Dance before the Queen.
Then ſaid Mr. *Leak*, I have a preſident in ſtore,
His Father *Farted* laſt Seſſions before.
A Bill muſt be drawn, then quoth Sir *John Bennet*,
Or a ſelected Committee quickly to Pen it.
Why quoth Dr. *Crompton*, no Man can draw,
This *Fart* within the Compaſs of the Civil Law:
Quoth Mr. *Jones*, by the Law't may be done,
Being a *Fart* intayl'd from Father to Son;
In troth, quoth Mr. *Brook*, this Speech was no lye,
This *Fart* was one of your *Poſt Nati:*
Quoth *William Paddy*, he dares aſſure 'em,
Tho' 'twere *Contra Modeſtiam*, 'tis not *præter Naturam*:
Beſides by the Aphoriſms of my Art,
Had he not been deliver'd h'ad been ſick of a *Fart*.
Then quoth the *Recorder*, the mouth of the City,
To have ſmother'd that *Fart* had been great pitty.
It is moſt certain, quoth Sir *Humphry Bentwizzle*,
That a round *Fart* is better than a ſtinking Fizzle.
Have Patience Gentlemen, quoth Sir *Francis Bacon*.
There's none of us all but may be miſtaken:
Why right quoth the Great Attorney I confeſs,
The Eccho of ones A— is remedileſs.

The GENEVA *Ballad:*

By the Author of HUDIBRAS.

OF all the *Factions* in the Town,
Mov'd by *French Springs* on *Flemiſh Wheels*,
None treads Religion upſide down,
Or tears *Pretences* out at Heels,
Like *Splay-mouth* with his brace of Caps,
Whoſe Conſcience might be ſcan'd perhaps,
By the Dimenſions of his Chaps.

He whom the Siſters ſo adore,
Counting his Actions all Divine,
Who when the Spirit hints can roar,
And if occaſion ſerves can whine;
Nay he can Bellow, bray, or bark,
Was ever *ſike a Beuk learn'd Clerk*,
That ſpeaks all *Lingua*'s of the Ark.

To draw in Proſelytes like Bees,
With *pleaſing Twang*, he tones his Proſe;
He gives his Handkercheif a ſqueez,
And draws *John Calvin* thro' his Noſe:
Motive on Motive he obtrudes,
With *Slip-ſtocking Similitudes*,
Eight Uſes more, and ſo concludes.

When *Monarchy* began to bleed,
And *Treaſon* had a fine new Name;
When *Thames* was *balderdaſh'd* with *Tweed*,
And Pulpits did like Beacons flame:
When *Jeroboam*'s Calves were rear'd,
And *Laud* was neither lov'd nor fear'd,
This *Goſpel Comet* firſt appear'd.

Soon his unhallow'd Fingers ſtrip'd,
His Sov'reign Leige of Power and Land:
And having ſmote his Maſter, ſlip'd
His Sword into his Fellows hand.

But

But he that wears his Eyes may Note
Oftimes the Butcher binds a Goat,
And leaves his Boy to Cut her Throat.

Poor *England* felt his Fury then,
Out-weigh'd Queen *Mary*'s many grains;
His very Preaching ſlew more men,
Than *Bonner*'s Faggots, Stakes and Chains.
With *Dog-ſtar Zeal* and Lungs like *Boreas*,
He fought and taught, and what's notorious,
Deſtroy'd his Lord to make him *Glorious*.

Yet drew for *King* and *Parliament*;
As if the Wind could ſtand *North South*,
Broke *Moſes*'s Law with bleſt intent,
Murther'd and then he wip'd his mouth,
Oblivion alters not his caſe,
Nor Clemency nor Acts of Grace,
Can blanch an *Æthiopian*'s Face.

Ripe for Rebellion he begins,
To rally upon the Saints in Swarms,
He bawls aloud, *Sirs leave your Sins*,
But whiſpers. *Boys ſtand to your Arms*,
Thus he's grown inſolently rude,
Thinking his Gods can't be ſubdu'd,
Money, I mean, and *Multitude*.

Magiſtrates he regards no more,
Than St. *George* or the Kings of *Colen*;
Vowing he'll not conform before
The Old-Wives wind their dead in Wollen,
He calls the Biſhop, *Grey-bear'd Goff*,
And makes his Power as meer a Scoff,
As *Dagon* when his Hands were off.

Hark! how he opens with full Cry!
Hallow my Hearts, beware of ROME,
Cowards that are afraid to die.
Thus make domeſtick Broils at home.
How quietly Great *CHARLES* might Reign,
Would all theſe Hot-ſpurs croſs the Main,
And Preach down Popery in *Spain*.

The

The ſtarry Rule of Heaven is fixt,
There's no diſſention in the Sky:
And can there be a Mean betwixt
Confuſion and Conformity?
A Place divided never thrives:
'Tis bad where Hornets dwell in Hives,
But worſe where Children play with Knives.

I would as ſoon turn back to Maſs,
Or change my phraſe to *thee* and *thou*;
Let the Pope ride me like an Aſs,
And his Prieſts milk me like a Cow:
As buckle to *Smectymnuan* Laws,
The bad effects o'th' Good Old Cauſe,
That have Dove's Plumes, but Vulture's Claws.

For 'twas the *Haly Kirk* that Nurs'd
The *Browniſts* and the *Ranters* Crew;
Foul Errors motly Veſture firſt
Was Coated in a Northern Blue.
And what's th' Enthuſiaſtick breed,
Or Men of *Knipperdolin*'s Creed,
But Cov'nanters run up to Seed?

Yet they all cry, they love the King,
And make boaſt of their Innocence:
There cannot be ſo vile a thing,
But may be colour'd with Pretence,
Yet when all's ſaid, one thing I'll Swear,
No Subject like the Old Cavalier,
No Traitor like *Jack* ——

A PROLOGUE.

By Sir JOHN FALSTAFF.

SEE, *Britains*, ſee, one half before your Eyes,
Of the old *Falſtaff*, lab'ring to ariſe;
Curſe on the ſtrait lac'd Traps, and *French* Machines,
None but a Genius can aſcend theſe Scenes.

Once more my *Engliſh* Air I breath again,
And ſmooth my double Ruff, and double Chin;
Now let me ſee what Beauties gild the Sphere,
Body o'me, the Ladies ſtill are Fair:
The Boxes ſhine, and Galleries are full,
Such were our *Bona Roba's* at the *Bull*;
But ſupream *Jove!* what waſhy Rogues are here,
Are theſe the Sons of Beef and *Engliſh* Beer?
Old *Pharaoh* never dream'd of Kine ſo lean,
This comes of meagre Soop and ſour *Champeign*;
Degenerate Race, let your old Sire adviſe,
If you deſire to fill the Fair one's Eyes,
Drink unctuous Sack, and emulate my Size.
Your half-flown Strains aſpire to humble Bliſs,
And proudly aim no lower than a Kiſs;
'Till quite worn out with acting Beau's and Wits,
You're all ſent crawling to the Gravel-pits:
Pretending Claps, there languiſhing you lie,
And like the Maids, of the Green-ſickneſs die:
The Caſe was other when we rul'd the Roaſt,
We robb'd and raviſh'd, but you ſigh and toaſt.

But here I ſee a ſide Box better lin'd,
Where old plump *Jack* in Miniature I find,
Tho' they're but Turn-ſpits of the Maſtiff kind.
Half-bred they ſeem, mark'd with the Mungril Curſe,
Oons, which amongſt you dare attempt a Purſe?
If you'd appear my Sons, defend my Cauſe,
And let my Wit and Humour meet Applauſe.

Shew you diſdain thoſe nauſeous Scenes to taſt,
Where *French* Buffoons like honeſt *Switzer* dreſt,
Turns all good Fellowſhip to Farce and Jeſt.
Baniſh ſuch Apes, and ſave the ſinking Stage,
Let Mimicks and ſqueaking Eunuchs feel your Rage;
On ſuch let your deſcending Scourge be try'd,
Preſerve plump *Jack*, and baniſh all beſide.

Richmond WELLS.

By Mr. HERBERT.

BLANDUSIA! Nymph of this fair Spring,
Appear, while we your Vertues ſing;
While ſwelling Notes do raiſe your Name,
And flowing Numbers ſpread your Fame.

See! round your Wells we thronging ſtand,
Now gentle wave your Sacred Wand,
And touch the yielding Mountain's Brow,
And let your healing Waters flow.

They cure the thinking Matrons Spleen,
The longing Virgin's ſickly Green;
Cool the good Fellow's glowing Veins,
And purge a raving Poet's Brains.

You mingle with 'em pureſt Air,
Which ſtreams from Hills that touch the Sky;
That ſpacious Valley yield the Fair,
Which feeds the vaſt luxurious Eye.

The greateſt Dainties here we ſee!
Delicious Villa's ſweeteſt Groves;
Each thing in full Maturity,
Which courts the Eye, or Fancy moves.

With

With what Varieties the bright,
The noble *Thames* regales the Sight!
Cover'd with Barks which Plenty brings,
The ſweets of *Zephyr*'s laden Wings.

His gliding by *Elyſian* Fields,
In frequent Twines ſtrange Pleaſure yields;
And thoſe ſo near fair watry Plains,
Where ride ſuch royal Fleets of Swains.

Two chiefs I've ſeen with pleaſing Pain,
A long and bloody Fight maintain;
Ruffled and under Sail like *Jove*,
Stemming the ſtronger Tide of Love.

The Inſpir'd POET:

Or, *the Power of* LOVE. *Sent in a Letter, from a mean Perſon to a* COUNTESS.

READ, faireſt of the Graces, read my Lines,
Thou, that ſo juſtly with that Title ſhines;
Let Love's ſoft Fire by degrees diffuſe,
And warm your ſnowy Breaſt as you peruſe:
Me the *Pierian* Siſters do approve,
Not one of all the Nine diſdains my Love;
A Thouſand beauteous Nymphs have ſought my Bed,
A Thouſand Girls challeng'd the Vows I made:
All *Galatea* were deſpis'd by me,
As ſoon as I had hopes of bedding thee;
And if thou wilt thy ſacred Poet Wed,
The *Muſes* ſhall adorn the Bridal-Bed:
Orpheus ſhall ſtrike his high reſounding Wire,
And great *Apollo* touch his ſofter Lyre;

Clio ſhall be thy Hand-maid, and for State,
The *Graces* in thy Bed-chamber ſhall wait:
But leaſt you ſhould my Love contemn or jeer,
Something I have to whiſper in your Ear;
On Mount *Parnaſſus* I've a little Farm,
'Twill match thy Portion, ſo there is no harm:
Here Ivy Lawrels grow, which crown my Theams,
And Wit's ſtill flowing in my purling Streams;
From hence, the Glories of the World you ſee,
Parnaſſus Tops are *Paradiſe* to me:
My way to Heaven's ſhort, *Pegaſus* flies,
And, free as Air, ſoon mounts me to the Skies;
Minerva has a noble Seat near mine,
So has *Apollo*, ſo the ſacred Nine:
Then all the Poets my Companions are,
They, and ſweet Muſick, ſtill my Spirits cheer:
Homer and *Virgil* in their turns rehearſe,
The two great Maſters in Heroick Verſe:
The Satyriſt diverts, when ſcourging Knaves,
And ſometimes he corrects my pilf'ring Slaves;
Dear *Horace* makes me ſmile my Spleen at height,
His tickling *Muſe* oft makes me laugh out-right:
Muſæus, *Hero* and *Leander* ſings,
And *Heſiod's* Verſe relate moſt wondrous things;
Maro, *Theocritus* Paſtoral refines,
Pythagoras's Morals draws in golden Lines:
Blind aged *Homer* bloody Battles writes,
Whilſt youthful *Ovid Billet-deux* indites;
And *Mercury* from *Phœbus* came juſt now,
And brought theſe Lawrel Branches for thy Brow:
From *Niſa's* top, he's now a calling thee,
And ſummons all the Tribe of Poeſie;
A Banquet for you Poets does prepare,
And rich old *Nectar* crowns the Bill of Fare:
You've Water from the clear *Pegaſean* Fount,
And thou ſhalt ſleep on quiet *Cyrrha's* Mount;
Here Verſe runs ſtreaming from the ſacred Spring,
And when thou wak'ſt, thou wilt like *Ennius* ſing:
Orpheus, *Arion* will be here and Play,
And all the Nymphs and Satyrs the Hay;
This *Mercury* did grant at my deſire,
And I will add thee to the *Muſes* Choir:

With

With Goddeſſes, thy Sociates, ſhalt thou play,
They ſhall be Bride-maids on the Wedding-day;
Clio and all her Siſters I'll invite,
Minerva too, ſhall throw the Hoſe at Night.
Divine *Apollo* late did viſit me,
My Cottage ſeem'd to pleaſe his Deity;
My Lawrel Crown was ſent me by that God,
And *Mercury* for Sceptre left his Rod:
My Houſe is on the Fam'd *Parnaſſus* Hill,
Where my two Steeds, of *Nectar* drink their fill;
A King I am, in *Phocis* reign, and ſit
On Great *Tibullus* Throne, that Prince of Wit:
Cyrrha's the Kingdom, that's deſign'd for thee,
And when we Bed, thou ſhalt be Queen of me;
And when the Ivy Wreath's fix'd on thy Brow,
The Nymphs ſhall frown and envy as they bow:
In the ſame Chariot thou ſhalt with me ride,
And *Pegaſus* himſelf ſhall draw my Bride.
He'll carry thee my Spouſe, up to the Skies,
Thou ſhalt be *Pallas* as the Chariot flies.
As *Phœbus* through the World does dart his Rays,
And from the Throne his Lucid Realms ſurveys;
So through the Orbs, my Verſe refulgent ſhines,
All ſhall be full of my moſt dazling Lines:
My Fame ſhall laſt, Ages to come ſhall know it,
The ſelf-ſame Day ſhall end the *Sun* and *Poet*:
Romantick Flames ſhall burn the Starry Plain,
And Earth and Seas be *Chaos* once again:
My Verſe ſhall on the Gen'ral Pile expire,
Mine and the World's, one Flame ſhall ſet on Fire:
Angels ſhall mourn the Fate of this World's Frame,
And ſnatch my Works from the devouring Flame.
The droſſy part of Earth, of Verſe conſumes,
The beſt Remains aſcend in hallowed Fumes:
From Thunder, Lightning, are my Verſes ſafe,
The pointed Flame wont touch a Lawrel Leaf;
The Teeth of Time, or Envy, or her Tongue,
Have not the Power to do my Verſes wrong:
Then don't thy Lawrell'd Lover now refuſe,
Thou, dearer to me, than the deareſt *Muſe*.

Ex Parnaſſo. J. P.

To chuſe a Friend, but never Marry. By the Earl of ROCHESTER.

TO all young Men that love to Wooe,
To Kiſs and Dance, and Tumble too;
Draw near and Counſel take of me,
Your faithful Pilot I will be:
Kiſs who you pleaſe, *Joan*, *Kate*, or *Mary*,
But ſtill this Counſel with you carry,
Never Marry.

Court not a Country Lady, ſhe
Knows not how to value thee;
She hath no am'rous Paſſion, but
What *Tray*, or *Quando* has for *Slut*:
To Lick, to Whine, to Friſk, or Cover,
She'll ſuffer thee, or any other,
Thus to Love her.

Her Daughter ſhe's now come to Town,
In a rich Linſey Woolſey Gown;
About her Neck a valued Prize,
A Necklace made of Whitings Eyes:
With Liſt for Garters 'bove her Knee,
And Breath that ſmells of Firmity,
's not for thee.

Of Widows Witchcrafts have a care,
For if they catch you in their Snare;
You muſt as daily Labourers do,
Be ſtill a ſhoving with your Plow:
If any reſt you do require,
They then deceive you of your Hire,
And retire.

The Maiden Ladies of the Town,
Are ſcarcely worth your throwing down;
For when you have poſſeſſion got,
Of *Venus* Mark, or Hony-pot:
There's

There's ſuch a ſtir with marry me,
That one would half forſwear to ſee
Any ſhe.

If that thy Fancy do deſire,
A glorious out-ſide, rich Attire;
Come to the Court, and there you'll find,
Enough of ſuch to Pleaſe your Mind:
But if you get too near their Lap,
You're ſure to meet with the Miſhap,
Call'd a Clap.

With greaſy painted Faces dreſt,
With butter'd Hair, and fucus'd Breaſt;
Tongues with Diſſimulation tipt,
Lips which a Million have them ſipp'd:
There's nothing got by ſuch as theſe,
But Achs in Shoulders, Pains in Knees
For your Fees.

In fine, if thou delight'ſt to be,
Concern'd in VVomans Company:
Make it the Studies of thy Life,
To find a Rich, young, handſome VVife:
That can with much diſcretion be
Dear to her Husband, kind to thee,
Secretly.

In ſuch a Miſtreſs, there's the Bliſs,
Ten Thouſand Joys wrapt in a Kiſs;
And in th' Embraces of her VVaſt,
A Million more of Pleaſures taſte:
VVho e'er would Marry that could be
Bleſt with ſuch Opportunity,
Never me.

The Well-Featur'd LADY.

THERE are I know, Fools that do not care
Much for the Body, ſo the Face be fair;
Some other Aſſes in a Female Creature,
Reſpect no Beauty, but a handſome Feature:
Each Man his Humour hath, and faith 'tis mine,
To love a Woman that I now define:
Firſt, I would have her wrinkl'd Wainſcot Face,
With Mouth from Ear to Ear, much like a Plaice;
Her Noſe I'd have a Foot long, not above,
With Pimples red and blue, for ſuch I love:
And at the End a comely Pearl of Snot.
Conſid'ring whether it ſhould fall or not;
Provided next her Teeth be rotted out,
I care not if her pretty pearly Snout
Meet with her Chin, and both of them together,
Hem in her Lips, as dry as is tann'd Leather:
She ſhould have one Wall-eye, for that's a Sign
In other Beaſts the beſt, why not in mine?
Let her Eye-brows be a Pent-houſe to her Face,
With Hair two Inches long, for th' better Grace:
Her Neck I'd have to be pure Jet at leaſt,
With yellow Spots enamell'd, and her Breaſt
Shrivell'd like two old Bottles made of Leather,
Yet they ſhould loving be and ſtick together.
As for her Belly, 'tis no matter ſo
There be a Belly, and a Thing below;
Yet would I have it to be ſomething high,
But always let there be a Tympany:
Into her Legs let her good Humours fall,
And all her Calf into a gouty Small:
Her Feet both ſhort and thick, and neatly ſplay'd,
Here's the Character of a handſome Maid;
As for her back Parts, I deſire no more,
If they but anſwer thoſe that are before:
I have what I deſire; and having ſo,
Judge Reader, am I happy, yea, or no?

On

On a WOLF Sentenc'd.

THE Country People once a Wolf did take,
That of their Sheep and Lambs did havock make;
Some Voted that he ſhould be Crucify'd,
Others would have him in the Fire be fry'd:
Some to be hew'd in Pieces with a Sword,
And to be thrown to Dogs to be devour'd:
Among the reſt, one who unlucky Fate,
Had doom'd to th' Troubles of a married State;
(The common Lot of Men) oh! Friends (ſays he)
Lay by your Forks, and Ropes that knotty be,
The Sword, the Fire, the Guns, the Croſs, the Whips,
Are but ſlight Tortures, I have one out-ſtrips
All thoſe, if you would puniſh him to th' Life,
Fit for his Crimes, then *let him Wed a Wife.*

Round O.

BETTER our Heads than Hearts ſhould ake,
Love's Childiſh Empire we deſpiſe:
Good Wine of him a Slave can make,
And force a Lover to be Wiſe:
Wine ſweetens all the Cares of Peace,
And takes the Terror off from War;
To Love's Affliction it gives eaſe,
And to our Joys does beſt prepare.
Better our Heads, &c.

By CLEVELAND.

IF you will be ſtill,
Then tell you I will
Of a fuſty old *Gill*,
That dwells under a Hill:
She is a right Sage,
Well worn with Age,
And a Viſage will ſwage
A ſtout Man's Courage.

She has a beetle Brow,
Deep Furrows enow,
She's Ey'd like a Sow,
Flat Nos'd like a Cow:
She has a deviliſh Grin,
Long Hairs on her Chin,
She's nearly a-kin
To the foul footed Fiend.

Teeth yellow as Box,
Half out with the Pox,
Her Breath ſweet as Socks,
Or the Scent of a Fox:
Lips ſwarthy and Dun,
With a Mouth like a Gun,
And her Twattle does run,
As ſwift as the Sun.

Hair louſie with Nits,
She ſtinks i'th' Arm-pits,
She ſtill hauks and ſpits,
And hems up great Bits:
She has long unpar'd Nails,
Hands cover'd with Scales,
She's ſtill full of Ails,
And to ſtink never fails.

Her Back has a Hill,
You may plant a Wind-mill,
And the Farts of this *Gill*,
Would the Sails well trill:
I've taken my fill,
Of the fuſty old *Gill*,
Which ſhe took ſo ill,
That I laid down my Quill.

On the Battle of BLENHEIM.

DIſplay the Standard, let the News be ſhown,
With *Salvo*'s raiſe the Genius of the Town:
Old *Thames*, he Correſponds, and beſt can tell
What Pow'rs caus'd Imperial *Danube* ſwell,
And turn a Purple Stream, a Sea of Blood;
No Fields thus overflown ſince *Canna*'s Flood?
A Victory, ſays *Danubius*, ſo Compleat,
Sure the Hero ſprung from *Thameſis* the Great.

Sing, ſing *Britannia*'s Arms, her Shield and Spear,
The Glories of this weighty Conqueſt bear;
Sing to the Harp, tun'd in *Theſſalian* Grove,
That Harp which us'd to cheer the Bird of *Jove*.
Erect the Trophy-Pillar, raiſe it high,
The Spoils wou'd mount it to the very Sky.
Europ's *Palladium* ſtrikes the Giant down,
VVho wars with Heaven, muſt be overthrown.

Bring, bring the Chariot, and Triumphal Crown,
And March the Captive-Army thro' the Town;
The Banners, Enſigns, let thoſe Trophies fall
Before the Standard of the Capital:
Then Plant 'em on the Banks of *Thames*, and there
Let 'em all grow like *Romulus*'s Spear.
The Stream in *Tempe*'s Valley never had,
In *Daphne*'s Reign a Nobler Laurel Shade.

The

The Power of Gold.

ON Verſe depending, *Orpheus* urg'd his Flight
Down to *Tartarian* Shades, and dreary Night
There with unequal Harmony he try'd,
To ſooth grim *Pluto* and regain his Bride:
Won by his Strains, the God till then unmov'd,
Pity'd the Bard, and his requeſt approv'd;
Acknowledg'd Poetry's prevailing Charms,
And gave the Fair into her Husband's Arms.
Tranſported *Orpheus* haſted to convey,
His willing Conſort to the Realms of Day:
But whilſt too ſoon he caſt his longing Eyes,
Thoughtleſs upon his new recover'd Prize,
The hapleſs Dame was raviſh'd from his Sight,
Depriv'd again of *Orpheus* and the Light,
And reconvey'd to Hell and Melancholick Night.
Again his Harp the loneſom Poet ſtrung,
Again employ'd the Muſic of his Tongue;
But all in vain: Thoſe lays which mov'd before,
Have loſt their Influence, and prevail no more.
Miſtaken *Orpheus*! Didſt thou vainly hold
Thy Skill ſuperiour to the pow'r of Gold?
Hadſt thou for Gold but quitted luckleſs Verſe,
Tempted his Eyes and not engag'd his Ears;
The God had ſoon revers'd his late decree,
And once more bleſs'd thee with *Euridice.*
When amorous *Jove* made *Danaë* his Care,
And left his Heav'n to gain that earthly Fair;
He call'd not weaker Numbers to his Aid,
But with the yellow Metal try'd the Maid:
She wou'd have heard unmov'd Poetick Charms,
Sunk pleas'd into the glittering Lover's Arms.
Numbers which once but ſeldom fail'd to move,
And fire the coldeſt Beauty into Love;
Strange turn of Fate! are now an empty Name,
And cannot kindle nor preſerve a Flame:
Whilſt Gold Monopolizes Female Hearts,
And Love with this curs'd Metal tips his Darts.
'Tis Gold that makes us Happy, makes us Wiſe,
This the defect of Wit and Form ſupplies:

Let

Let Gold your Merits plead with her you love,
Tho' once as *Pallas* Coy, ſhe'll kind as *Venus* prove.
'Twas this that ſtopt fair *Atalanta*'s Pace:
'Twas this that gave *Hyppomenis* the Race:
Had all thy Sparks, *Penelope*, with this,
Urg'd thee to crown their Hopes with laſting Bliſs;
Thou betwixt widdow'd Sheets no Night hadſt led,
And they by turns had ſhar'd the wand'rers Bed:
They try'd not Gold, or if its Force they try'd,
The Story's falſe; *Penelope* comply'd.
If now a Bard in midnight Numbers moves,
For entrance to the Nymph he dearly loves.
Perhaps ſome mony'd Coxcomb Wits deſpair,
Within enjoys the mercenary Fair;
And both combine to mock the needy Poets Care.
Were *Ovid*'s ſelf the power of Verſe to prove,
With all his ſoft Philoſophy of Love,
Finding no *Julia* with its Charms comply,
He'd quit his *Art of Love*, to hug the *Remedy*.
Ceaſe then Harmonious few, with Female Cares,
To proſtitute the Majeſty of Verſe:
Let Wine inſtead of Love your Fancy raiſe,
And *Venus* yield to *Bacchus* in your Lays:
Or, if your Breaſt ſufficient Fury warms,
In Epic ſtrains record great *Churchill*'s Arms.
But if of Woman you vouchſafe to Write,
Invoke none other Deity but ſpite,
In injur'd Poetry's defence engage.
And make its bold Inſulters feel thy Rage.
To flatt'ry's Varniſh be no more inclin'd;
No more to Female Imperfections blind:
Nay, where a Woman in your work might ſhine,
With cutting Satyr ſharpen every Line:
Her Errors in ſevereſt Terms expreſs,
And paint her Vices in their proper Dreſs:
Let Pride and Falſhood, Avarice and Scorn
That ſhe muſt hate the Piece ſhe can't but own.
Thus with the Sex a vig'rous War maintain,
Till Wealthy Ideots meet their ſure Diſdain,
And long neglected Verſe its antient Sway regain.

On

An EPIGRAM

On the Proſperous Reign of Queen ELIZABETH, *and our preſent Queen* ANN.

SURE Heavens unerring Voice, decreed of Old,
The faireſt Sex ſhou'd *Europe*'s Ballance hold;
As great *Eliza*'s Forces humbled *Spain*,
So *France* now ſtoops, to *ANN*'s Superiour Reign:
Thus tho' proud *Jove* with Thunder fills the Sky,
Yet in *Aſtrea*'s Hand, the fatal Scale does lie.

On the Duke of Marlborough's *Victory*, *at* BLENHEIM.

THE Conquering Genius of our Iſle returns,
Inſpir'd by *ANN*, the God-like Heroe burns;
Retrieves the Fate, our Ill-led Troops had loſt,
And ſpreads reviving Virtue thro' the Hoſt:
In diſtant Climes the wand'ring Foe alarms,
And with new Thunder, *Auſtria*'s Eagle Arms;
The *Danube*'s Banks forgetting *Cæſar*'s Fame,
Shall Eccho to the ſound of *Marlborough*'s Name:
The Shepherd's Pipes rejoice o'er *Gallick* Blood,
Which with eternal Purple ſtain the Flood.

An

An Imitation of the Sixth Ode *of* Horace, *beginning,* Scriberis vario fortis. *Apply'd to his Grace the Duke of* Marlborough: *Suppos'd to be made by Capt.* R. S.

SHOU'D *Addiſon*'s Immortal Verſe,
Thy Fame in Arms, great Prince rehearſe;
With *ANNA*'s lightning you'd appear,
And glitter o'er again in VVar:
Repeat the proud *Bavarian*'s fall!
And in the *Danube* plunge the *Gaul*.

'Tis not for me thy VVroth to ſhow,
Or lead *Achilles* to the Foe;
Deſcribe ſtern *Diomed* in Fight,
And put the wounded Gods to Flight:
I dare not with unequal Rage,
On ſuch a mighty Theam ingage;
Nor Sully in a Verſe like mine,
Illuſtrious *ANNA*'s Praiſe, and Thine.

Let the laborious *Epick* ſtrain,
In lofty Numbers ſing the Man;
That bears to diſtant VVorlds his Arms,
And frights the *German* with alarms:
His Courage and his Conduct tell,
And on his various Virtues dwell;
In trifling Cares my humble Muſe,
A leſs Ambitious Tract purſues:
Inſtead of Troops in Battle mixt,
And *Gauls* with *Brtitiſh* Spears transfixt;
She Paints the ſoft Diſtreſs and Mein,
Of Dames expiring with the Spleen.

From the gay Noiſe affected Air,
And little Follies of the Fair;
A ſlender ſtock of Fame I raiſe,
And draw from others Faults, my Praiſe.

An Old KNIGHT, *to a Young* LADY. *By Sir J. B*

MADAM, your Beauty, I confeſs,
May our young Gallants wound or bleſs;
But cannot warm my frozen Heart,
Not capable of Joy or Smart:
Cauſe neither VVit, nor Looks, nor Kindneſs cán
Make Young a ſuperanuated Man.

Thoſe Sparks that every Minute fly
From your bright Eyes do falling die;
Not kindle Flames, as heretofore,
Becauſe Old, I can love no more:
Beauty on whither'd Hearts no Trophy gains,
Nor Tinder over-us'd no Fire retains.

If you'll endure to be admir'd
By an Old Dotard new inſpir'd;
You may enjoy the Quinteſſence
Of my paſt Love without Expence:
For I can wait and prate, I thank my Fate,
I can do all, but no new Fire create.

FINIS.